THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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Our New President—By Samuel G. Blythe

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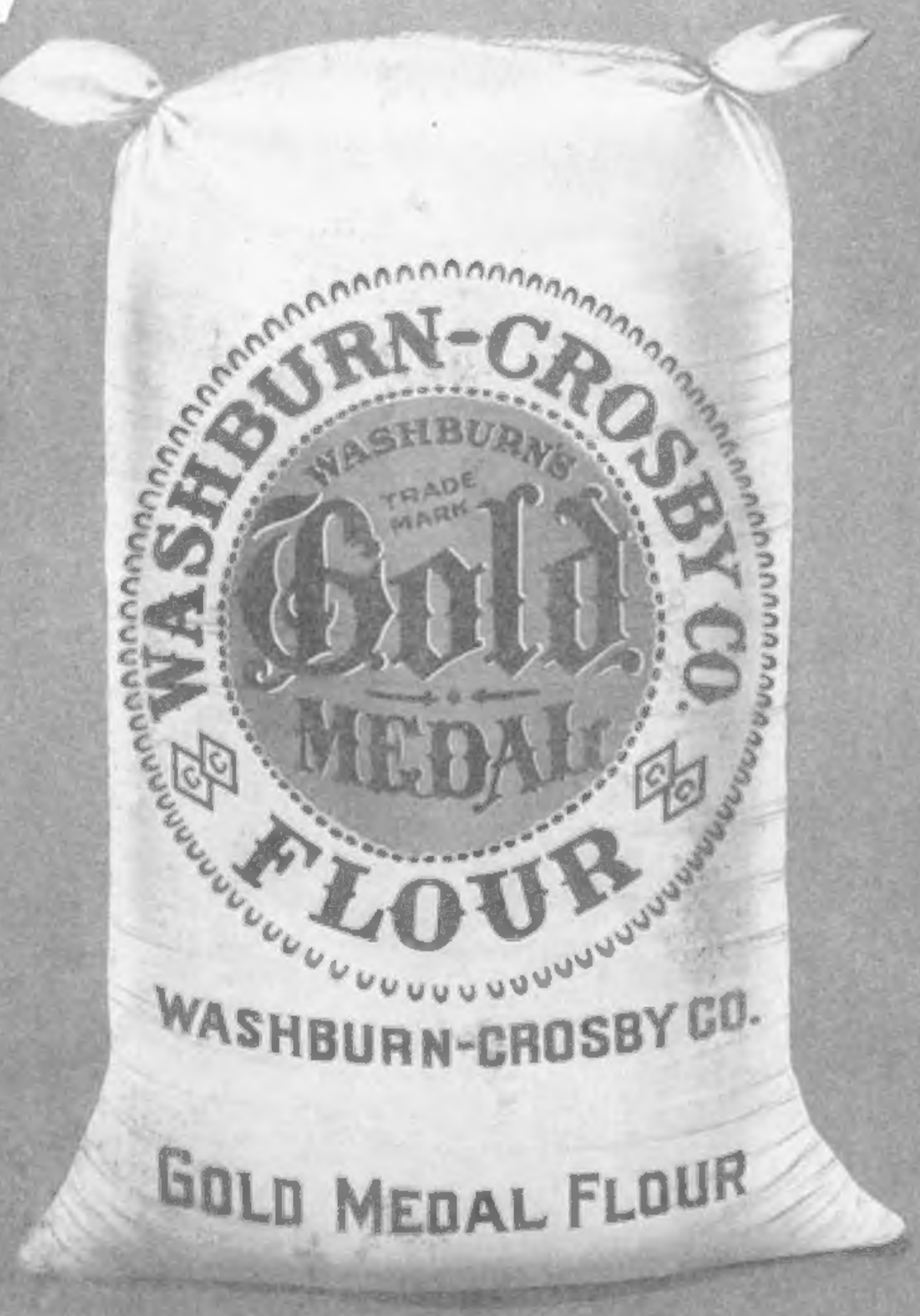

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OUR NEW PRESIDENT

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IF WOODROW WILSON were not so ingenious it would not be far wrong to call him ingenuous, so far as politics is concerned. Apparently he is as naïve as a boy—really he is; but that comes after March fourth.

I am speaking now of the new President's demonstrations, manifestations and ramifications between election day and the first of February, when this was written. The observations of all observers in those days have made it quite certain the hazard of considering Mr. Wilson in the future tense is too great for any person but Mr. Wilson himself. Still, inasmuch as the only way to judge the future—even of new presidents—is by the past, it is fair to assume that in predominating characteristics he will not change materially in a political way—at least until he gets actively into the executive swirl of it, and probably not much then. It is quite likely he will be the same sort of president as he has been near-president, and it is entirely safe to predict that in addition to being a new president he will be a new kind of president, thereby adding greatly to the political gayety relished by our volatile people and missed by them during the past four years.

So far as an Administration is concerned the policies of a new president are not half so important as his personality—for, with a personality, he can project policies and protect them; but without a personality he mostly can only propose and not perform. Wherefore, here at the beginning, let me set down the fact that Woodrow Wilson has personality, is loaded with it, exudes it at every pore. Desirous of a change, the people not only shifted the control of the Government but chose a new type of controller.

Every adequate consideration of Mr. Wilson must have two certain facts in its premise: the first is that he is largely intellectual, and the second is that he is largely Scotch. With these conditions interlocking and predominating, the diagnosis is easy; for the Scottish brand of intellect does not vary much in its demonstrations or in its ultimate application, no matter what the status of the applier may be—the big intellect, I mean; the developed and organized intellect and its polished product.

Intellectual and Human at the Same Time

POSSESSING cranial hollows where there should be cranial hills, most of the people are likely to think a man who has much intellect has it to the detriment and at the expense of his other human qualities, and possibly that is measurably true; but there have been instances when a man has been intellectual and reasonably, even if not effusively, human; and there will be one of these instances in the White House after March fourth next—maybe not presented in both capacities at the same time, but with both attributes on tap.

That is, the people have elected a dual character for president—a Mr. Brains and a Mr. Body. More than any one I have known of late, Woodrow Wilson possesses the faculty of considering with a detached mind a matter or a person brought before him. When he sets his intellect he has a way of disconnecting it with all other Wilson machinery, and it operates definitely and alone. When it reaches a conclusion that conclusion prevails; and that is why so many of the things he has said and so many of the things he has done have puzzled the politicians, most of whom think messily in conjunction with the states of their livers and the sympathies, prejudices and predilections of their environments and obligations.

Mr. Wilson can think with a detached mind. He can consider persons in an impersonal way. A frequent criticism is that he is cold and unresponsive, insensible to obligations, impersonal to an incredible degree in his dealings with men. A man, with him, they say, is merely a man, to be considered strictly in relation to cause and effect, and not assayed other than logically and in relation to the surrounding circumstances. Several political gossips have confided to me the—to them—paralyzing information that Mr. Wilson once discharged on Christmas morning a man who had been working for him for a year and a half. I do not know whether this is true; but if it is it is not surprising. The Wilson intellect would not consider time, or man, or anything but the circumstances in the case. If it was necessary to discharge the man the day of discharge made no difference. Probably that phase of it never occurred to him.

The Political Atmosphere of the District

THE President-elect referred to this mental attribute when he told me, late in January, he intends to go to Washington and maintain there the outside view, so far as possible, which in his case will be most of the time if not all. He understands what most of those who frequent Washington do not understand—that the ordinary Washington viewpoint is the most distorted viewpoint any one can have. Let a man think exclusively in terms of Washington for a few years and he is done. He is superpolitical, but popularly supplanted. The political atmosphere of the District of Columbia does not admit of deep breathing. It is a tainted atmosphere, and the man in it who does not go out of it frequently and clear his lungs is bound to be suffocated sooner or later.

It developed during November and December and January, after Mr. Wilson's election, that he does not know much about Washington; and that worries him less than it worries any of his hundred million constituents. It seems to be his attitude that when the time arrives he has ample mental facilities for finding out whatever he desires to know about Washington; and he is distinctly averse to burdening his mind or his days with information concerning non-essentials. Moreover, the questions of precedent and convention and usage do not concern him except in the most remote degree. He has been elected president and it is his plan to be his own kind of president—not to be the kind of president some one else has been. If a proposition seems superfluous or inadvisable or impolitic or unjust to him, he does not intend to embrace it simply because it always has been embraced.

The question of heading the Government of the United States is clearly a logical one with Woodrow Wilson. Things equal to the same thing are invariably equal to each other, and he has no disposition to try to make them unequal because it has been done or because he, from his position, can do it. And it must always be borne in mind that

no person in this country is more keenly aware of the fact that the person who has been elected President of the United States is Woodrow Wilson and none other. He is not without party sympathies and not insensible to party obligations, but he is the president; and in the end it is his judgment that will prevail, as he intends to make it, in the settlement of all matters that come before him for consideration.

In other words, Mr. Wilson, a Democrat, and the successful candidate of the Democratic party, is the individual—not an individual. There is no disposition to exalt that phase of it unduly, nor is there a disposition to suppress it. The fact is there. He is the president, or will be after March fourth; and he is perfectly well aware of what that means to him, as well as what it means to his party. He has patience. He will listen. He consults freely. He considers carefully; but in deciding he turns his mind on and his other functions off, and the result is the result. He has readily assumed all the responsibility that has been given him. He feels himself capable. He has faith in himself. And he looks at himself as an instrument for bringing about certain reforms and for ameliorating certain conditions. The predestined idea is not remote from his thought and conclusion.

This, Mr. Wilson thinks, will give him a certain independence of thought and action in the White House, just as it gave him a certain independence of thought and action while he was president-elect. But to this must be added always the personal equation—the Wilson side of it. I said he is largely Scotch. He is. To be a successful president one must have successes. Therefore it may come about that independence of thought and action, based on intellectual determination, may admit of modifications, with the ultimate accruing good of all concerned. Mr. Wilson is a historian himself, and he will be the subject of future historians. He is under no delusions as to what sort of president he must be to be ranked by those future writers as he desires to be ranked.

Conditions That Confront the New President

YOU will never find him sacrificing himself for the temporary good of any party or any policy—his idea of personal and predestined responsibility will forbid that; but you will never find him stubbornly against a politic proposition that his intellect can justify when he sets it apart and considers it. He has a keen political discrimination; but there is about him a marked pride of opinion he has argued out for himself, and a faith in that resultant personal judgment and its finality that will make him a difficult subject for the politicians in Congress and in his party. The sum of it is that the coming Administration will be a Wilson Administration—not more and not less. As a Democrat Mr. Wilson will also make it a Democratic Administration, but it will be a Wilson-Democratic Administration—not a Democratic-Wilson Administration.

There is no person in the country who has a keener appreciation of the fact that, though he was overwhelmingly in the majority in the Electoral College, he was a plurality candidate in the popular vote. He knows his total vote was less by more than two millions than the combined vote of the other candidates, even though it was more than two millions in excess of the vote of Mr. Roosevelt, his nearest competitor. If he has made any comparisons of his own vote and the vote of Mr. Bryan in the three Bryan campaigns, he knows also that, so far as the Democratic vote is concerned, he has nothing to plume himself on. Obviously a good many Democrats voted for Mr. Roosevelt, and it is just as obvious that a good many Republicans voted for Mr. Wilson.

Here, then, is Mr. Wilson's political situation: He must have support; for, even if he is inclined to consider binding the declaration in the Democratic platform of 1912 that that party favors one term for presidents, the reëlection of a Democratic House of Representatives in the middle of his term, at the elections of 1914, is vital to him and his success. He has sensed conditions accurately. He knows the real, dominant political strength of this country is progressive, and that progressivism is not confined to Mr. Roosevelt's supporters by any means; but that a big percentage of his own party is progressive also. He can hope to gain no added strength from the conservative element in the Democratic party. They probably will continue to vote with him for a time because he is—nominally, at least—a Democratic president. His problem is to get added progressive support. Also, that will be his motive.

If Mr. Roosevelt and his friends and party associates think they are to be permitted to have a monopoly of progressivism they are much mistaken. The actuating impulse of Woodrow Wilson's Administration will be not only to hold the progressives in the Democratic party but to secure the votes and support of other progressives not affiliated with that party. Mr. Wilson intends to make an appeal to the Progressives who voted for Mr. Roosevelt in the last campaign. He intends to show the country that he is really progressive, and he has the advantage of being in a position where he can prove his faith by his works.

He knows, further, that he will inevitably face a split in his own party; that the situation in the Democratic party when he gets into the White House will be somewhat similar to the situation in the Republican party when Mr. Taft went into the White House four years ago. The difference will be in methods; for Mr. Taft took the conservative end of it, and Mr. Wilson will take the progressive end, thereby showing a more acute political sense as well as emphasizing his convictions. The ultimate result will be, of course, the furthering of the inevitable realignment of politics in this country into a conservative party, composed of the conservatives of both old parties, and a radical party, composed of the radicals of both parties; but that will not be the immediate result. The immediate result will be an internal warfare in the Democratic party; and that Mr. Wilson realizes the split must come is shown by his repeated declarations that none but progressives—presumably progressive Democrats—will be considered by him in making up his lists of lieutenants.

Broadly, Mr. Wilson is in accord with a good many of the doctrines—or the theory of them—of the present Progressive party, as is any Democrat who has stood on four of the last five Democratic platforms. No policy so clearly defines the progressive policy of the country as the policy of conservation of our natural resources. There are differing tariff views, and differing currency views, and differing views on all other political subjects among progressives, using the generic term; but they are all practically agreed on the theory of conservation, albeit they may differ in the details of its application. Mr. Wilson undoubtedly believes in the theory of National conservation. Right here he faces a split in his own party; for when that subject becomes active he will find that a large number of Democrats do not favor National conservation, but are state-rights men, and bitterly opposed to any regulation of the public domain save by the right and authority and by the direction and to the benefit of the individual states.

This is not the only place where there will be a split. The Democratic party is as permeated with the spirit of unrest and the desire for readjustment as the old Republican party ever was. And the conservatives are just as stiffnecked and shortsighted as the standpat Republicans were. Necessarily, when the progressive Wilson begins—as he will immediately—the forcing of his progressive policies he will meet with opposition in his own party; and necessarily his only appeal will be to the general progressive sentiment of the country—and there is where he will make his appeal.

He will have the support of the so-called Progressive Republicans in the House of Representatives, of whom there are forty or thereabout, and of an indeterminate number of the representatives of his own party—though, at first, it is quite likely he will have practically united support until, at least, he becomes so progressive that the conservatives must break away. His situation in the Senate will be more difficult, for the Democratic majority there will be very slender; and of the Democrats there are a considerable number of rigidly conservative, hardshell statesmen. However, if he can command the support of the Progressive Republicans in the Senate—or some of them—he will be able to accomplish some things. That is for future development.

Mr. Wilson cannot be a middle-of-the-roader and apparently he has no desire to try. He intends to make his bid for progressive support from all voters who believe in progressive principles, not as set down by any particular party or combination of men, but in the broad, general sense of the term. He knows he will alienate some of the old-line Democrats; but he is willing to take those consequences and he has sufficient courage to follow out his program, no matter what the final result may be. He does not intend to go out of his way to offend or put in opposition any member of his own party, but he does intend to be progressive and work along those lines.

Any person with half a political eye can foresee the split. It is not likely to come over the tariff, for the Democrats are fairly well agreed on the tariff revisions to be made. It may come on the question of currency reform. It is sure to come on the question of conservation whenever that issue is pressed; or, as is very likely, it may come on general principles, because a portion of his party does not and will not agree with his practices, policies and propositions. It is coming and he is making ready for it. Moreover he began to make ready for it as soon as he was nominated last July. Cast an eye over the names of the men who were selected to run his campaign. Look at those who have been his closest advisers since his election. Without any single item of knowledge at this time about the members of his Cabinet, it is safe to say a scrutiny of that list of names when it is made public will show that most of them are in full accord with the progressivism of Wilson. He is already getting his machine in shape. He knows what he is in for.

A Personal and Progressive Administration

HERE we have the two great phases of the forthcoming Wilson Administration: It is to be a personal Administration and it is to be a progressive Administration. And the two important questions are: What kind of a person is Wilson? and, What kind of a progressive is he?

The best answer to the first question is that Mr. Wilson is a Wilson kind of a person. There is nobody like him in our big politics at present, and there never has been, so far as I can learn. He is a tall, thin person dominated by a mind. He can be a cordial, suave, agreeable person in an entirely logical manner. He can be a polite, gracious, urbane person when the conclusions agree with the postulates. He is a tactful, polished, well-bred person who is circumspect, politic, decorous. He is social, sociable and sagacious. He is a person of convictions who has the courage of them—a man of mentality who makes his mind his mentor, not his master.

Mr. Wilson is a man of force. He has nerve. But—and this is interesting—he can be expedient as well as exigent. He is more politic than political—more diplomat than diplomatist. He is intensely ambitious, but judiciously prudent. He is daring and he is discreet. He is canny and he is courageous. He looks before he leaps, but he is not afraid to leap. He reasons and is reasonable—ponders and is ponderable.

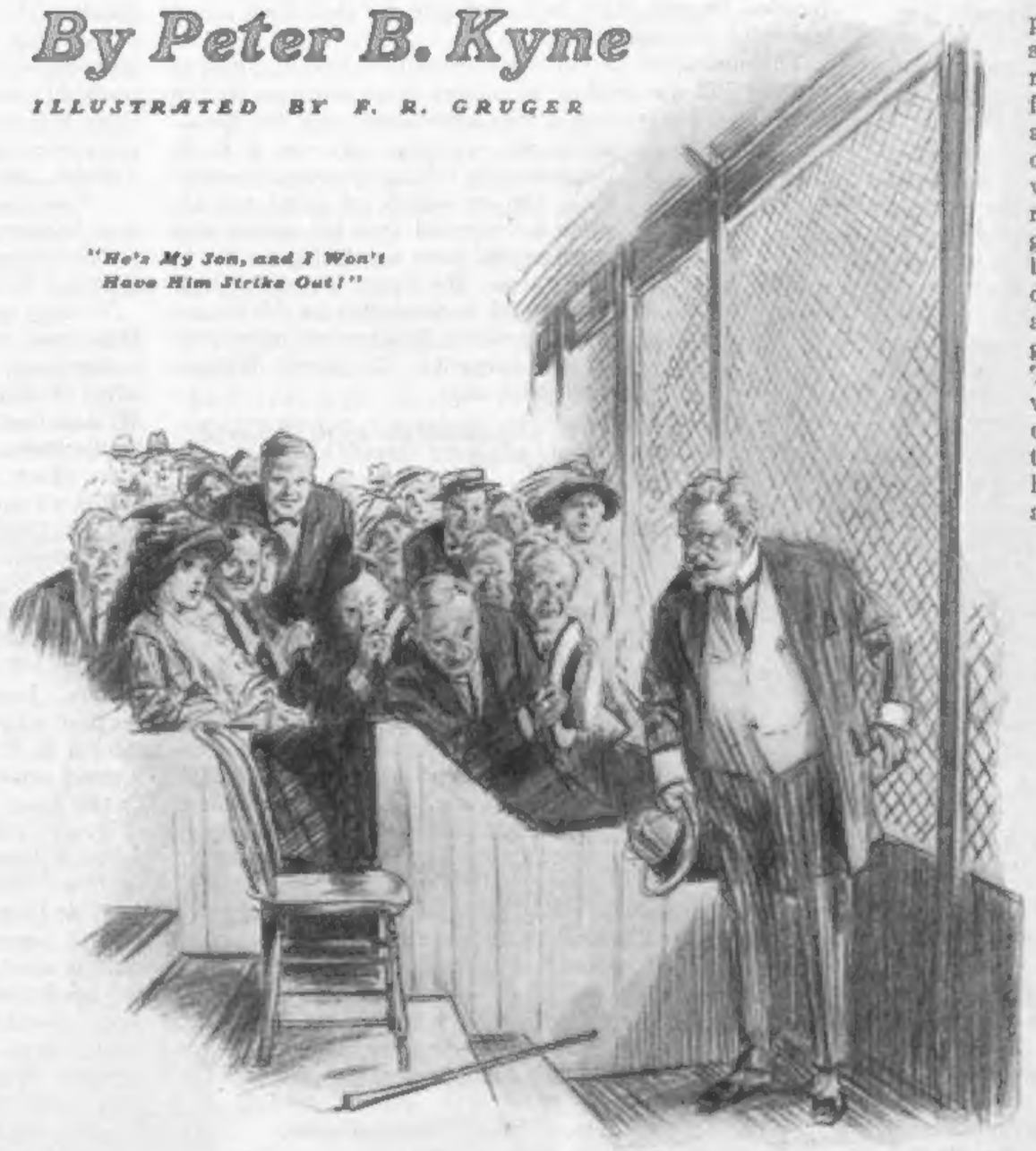
His most remarkable attribute is that ability to think on any subject with a detached mind, to consider a problem in an impersonal way—not that he always does this—not that; but he can do it and often does. There is nothing so vital to Mr. Wilson as his personal career, but that does not prevent impersonal thinking and acting—nor will it. What it has done and what it will continue to do will be to cause him to act in many instances entirely without regard for any precedent or convention or detail or outside desire. He is a self-contained, self-confident, self-sufficient man—not offensively so or blatantly so, but calmly and solidly and imperturbably so; but, strangely enough, he is keenly sensitive to criticism, though he does not admit it. He has a full understanding of himself, approves that understanding, and continues on his way with entire regard to his own estimates, but never without polite deference to all others—polite deference, not submissive deference.

The new president is a master of words. He is the best public speaker in the United States in a space where he is not at a strain to make his voice carry. In a room there is no one who can equal him. He has trained his mind to coherent and consecutive expression on the spur of any moment. Ordinarily he does not prepare his speeches. Several of his most important utterances during the period between election and inauguration were impromptu. There will be a chorus of indignant "I told you so!" over that from aggrieved and perhaps hurt persons; but though the expression was impromptu the thought was not. Mr. Wilson knew exactly what he was saying at each particular time. He makes no hair-trigger statements. His fault, perhaps, is that he generalizes too much; but he can be specific when he wishes. Besides, when a man is about to take the executive leadership of a party that has been out of power for sixteen years, it behooves him to be canny about what he says; and, as I have said, Mr. Wilson has Scotch blood in him. *(Continued on Page 48)*

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"He's My Son, and I Won't Have Him Strike Out!"

AT AN almost unbelievably tender age E. P. Cosgrove's only son, William Vandervoort Cosgrove, presented indubitable evidence of a reversion to type—to wit, the type of his paternal grandfather, an adventurous gentleman with a predilection to clay pipes and whisky neat; and who, having had the misfortune—or fortune, if you will have it so—to become involved in a moonlight frolic, with poteen and patriotism as the prime incentives, had been forced to leave Tipperary two jumps in advance of Her Majesty's minions.

Grandfather Michael Cosgrove had been a dashing, devil-may-care fellow in his day; and, even after he became a boss in New York politics and sat in the seats of the mighty, he was never too proud or too busy to extend the glad hand of democracy and good-fellowship to the humblest "white wings" who hailed him by the endearing and familiar appellation of Mike. Grandfather Mike had been a true child of the people. He was a commoner, and he knew it and was not ashamed of it. To the day of his death he preferred drinking beer in a groggery to sipping champagne in Sherry's. Michael, by-the-way, perished after an attack of apoplexy superinduced by the apparently unfaltering determination of his daughter-in-law to name his first grandson Edward. She had once been presented at the Court of St. James, and the then Prince of Wales had paid her marked attention for about a minute and a half.

When Michael passed away he left, in addition to three million dollars, three sons. Of these sturdy samples of young Irish-American manhood two were commoners. They vied with each other in a spirited—and spirituous—endeavor to ascertain which should waste his patrimony first. Both died young, much to the grief of E. P. Cosgrove—Emmet Patrick was a true Hibernian at heart and never went back on his own people—and the relief of his wife, whose social aspirations suffered many a killing frost while Johnny and Tommy were endeavoring to paint the Great White Way a bright vermilion.

In addition to his share of the millions, which he retained, E. P. Cosgrove inherited all his father's brains, plus four years in Yale. When he graduated he was a smart young man with a new brand of democracy, notwithstanding the fact that his father's money had failed to serve as a satisfactory draining board for the removal of the stigma of obscure birth. On Tap Day E. P. Cosgrove had not been tapped for anything, which hurt him terribly. Try as he would, E. P. had never been able to "break in" socially at college.

He had better luck after leaving Yale. On the strength of his prospective share in the Cosgrove millions he finally managed to make a dent in the outer fortifications of the socially elect. He married a Vandervoort, of the old New York Vandervoorts, who had a family tree and little else. They claimed an unbroken line of descent from Hendrik Hudson's wife's cousin and one Rudolph Vandervoort, who had been tomahawked in his prime by a Seneca Indian for doublecrossing the aborigine in the matter of a small deal in pelts.

The sole issue of E. P. Cosgrove's marriage was William Vandervoort Cosgrove—only saved from being Edward Vandervoort through the fear of his parents that old Mike Cosgrove might make a disagreeable will.

Immediately after Grandfather Cosgrove's death and the distribution of his estate, Emmet Patrick decided to remove himself as far as possible from the tendrils of his family tree—without, however, entirely isolating himself. Casting about for inspiration in the face of this decision, he recollected Horace Greeley's famous advice to the youth of that period, to the effect that a young man should go West. E. P. went West—to Chicago, in fact, where he made some tremendous deals in pigs' knuckles, wheat, corn and sundry provender—eventually rising to such a degree of social and commercial prestige that a typewritten history of his life, up to date, was kept in the morgue of every Chicago newspaper, awaiting the moment of E. P.'s death—he was known to have heart disease—for publication on the front page.

So much for our hero's family history. His Celtic blood, twice removed, adulterated with a fifty-per-cent solution of New York Dutch, combined to produce an excellent mixture that is usually called "the American citizen." However ——

The statement has been made that William at an unbelievably tender age gave evidence of a reversion to type—to wit, the type of his paternal grandfather, Mike Cosgrove.

At eight years of age he declared for freedom from female restraint. He insisted upon the right of a man to take his bath without having his back rubbed by a German nurse. About this time, also, he threw rocks at one of the few Chinamen in Chicago. In these two points alone the reader will readily observe in William a hark back to the primeval prejudice of the Irish against what they consider the inferior races. William was vulgar in other ways. He grieved because the Cosgrove lawn contained no mud spring in which he might wallow. A ten-year-old cousin from New York came to visit him. He pitted his New York Dutch against William's mixed blood—and the butler had to choke William off the vanquished relative.

William maintained that his—William's—neck and ears were personal and private property, sacred from trespass. He declared an embargo against soap and water. He smoked his mother's cigarettes, and when caught red-handed with the weed he replied pertly to his mother that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander! This commonplace adage could be traced directly to the vulgarian Mike. E. P. Cosgrove traced it to the gardener, however, which was the same thing. E. P. charged it to environment and discharged the gardener.

At twelve William rebelled against his tutor and begged to be allowed to matriculate at a certain public school in a distant section of the city. It appears that he had fraternized with a butcher's boy who came daily to the back door of the Cosgrove mansion for orders, and the butcher's boy had driven William in his cart to a vacant lot where some unfettered youths from this school were playing one-old-cat. He learned that on Saturday afternoons inside baseball was played on this lot between the Stars and the Rattlers.

Now E. P. Cosgrove, albeit a snob, had one redeeming human attribute: He loved baseball; in fact, E. P. was a baseball enthusiast, a walking compendium of baseball history and up-to-the-minute information on the batting averages of every player in the American and National leagues. Of the three grades of baseball enthusiast E. P. Cosgrove was the superlative—that is, assuming the term "baseball enthusiast" to be susceptible of comparison:

Positive, Fan
Comparative, Bug
Superlative, Nut

E. P. Cosgrove, then, was a nut. He had never missed a big-league game in which the Cubs or the White Sox participated, provided the trains ran on schedule time. The one bitter disappointment in life for E. P. Cosgrove lay in the fact that Nature had not fashioned him as a sort of quick-detachable Siamese twins, in order that one of him might trail the Cubs while the other trailed the White Sox. He risked his life every time he went to a ball game, but still he persisted. As has already been stated, he had a weak heart, and his doctors had told him to avoid excitement after he had twice fallen unconscious in the grandstand at critical stages of great games. To a baseball nut, however, such advice is worthless, because it is wasted. "For," quoth E. P. Cosgrove, "I must die some time; so why not die happy?" Whereupon he armed himself with a hypodermic syringe and a little bottle containing a one-fortieth-grain solution of strychnine; and thereafter, when things commenced to look dubious for the home team, William's father would bolster up his hard old heart with a "shot" in his forearm. Need we say more?

Now when E. P. Cosgrove learned that the baseball germ was at the bottom of his son's unholy desire to associate with his social inferiors he vetoed the public-school idea, but compromised by taking his small son to the ball games with him. At first William hesitated to accept these terms, but finally consented, provided his education proceeded upon the lines of normality—that is, he must have Saturdays off.

Boys in public schools did not go to school on Saturdays. Why, then, should the tutor be inflicted upon him on Saturdays! E. P. Cosgrove saw the telling force of this argument and a bargain was struck. E. P. forgot the matter within a week.

William, however, did not forget. Though he delighted in going to a ball game with his father, his youthful imagination had already painted a greater joy—the joy of being like other boys and playing ball! His ambition went even further. He longed to be captain of either the Stars or the Rattlers, but something warned him that he had better not say anything to his father about this.

Every Saturday afternoon for the succeeding four months William disappeared. Since his mother's social duties precluded her seeing her son oftener than once or twice a day—she was satisfied if she found him present and accounted for when she came to kiss him good night—and his destinies were left largely in the hands of hirelings, these mysterious disappearances passed unnoticed until a day when young William returned earlier than usual, escorted by two ragamuffins who called him Bill. William had a black eye, his front teeth were a trifle wobbly, and his right thumb was disjointed and swollen. He was alternately weeping and swearing. Mrs. Cosgrove, returning from an afternoon call, met the trio in her reception hall—and the mystery was a mystery no longer.

William had been playing baseball! He had wantonly and with low intent associated himself with the children of the street—nay, fraternized with them! And he had learned to swear! It developed that upon the day of disaster William had substituted as shortstop for the Stars, disagreed with the umpire and been soundly thrashed in the resultant battle.

William had nothing to say until the doctor had finished with him, when he requested that the basement be fitted up as a gymnasium. This was a healthy sign.

"He's had his lesson, my love," said E. P. Cosgrove to his wife. "He's just been snooping in strange alleys—and they tincanned him. He'll stay home now."

He did. From nine in the morning until two in the afternoon William applied himself diligently with his tutor. From two until five he locked himself up in the basement and denied himself to the household. To him here came secretly, via the rear fence, down the alley between the side fence and the stables, and across the area to the basement entrance, sundry scrubby youths of mixed pedigree, with whom William fought until deemed sufficiently expert to be allowed to return to that vacant lot. Upon a Saturday, then, when the Stars and the Rattlers were gathered and the neighborhood resounded to their shrill screams of boyish delight, William arrived with his retinue, accosted his old enemy, the umpire, challenged him to combat and defeated him in a gallant, scientific and workmanlike manner. And since it is a well-known fact that any boy who essays to

umpire a ball game must first prove his fitness for the office with his fists, it will readily be seen that William's demand, after the battle, for a place on the regular team was bound to receive favorable consideration. His prowess was recognized. He was allowed to play centerfield. One day he clouted two home runs. Thereafter he was known as Batting Bill Cosgrove, the well-beloved of the juvenile baseball world.

Forthwith William's generous heart expanded. He broke into his savings bank with an ax and uniformed and equipped the Stars at his own expense. In return they elected him captain. But the poor Rattlers looked so envious, so ragged and forlorn, that William's democratic soul was ill at ease. So he just helped himself to a couple of hundred dollars from his mother's purse and uniformed and equipped the Rattlers. Thus he became a hero.

Fame went to William's head, however. He invaded an unknown region, inhabited by transplanted Irish, and organized a third ball team, which he dubbed the Invincibles, in boyish defiance of the fact that they were absolutely untried; uniformed and equipped them—at his mother's expense, it must be recorded—and formed them into the Cosgrove League with the Stars and the Rattlers.

He had at length achieved his proudest ambition. He owned three ball teams and was president of the league. Meantime two maids in the Cosgrove ménage had been discharged for theft!

William's fame as a baseball magnate was not enduring. A sporting editor, whose son caught for the Rattlers, scented a nice little story in the Cosgrove League. He visited that vacant lot with a photographer one dull Saturday afternoon, and Batting Bill was photographed standing on one leg and leaning negligently against a bat.

Now it is a well-known fact that when the butcher's boy does something bright beyond his years the neighbors merely remark on his precocity; but when the son of a multimillionaire does it, a good newspaper story results. E. P. Cosgrove read that story next day and recognized Batting Bill's photo. He said nothing; but on the succeeding Saturday he shadowed Batting Bill to the vacant lot, saw him smoke a cigarette, heard him swear at the shortstop of the Invincibles for a wild throw to first, and threaten to murder a boy on the coaching lines for interfering with a runner. E. P. Cosgrove shuddered. He knew this would about kill Batting Bill's mother. He knew now the perpetrator of those mysterious thefts that had set the Cosgrove establishment by the ears, and he was filled with a fine, old-fashioned aristocratic rage. He walked on to the diamond, took a firm grip on Batting Bill's right ear and escorted him off the field of glory.

Batting Bill never returned to the Stars to finish the series with the Rattlers and the Invincibles. His courage was not equal to that, in view of the ignominy inflicted upon him by his father in their presence. He made no objection when he was bundled off to boarding school a week later. He was glad to escape the tyrants.

Ten years passed. William Vandervoort's father had now turned fifty and men had commenced to speak of him quite generally as Old Man Cosgrove. Mrs. Cosgrove's family traditions had taken upon her a stronger hold than ever. She had broken into the D. A. R. and gone in heavily for philanthropy. She employed a press agent.

Batting Bill was in the midst of his third year at Yale, and upon Yale's nine he had won intercollegiate fame, much to Old Man Cosgrove's delight. But he was still a vulgarian. One incident alone will prove that. Upon a certain Tap Day William had gathered to watch the lesser lights drawn up in line, awaiting the coming of the seniors from Skull-and-Bones headquarters to tap the aspirants for admission into that bugaboo of college democracy. William did not expect to be tapped and he was not in line. Rather, he was loitering under a tree at a little distance. A senior approached the line, passed along it, scanning it closely for the man he intended to tap, and not perceiving him took a survey of the immediate neighborhood. He spied Batting Bill, walked to him and tapped him gravely on the shoulder.

He Helped Himself to a One-Fortieth-Grain Solution of Strychnine

"Much obliged," said Batting Bill, "but I'd just as lief you wouldn't tap me. I don't care to belong."

A hundred men heard him utter this damnable heresy. The tapper was foolish enough to inquire, "Why?"—to which the tappee replied that, owing to a constitutional weakness that way, he just could not bear to be patronized. Besides, he said, Tap Day ought to be abolished, as an enemy of true democracy.

This unnatural and unprecedented action on the part of Batting Bill was considered worthy of exploitation by the Associated Press when it was ascertained that the democratic one was the only son of E. P. Cosgrove, the Chicago multimillionaire. E. P. had an attack of heart trouble when he reflected that for twenty-two years he had been nourishing a viper in his bosom. He wrote his son a long letter, with a postscript by Mrs. Cosgrove, in which William was upbraided for his vulgarity. To which William replied by wire:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

That was all William worried about it.

A little later Batting Bill fell in love. He proposed marriage and was accepted; whereupon he left college and journeyed home to Chicago to tell his father about it. E. P. Cosgrove was mighty fond of his big son in spite of the latter's wild ways, and, notwithstanding E. P.'s drawbacks, William was devoted to his father. As a father E. P. Cosgrove had endeavored to be "pals" with his son. William appreciated this fact and had no hesitation in pouring out the whole wonderful story of his betrothal.

"What's her name, Bill?" demanded Old Man Cosgrove pleasantly. He knew all about these college romances and made due allowance for the fact that his son Bill was in the veal period of life.

"Leonora O'Brien," replied Bill, with the lovelight in his eyes at the bare mention of that honored name.

A shade of apprehension passed over the face of E. P. Cosgrove.

"What's her old man do, Bill?" he continued.

"He runs a saloon in Kansas City."

E. P. Cosgrove reached into his pistol pocket for his gun and loaded it before proceeding further with this cross-examination. His pulse was fluttering and he would take no chances. Verily, in the midst of life we are in death!

"Tell me about Leonora, Bill," he said in a thin, faraway voice.

"Oh, she's a beautiful girl, dad. You ought to meet her. You'd like her, dad! She's the best good fellow you ever met! She's in vaudeville, you know. Got a troupe of jumping greyhounds. I first met her ——"

E. P. Cosgrove jabbed the needle into his left arm, lay back and waited for the strychnine solution to take effect. Presently his heart began to chirk up. He said:

"William, my son, this is madness! It can never be! You must get over it. Try, William! You'll succeed. You're young. The woman is evidently an adventuress. Why, what would people say? What would your mother —— Why, damme, sir, it'd kill her! Marry this woman with the jumping greyhounds, William, and you kill your mother!"

It had not occurred to William that his mother was so fragile. He essayed to argue. In vain. His father dismissed him curtly, with the order to forget Leonora—immediately. To E. P. Cosgrove love for a female who presided over a troupe of jumping greyhounds was something that any gentleman should find no more difficulty in putting aside than does a dyspeptic in dispensing with a Welsh rabbit.

"You shouldn't take that stand, dad, until you've first seen Leonora," William suggested gently.

"Greyhounds!" snorted E. P. Cosgrove. "Saloon! Kansas City! Vaudeville! Actress in the family! Wow!"

William gave up the attack and went to see his mother. It seemed to William that she, being a woman, would understand. Instead, she cried for her smelling salts when William laid bare his bleeding heart. She informed William that he was an unnatural son. As a matter of fact he did look a great deal like old Mike Cosgrove—or, to be more exact, as old Mike must have looked when he was William's age.

E. P. Cosgrove did not come home to dinner that night. No, indeed! He caught the Twentieth Century Limited for New York. Upon his arrival there he sought out Leonora O'Brien and bluntly asked her to name the figure. Leonora was surprised. She had no intention of abandoning William. E. P. Cosgrove suggested one hundred thousand dollars. Leonora was amused; whereupon E. P. doubled his bid. Leonora got angry. Candor compelled her to inform E. P. Cosgrove that he was insulting; after which a maid came in and called Old Man Cosgrove's attention to the door.

Events followed in cyclonic fashion. Leonora O'Brien wired William that his parents objected and that it was up to him. William wired back: "Sweetheart! Hold the fort, for I am coming, love!" He came too. Following his arrival, Leonora sold her livestock to the individual whose duty it was to bathe and feed the dogs and pull the jumping apparatus round on the stage. He immediately married Leonora's maid, who forthwith assumed Leonora's stage name—Madame de Montignon, direct from the London Hippodrome—the greyhounds never missed a jump, and the public was none the wiser. Then Leonora accompanied her dear William Vandervoort Cosgrove to the Little Church Around the Corner. Returned from church, William first carefully examined and then signed a voluminous contract presented for his consideration by one Cornelius McGillicuddy, who managed the destinies of the Philadelphia Athletics.

Batting Bill did not write his father of his deal with Mr. McGillicuddy. He left that thankless task to the Associated Press, which responded manfully. It was a big story, by and large, and the clever Mr. McGillicuddy made the most of it, after the invariable custom of his species. He reluctantly admitted that he was paying Big Bill Cosgrove, the wonderful Yale second baseman, a salary greater than that of any other second baseman on earth. He looked forward with confidence to the future to prove to the public that his investment had not been ill-advised—this latter being thrown out as a sort of sop to the

A Maid Came in and Called Old Man Cosgrove's Attention to the Door

millions of friends of Mr. McGillicuddy, who might worry lest his judgment in this instance might not quite measure up to past performances. The baseball writers kindly supplied all the details of Big Bill Cosgrove's annexation to the Athletics, which Mr. McGillicuddy, in his modesty, forbore to express. It was said of Big Bill that he was so fast he could lay down a bunt and be resting on third base by the time the catcher had retrieved the ball. Many other statements of a eulogistic nature were made—for, of course, when the son of a multimillionaire goes in for professional ball everybody is anxious to get the details.

Mrs. Cosgrove said nothing. She had nothing to say. The bolt had fallen. It was as she had always feared it would be. William was his grandfather's grandson. He was atavistic. His Vandervoort blood had failed to overcome the wild Tipperary strain bequeathed him by the plebeian Mike, and there was nothing to do but smile and suffer in silence.

Now the news of Big Bill's marriage—everybody called him Big Bill now—had been overlooked by Connie Mack when issuing his statement, due to Mr. McGillicuddy's pardonably superior interest in his own affairs; and the newspapers, for some unknown reason, had not yet discovered anything exciting in this inconspicuous paragraph gleaned by the City Hall reporters:

COSGROVE-O'BRIEN—William V. Cosgrove, twenty-three, Chicago, and Leonora O'Brien, twenty, Kansas City.

News of this great event therefore slumbered, as it were. For two days E. P. Cosgrove and wife were spared this additional sorrow. It was E. P. himself who found it out.

In discussing with her husband the barbaric deviltry of having a professional ballplayer in the family Mrs. Cosgrove had appealed to E. P. to scheme a way to make the family honor clean again.

"The only thing to do, my love," said E. P. Cosgrove, "is for me to quietly call on Connie Mack and endeavor to buy William's release from this—er—ahem!—ahumpph!—contract."

"Then do it for my sake, Emmet," pleaded his wife.

"Ahem!—ahumpph!—there is really no hurry, you know, my dear. This odious publicity will blow over in a day or two ——"

"Emmet, another day or two of this disgrace and I shall never have the courage to face our friends again! You must leave for Philadelphia tonight."

"Well—ahumpph!—ahem!—to tell the truth, m'love, in view of the fact that William has signed up, it might be just as well—ahem!—ahumpph!—to let the boy—er—play a game or two in big company, you know—in big company, m'love—just to see how he stacks up. Of course I'm shocked at his conduct. You know I'm shocked, my dear—frightfully shocked; but now that he's—er—irrevocably—er—damned, as it were, I must confess, m'love, to a—er—ahumpph!—to a weakness to see the boy in action—yes, in action, m'love."

Mrs. Cosgrove commenced to cry softly, as if her heart was broken; and she took a morbid pleasure in the disaster. Thoroughly crushed, E. P. Cosgrove capitulated, and took the next train for Philadelphia. He sought Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy the moment he arrived.

"I am E. P. Cosgrove," he announced pompously—"father of your new second baseman, Mr. McGillicuddy. Er—by-the-way ——"

"You want to buy his release, I presume," interrupted the baseball manager pleasantly.

"Exactly, sir—exactly."

"Have you consulted your son, Mr. Cosgrove? He is, of course, a party to our contract, and in the event of his release naturally we must consult him."

"He'll agree," E. P. Cosgrove assured the manager. "What's your figure?"

"Twenty-two million four hundred and seventeen thousand nine hundred and eighty-three dollars and eight cents," said the smiling Mr. McGillicuddy. "Secure Big Bill's consent and I'll make a liberal discount for cash—but see William. You'll save time for both of us."

"Good day, sir!" said E. P. Cosgrove.

"Good day. By-the-way, Mr. Cosgrove, I believe there is a third person who will have to be consulted in this matter. Bill's wife is as proud as Punch about Bill's signing up with the Athletics."

It was a body blow, but Old Man Cosgrove strove to take it like a Trojan. He gazed wild-eyed at Connie Mack for ten seconds; then smiled a peagreen smile.

"Bill married?" he croaked incredulously. "No! You don't tell me!"

"Why, yes! Didn't he ——"

"Not a line, sir! Not a blasted line! The young scoundrel! Well, what do you know about that? My boy Bill running off and getting married without saying a word to the old man! Aha! I must investigate this. Who is this deluded girl?"

"A Miss O'Brien, from Kansas City."

"Ah, I perceive. Much obliged to you, Mr. McGillicuddy. Thank you, sir. Good day to you, sir!" And E. P. Cosgrove managed to remove himself from the office. Out in the hall he paused while he helped himself to a one-fortieth-grain solution of strychnine; and when his strength had in a measure returned he braced back into the office long enough to secure his son's address. Then he took the first train for New York. Half an hour after his arrival William appeared at the hotel in answer to his father's telegraphic summons.

"Having Taken a Wife, it Was Up to Me to Get Busy and Earn a Living for Her"

"Well, Bill, my boy," said E. P. Cosgrove, without taking the trouble to shake hands with his son, "I see you've gone and thrown yourself away. Why did you do it?"

"I love Leonora," said William simply; "and I'm free, white and twenty-one. So I married her. Having taken a wife, it was up to me to get busy and earn a living for her; so I took the only decent thing that offered."

"You can't have any money from me!" thundered E. P. Cosgrove.

"Not a doggone cent!" he added.

"I understand; in fact, it was one of the conditions under which Leonora consented to marry me. She made me promise never to accept a penny of your money to support her on. You know, dad, you got in awful Dutch with Leonora when you came round waving that bunch of mazuma at her to put the skids under me!"

"In Dutch!" raved E. P. Cosgrove with a maniacal gleam in his eyes. "In Dutch! Ha! Ha! Ha! In Dutch! Ha! Ha-ha!"

"Better let me telephone down for a little jolt, father. You ——"

"Go to the devil!" yelled E. P. Cosgrove. "You're no son of mine! Get out! I'll cut you off at the pockets, my bucko! When that wife of yours gets her fingers on a cent of my money ——"

"Then," interrupted William, "you do not intend to receive my wife?"

"I should say not!"

"How about mother?"

"She will not receive your wife."

"Well, she'll have a chance to say 'No,' at any rate. I wrote to her yesterday, though I must confess I didn't have much hope. Better view this thing sensibly, dad, and go make your peace with Leonora."

E. P. Cosgrove pointed to the door.

"Out!" he thundered. "Begone!"

Big Bill bowed his head and was gone.

E. P. Cosgrove returned to Chicago, and he and his New York Dutch wife resolutely set themselves to the task of forgetting they had once had a son.

Big Bill Cosgrove acquitted himself with sufficient credit that first season with the Athletics to be retained on the team when the weeding-out and building-up process commenced the following spring. He had improved steadily under Connie Mack's capable management, and at the very beginning of his second season bade fair to live up to the manager's expectations that the big fellow would develop into the greatest second baseman on earth. His batting improved also. He developed into an extremely heavy hitter, dependable at all times; and, as the ball season slowly advanced, fans all over the country began to wake up and observe that Big Bill Cosgrove invariably got a hit four times out of five at bat.

Probably the very first person, aside from Connie Mack, to discover this was Old Man Cosgrove. He had disowned his son, but that did not prevent him from taking a purely professional interest in the national game. It did not necessarily follow, because he had quarreled with his son, that he should be conveniently stricken blind at the exact moment his yearning eye noted William's name in print. No, indeed! E. P. Cosgrove had totted up batting averages when his son was in swaddling clothes, and he was not going to change now just for a little matter of sentiment.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that he told himself nothing could induce him to take more than an impersonal interest in any team save the Cubs or the White Sox, Old Man Cosgrove discovered early in the season that he was apt to become unduly excited over the fate of the Athletics, when by all the laws of home and baseball the Cubs and the White Sox should have been his first and sole consideration. How he managed to refrain from attending the season's opening series between the Athletics and the Highlanders is a mystery with which this story has nothing to do. Suffice the fact that it was like a knife in his heart when Connie Mack's men were walloped in the odd game to decide the series! He cheered up a little when the Bean-eaters went down to defeat at the hands of the Athletics, but almost died of shame when the Tigers nosed out the Athletics by a whisker on the home grounds. It was a flagrant error on the part of Big Bill Cosgrove that cost his team that game and relegated them to fifth position in the race for the pennant. E. P. Cosgrove followed the White Sox from city to city, with the exception of those cities where the home team crossed bats with the Athletics—when he sulked in his hotel, receiving reports from the diamond over a leased wire. His resentment against William was so great that he would not appear in the same ball park with him.

By the time the season was half over Old Man Cosgrove noted with great grief that the Athletics were in fourth position and were no longer seriously considered as contenders for the pennant. A week passed and they had slipped into third place. They held their ground through three games, then slipped back again to fourth. They were back to third the day after, and Old Man Cosgrove laid in a supply of strychnine. The fans were beginning to keep a suspicious eye on Philadelphia. Big Bill Cosgrove was playing in superb form. His name stood at the head of the list of batting averages in his league, and, despite the long odds, Connie Mack had openly bragged that he would never show his nose again in Philadelphia until he returned with his ball team intrenched in first place.

E. P. Cosgrove lost his appetite through sheer excitement. The strain was terrible! The White Sox still held

(Continued on Page 65)

UNCLE SAM'S WOODLOT

By Gifford Pinchot

WHAT I can't understand," said a Seattle business man, "is why you conservation men insist on tying up the natural resources and holding back the development of the country!"

"That is all very well," said the Forest Service man to whom he was talking; "but we don't hold back the development of the country."

"Then I don't know what you call it," said the business man. "What good are natural resources except to be used? Posterity never did anything for me. I want my doughnut now."

"Hold on!" said the forester. "You say the conservationists are trying to prevent the use of the natural resources. I say we are doing our level best to get them used. The difference is that your idea of use does not look beyond today. My idea of use looks at today first, but does not forget that this nation will be a going concern long after you and I are dead."

What the Seattle man said used to be true, but has not been true for years. What the Forest Service man said is true now. The very heart of the conservation policy is development and use—use, but not monopoly or waste. It is a distinction worth keeping in mind.

The forest question has long been the center and focus of the conservation question. As a matter of fact, then, just how do the principles of conservation work out when applied to the timberlands of the Government? That is a fair question, for the national forests cover an area as big as all the Eastern states from Maine to Virginia, and it is a common charge that this great body of forest has been withdrawn from use, and so is not doing its share in building up the country.

Twenty years ago, when the Government began to set aside great stretches of forest, there was no way to use them without breaking the law. In that day they were called forest reserves; and they were, in fact, reserved against all use. There was no provision of law under which the timber could be cut or the gold and the coal mined. Cattle and sheep grazed here and there in the forests, but they had no legal right there. Means of protecting the reserves were about as completely lacking as provisions for their use. The reserves were what their name implied and nothing more.

Practice on the Heels of Theory

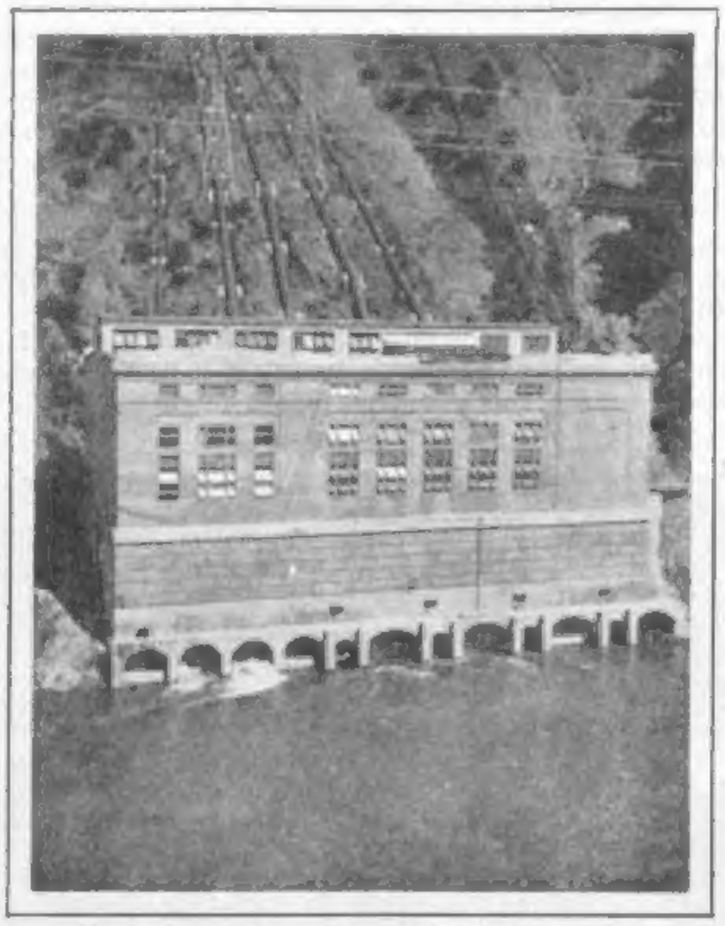
THIS was a condition that could not last. Public attention was called to it; and nearly sixteen years ago a law was passed that not only provided for their protection but opened all the resources of the reserves to use. Even the passage of this law, however, did not lead at once to using the resources of the public forests. But when, in 1905, the forest reserves were transferred to the Department of Agriculture the number of users more than doubled in the first year. The next year it nearly doubled again, and so on, until—in 1912—more than eighty thousand permits were issued to use one or another of the natural resources the forests inclose.

Today even the name forest reserves is discarded, and a new name—national forests—has replaced it, in token of the fact that these great forests belong to all the people, and that every natural resource within their borders is open to reasonable use by the people—every single one, without exception.

"But," objects the Seattle man, "this is nothing but the theory of conservation in the national forests, and the theory is excellent. What we quarrel with is the practice. You say the natural resources in the national forests are open to use. Are they actually used? Do our people really get the benefit of the timber and water and grass they contain? You will have to show me!"

"Good!" says the forester. "It is no trouble to do that."

And it is no trouble. For already six hundred thousand people make use of the national forests every year in one way or other; and the only reason there are not six millions is that the forests lie in the less populous states and far back from most of the cities, where it is harder to reach them than it will be hereafter.



The Water Flowing From the National Forests is the Life-Blood of the Land

Let us begin with a matter that touches us all very closely—the question of the price of meat. Are the national forests of any use in keeping that price down?

In nearly every forest there is some grass. Throughout the greater part of the national forests the trees stand so far apart that grass flourishes in the spaces between them. Upon these forest ranges or woodland pastures there grazed last year, under the strict regulations of the Government, nearly fourteen million head of cattle, horses, sheep and goats. The food these animals supply every year for our people amounts to more than four hundred million pounds of meat; and the value of all their products, including more than fifty million pounds of wool, already exceeds thirty-three million dollars a year. To put it differently: the yearly product of the herds that graze upon the national forests is sufficient to supply all the beef eaten by two hundred and sixty-five thousand families, and all the mutton consumed by more than three million families, or fifteen million people—about one-sixth of all the people in the United States.

Here is one of the ways in which the national forests directly and favorably affect the cost of living. But if the national forests serve a useful purpose for the consumer they are just as useful to the producer.

The grazing on these lands, not long ago, was open without restriction to any one who chose to occupy them, provided the occupier was strong enough or violent enough to keep other occupiers off. Under this grab-bag plan the grass was often trampled down by the hoofs of bands of sheep racing for the best or earliest pastures, instead of being used to feed and fatten them; or one man's stock was driven off altogether to make room for another brand. Whoever won, it was the grass that paid the penalty, and the overgrazed range grew steadily poorer and less able to produce food for our people.

Then the Forest Service took charge. The regulation of grazing on the national forests it brought about resulted not only in protecting and increasing the value of the grazing but also in giving greater stability to the livestock industry. When a man knew that he was no longer subject to be driven off at a moment's notice, he became willing to spend money on improving the character and grade of the livestock he produced. Better handling of the stock naturally led to larger annual crops of calves and lambs, heavier beef cattle, and reduced losses from drought, shortage of feed, poisonous plants and wild animals. The national forest officers destroy every year not less than thirty thousand wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and other "varmints."

With all this goes a steady increase in the wealth-producing capacity of the grazing lands and better financial returns to the stockgrower. Year after year, lambs and steers raised on the national forests have taken prizes at the great national livestock shows. It looks as if the people of the United States—at least so far as grazing on the national forests is concerned—were, in fact, getting their doughnut now. How is it in the matter of lumber?

The Wolf at the Timber Door

WE USE from ten to twenty times as much wood a head as the nations of Europe. Our consumption of timber is not only larger but more wasteful than that of any other great nation. This is a sufficiently serious indictment in itself, but it is not the worst. If we were living within our timber income it would matter little how much we consumed. The fact is that every year we cut and consume three times the amount of wood that is being grown.

Overconsumption like this cannot go on forever. When a man or a family or a nation stops living on income and takes to living on capital instead, the wolf is very near the door. Excessive timber consumption such as ours must be followed by timber exhaustion as surely as night follows day. Because of our overconsumption lumber is getting scarcer, poorer and more expensive; stumpage is rising faster in the United States than in any other country and we know with certainty that a timber famine is on the way.

A shortage of grain can be met in a single year by devoting more land to its production, for the crop springs up and ripens in one season; but a timber crop takes from one to three or four generations to mature. Therefore provision against the coming forest famine, to be effective in even the slightest degree, must be undertaken many years in advance.

The common experience of all countries has proved that only such forests as are owned or controlled by the Government can be depended on for future timber supply. Privately owned forests, whose owners can do with them as they choose, are far too apt to be suddenly converted into

Favored Spots Offer Homes for Sturdy Settlers

cash, when their owners need money, wholly without regard to the general welfare in the present or the future.

Of the standing timber of the United States four-fifths is in private hands, and most of it is certain to be destroyed. Only about one-fifth is still owned by the American people and nearly all of that is in the national forests. Clearly, then, we must look to the national forests as the one great reservoir of timber when the time comes to meet the crisis of forest exhaustion or forest monopoly.

Private monopoly of timberlands brings with it extortion for the people and ruin for the forest, and the monopolization of our timberlands outside the national forests is already well under way. Already sixty-seven owners control about forty per cent of the remaining long-leaf pine in the Southern states. In the Lake states six owners hold more than half of what is left of the white and Norway pine.

In the Pacific Northwest thirty-seven owners control half of the standing timber in that vast region, with an average holding of nearly fourteen thousand million feet apiece. These thirty-seven owners absolutely control almost as much in quantity and far more in value than is controlled in the national forests by the ninety-five million people of the United States. Every man, woman and child in this country owns about six thousand feet of national forest timber. Every one of the thirty-seven has secured, of what was once public timber, more than two million times as much. But that is not the worst example. Three owners control one-eighth of the total supply of privately owned standing timber in the whole United States.

These timber monopolists are farsighted business men. They realize that a timber famine is one of the certainties of the near future; and they are preparing to profit by it. The first step in their preparation was to get possession of their vast holdings. The second step is to keep on holding all they can until the famine arrives. These great accumulations of stumpage are not being cut and marketed now, except where necessity compels it. They are being hoarded in anticipation of the day when stumpage will be worth many times the present price; while the smaller and weaker operators are forced by the pressure of interest and taxes to throw their lumber upon the market.

An Insurance Policy Against Extortion

WHAT provision has been made by the Government to protect our people against the rise in the cost of living that lumber scarcity and lumber monopoly combined will so surely entail? Not enough provision to meet the situation fully, but still—since it is all we have to place between our people and a corner in lumber for a full generation—a provision that is worth protecting with the most jealous care.

Our national insurance policy against extortion and want in lumber is the national forests. They contain about six hundred billion feet of lumber—enough to supply the needs of the country for only about thirteen years. Theoretically they produce each year about six thousand million feet in new growth. The Government reports an annual cut of only five hundred million feet. Why not utilize the whole of the new growth?

The Grazing Capacity of the National Forests Has Been Increased and the Stock are More Protected From Predatory Animals

Just so far as it can be done without useless sacrifice of our one refuge against the timber monopolists and the timber famine, the yearly increase of the national forests is being cut and used now; but there are certain reasons why it cannot all be used at present, and could not all be used at present, even if these public forests were in private hands. These reasons are:

First: Because not less than three-fourths of the old timber and new growth lies so far back in the mountains, out of the reach of transportation, that it is unusable for the present. When the Government at last reached the point of creating the national forests it was obliged to take what was left, for the best and most accessible of the timberlands had already been taken up and had passed into private hands. We have just seen how few and how large are the private hands into which it has gone.

Second: Between what Government timber is accessible and the great lumber markets stands a very much larger quantity of timber in private ownership. This private timber is not only nearer and more accessible but better in quality, and therefore worth more to cut. Much of it lies close to railroads and sawmills already built, so that it can be moved and sawed more cheaply than the national forest timber, for the cutting of much of which new railroads and new sawmills would have to be built. Now there are already more mills in the United States than are needed to supply the demand for timber. In 1911 the sawmills of the Northwest were used to cut less than half of their capacity, and in the two greatest lumber-producing states alone one hundred and thirty of them were idle altogether. Millowners naturally prefer to use the mills they have to cut the logs they own rather than to build new mills and buy from the Government.

Wherever national forest timber is accessible and is not blanketed by private holdings, however, approximately the annual growth is being cut. Thus, in the group of national forests near Pocatello, in Southern Idaho, the annual growth is estimated at eight million feet. The present cut is seven million seven hundred and eighty-four thousand feet. On the Deerlodge Forest, in Central Montana, the yearly growth is approximately thirty million feet. The present cut, used largely at the copper mines near Butte, is now twenty-two million feet, and will soon reach the total of the annual growth. Sales on the Whitman Forest, in Oregon, will soon equal the sustained yield of the forest of from forty to fifty million feet yearly.

National forest timber cannot be sold unless some one will buy. It has for years been the steady practice of the Forest Service to advertise its timber for sale—just as a private owner would do. It has made, in addition, vigorous efforts to bring bodies of ripe timber to the notice of possible purchasers, to seek new capital, and encourage new wood-using industries—in a word, the service has done all it could to utilize the annual growth of the forests without sacrificing their future usefulness.

The Question of Selling Government Timber

"WHY not throw the Government's timber on the market for less than the regular price of stumpage, and so cut down the price to the consumer?" says the Seattle man.

"For two reasons," replies the forester. "First, because the moment you propose to sell Government stumpage for less than it will bring in the open market you must face the question, How shall we choose the fortunate lumbermen to whom this public timber shall be given for less than it is worth? Just to mention the word 'politics' is a sufficient answer to that question. There is no safe and fair way to sell large amounts of Government timber except for what it will actually bring at public auction in the open market. But," continues the forester, "suppose that it would be practicable and safe to sell all of the accessible yearly increase to favored purchasers for less than it is worth. The second reason is that the consumer would be no better off."

That is true. We hear it urged that if national forest timber were thrown freely on the market the country would get cheaper lumber. Apart from the question of destroying our capital stock of timber, is this proposition sound?

(Continued on Page 69

The Foreground Has Been "Skinned." In the Background is a Forest That Has Been Logged Under the Supervision of the Forest Service

Log Loading by Steam on a National Forest. The Mature Crop is Harvested; the Litter is Burned; and the Forest Remains, Safer Than Before

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Discouraging Competition

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I've Seen Widropen Towns Before, and I Always Leave"

TWO swaying men who had stopped to argue finally followed their slouchy voices aboard the street car, and all the limp passengers blinked. The usual past-midnight program was about to begin.

"Does this car go down Teller Street?" inquired the voice of the taller man, who swung half a circle as he clutched a strap.

P. J. Hollister and young Arnold Shively, who had preferred to stand rather than be leaned on, moved to the extreme forward end of the car and decided that any make of auto was good.

"I told you 'No,'" patiently explained the chunky little conductor, who had curly yellow hair and longed to be good-natured.

The shorter of the two new passengers dropped to a vacant seat with a grunt and closed his eyes. "Don't stan' fer anathing, Bill," he advised, and, jamming his hands into his trousers pockets, prepared to slumber.

Tootsie McGrath, in a corner of the car, felt immediately that she needed a protector and hunched the "candy kid" with her elbow; but the candy kid, with his head on Tootsie's shoulder and with his mouth wide open, snored gently on.

"All right," agreed the tall passenger, determined to be happy if possible; and he fumbled in seven pockets.

The conductor, still longing to be good-natured, reached up and removed the transfers from the patron's hatband.

"Tha's right," chuckled the tall one, swinging half another circle from his strap and laughing cavernously.

Hollister, who was too middle-aged to enjoy physical distraction at close range, looked at young Shively with a smile of relief.

"I can't take these transfers," announced the curly-haired conductor.

Tootsie McGrath, who was a person of experience, immediately pushed the candy kid's face off her shoulder and blew violently into his ear. Two blasé young men of the world, who wore red hosiery and thirteen-and-a-half collars, left their seats near the center of things and moved up by Hollister and Shively. A knotty young fellow, with a bulldog jaw, took the seat these youths had vacated and looked pleased.

Meantime the tall patron, hanging securely to his strap, pushed his jaw down to the chunky conductor and wabbled his head threateningly.

"Put me off!" he invited; and, swaying desperately as the car turned the corner, stepped on his companion in four places.

That patron opened his eyes with a jerk.

"Don't stan' fer anathing, Bill," he advised, and went back to sleep.

The conductor walked calmly forward and opened the door of the motorman's compartment. He touched the motorman in the back and returned to the scene of debate.

"These are Third Street transfers," he stated wearily. "You'll have to pay your fare or get off."

"Put me off!" yelled the tall patron, swinging his loose arm recklessly.

The car stopped with a double jerk and the motorman strode in with his brass controller handle at half-cock. He was a hard-looking citizen with a protruding underlip, and he glared through the tops of his mottled eyes. Every woman in the car jumped up and they all massed in the forward end, where Hollister and Shively now shared one strap and stood alternately on each other's toes.

"Need any help, Jack?" husked the motorman.

"Not on your life, Swatty," returned the conductor in a tone of relief. "I can handle these big blatts by myself. Come on now—dig or get off!"

Some of the women shrieked as the tall one let go of his strap.

"All right, bo," the tall patron gave in with effusive friendliness. "You gotta do your duty. Here's your ten cents."

Swatty darted back to his motor and the young fellow with the bulldog jaw, who had moved up to referee, was so disappointed that he left the car.

"Thank Heaven, that's over!" said P. J. Hollister who, though he had a cleft chin and a dented brow, had been too long in the shoe business to love strife.

"We haven't hit the high spots yet," laughed Shively, who was well-muscled and young. "The real menagerie gets on at Slooper's Garden. They drink Sauersauf's beer down there."

"It's too far to walk home," sighed Hollister; and he leaned down to watch the scenery, which consisted of three solid blocks of riotous saloons.

The car stopped in a blaze of yellow light and a babble of thick voices. The rear door slammed open and in they poured—just two varieties, the sleepy and the noisy. There were young men who swaggered and young men who slunk; there were young men with pink shirts and young men with ragged cuffs; there were girls with their hats awry and girls without a puff displaced; there were girls with a stylish dash and girls who bristled with loose hooks and eyes; but there was one peculiarity they all shared in common—men and women alike—their faces were too red!

They pushed and they shoved and they crowded until there was not an inch of room. Then twenty more wedged in, shrill-voiced and unpleasant and uncertain of temper; and, as they packed themselves into the pit of P. J. Hollister's anatomy, he mentally laid up curses to use when he had the breath.

"You mind your own business!" yelled a hoarse and slouchy voice. It was that of the tall patron.

"That settles it!" gasped Hollister, speaking with the aid of one lung; and, much as he disliked conflict, he clawed his way out of that mob, followed by Shively, through the motorman's door and down into the glorious wonderful open air!

II

"DEACON" JAMESON came from the faro room into his private apartments with a frown on his white brow.

"Well, I've lost Hollister," he announced as he dropped into the thick leather chair by his two guests.

"Not broke?" inquired Mayor Birchland, reaching over to the carved sandalwood table and helping himself to a cigarette.

"He's had an attack of conscience," explained Jameson, still frowning. "Satterly, I told you all those cheap saloons were bad for the business interests of the city."

Young Mayor Birchland, who was keenly interested in the business of Bricktown, stiffened—which was entirely unnecessary, since he was more like a neat plaster cast than a mere person.

"They're our best revenue," defended the blue-eyed chief of police. "What has that to do with Hollister's conscience?"

"He took a street-car ride last night," grinned Jameson. "He saw that row of honk-a-tonks on Spencer Boulevard, and a lot of pickled onions from Slooper's Garden sat on his stomach."

"Why don't he use his auto?" remonstrated the practical Satterly.

"He was so sore he forgot to explain that," returned Jameson, again frowning. "He saw all those joints blazing like Christmas Eve, and this was at two A. M. They're supposed to be closed at twelve. They made him reflect that he is a lawbreaker himself whenever he gambles in my club."

"We have to give the saloons something for their money," argued Satterly. "Now be reasonable, Jameson. Hollister don't pay me a cent and the saloons of this town hand me over ten thousand dollars a week to split up among the proper parties. Now, who am I for?"

"Satterly," promptly answered Jameson.

Mayor Birchland shook his head dubiously. He had a thin nose and a slight inclination to caution.

"There is such a thing as killing the goose that lays the golden egg," he observed; but Chief Satterly looked at him blankly.

There came a knock, but before Jameson could answer the door burst open and there popped in a heavy young man whose ruddy skin was quite full of him.

"Hello, Deacon!" hailed the young man, crossing the room with a heartiness that created a draft; and, having his derby hat in his hand, he slapped the stiff mayor loudly on the back with it.

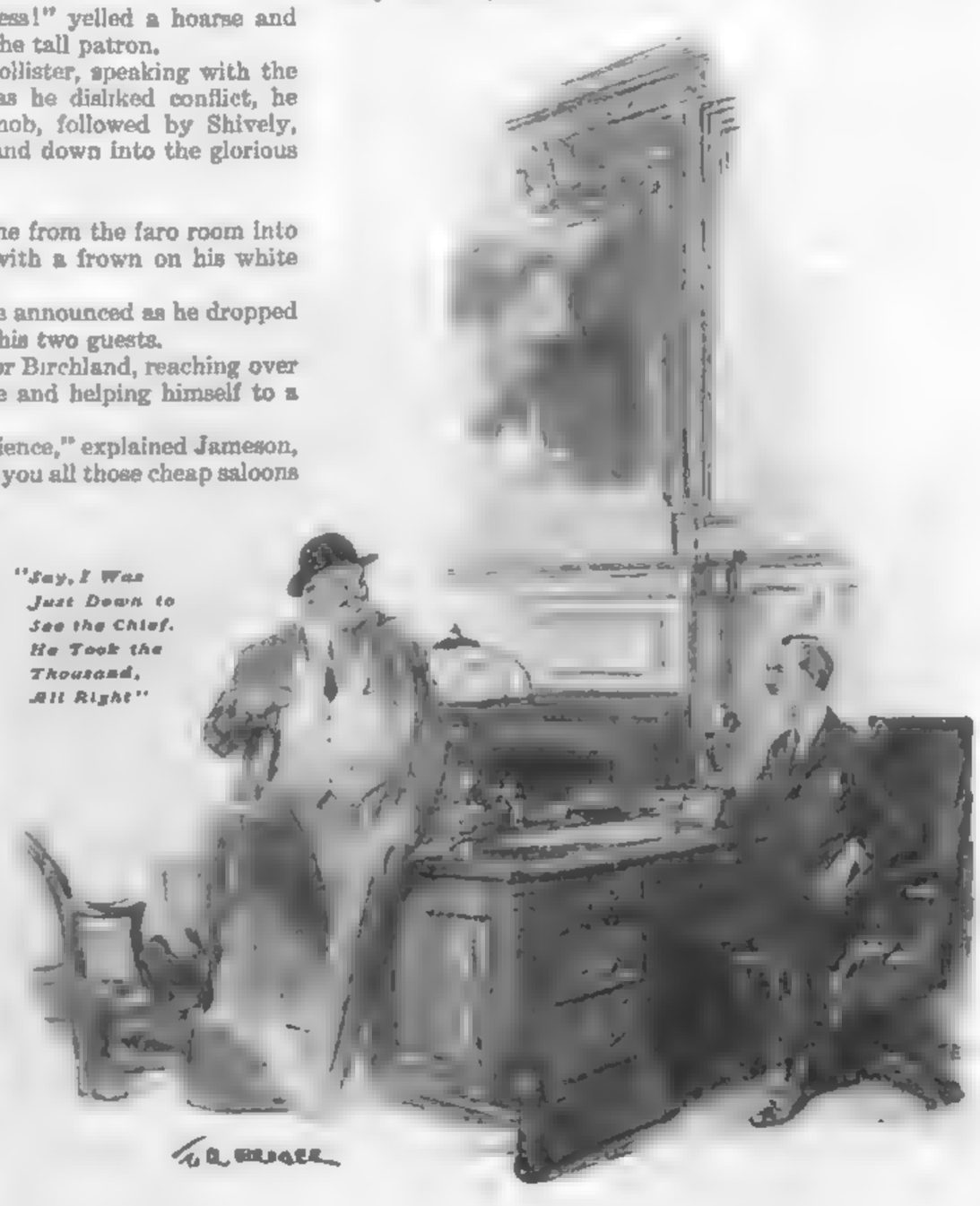
"Still your jolly little self, Sauersauf!" greeted Satterly, whose look of pleasure was not all feigned.

"That's Adolph!" proclaimed Sauersauf, and laughed boisterously. "I saw you come in here, chief, and thought I'd just hand you that little package for our friend."

Quite unmindful of the proprieties, he pulled an envelope from his pocket, counted from it a thousand dollars in large bills, slipped back the money, sealed it, and handed it to Satterly.

"Week ending tomorrow night," he unnecessarily explained. "So long, boys!" And he breezed out of the door, taking his polished mustache and his striped cravat with him.

"There's the answer," said Satterly, slapping one end of the envelope on his palm. "Sauersauf is the only brewer in town who pays the privilege money for his saloons. He owns a hundred of them and he slips me a thousand bucks every Saturday night."



"Say, I Was Just Down to See the Chief. He Took the Thousand, All Right"

Quite nonchalantly he opened the envelope, took from it a hundred dollars and handed it to the mayor. Birchland quite as nonchalantly put it in his pocket.

"I tell you you're playing a losing game," warned Jameson. "This Sauersauf splash is the first man I'd put out in the cold."

"He's a very good business man," considered the mayor.

"No piker is a good business man," insisted Jameson. "He makes the worst beer in the city and he sells it to the cheapest saloons. Take his hundred saloons away from him and he couldn't find use for a one-horse delivery wagon."

"You're sore because Hollister quit bucking your faro," chuckled Satterly.

"Only because it's an indication," contradicted Jameson. "You were willing to clean up the gunmen and the cocaine joints because their revenue wasn't worth their trouble; but you don't see that the wideopen town you're running is going to destroy legitimate business. In the end it reaches you."

"It is a little loose," acknowledged Satterly.

"It's so loose it rattles," declared Jameson. "I've seen wideopen towns before, and I always leave. I can make more money in a strictly virtuous burg."

The mayor cleared his throat.

"If there's one thing I want to do it's to run a clean, clear, business administration," he seriously affirmed.

Jameson leaned forward impressively.

"In any town where they put that across," he stated, "the mayor retires to a bank and the chief of police has a different house for each of the four seasons."

Satterly, counting his distribution fund as if it were a deck of cards, finally stuck it into his pocket.

"You'll have to show me," he observed.

Jameson stretched back and blew a stream of smoke at the pink cherubs in the ceiling of his luxuriously furnished salon.

"All right, I will," he decided, and drew up to the sandalwood table, where lay a pad of paper and a lead-pencil; "but I have to be in on it."

III

"WHAT do you think of that, Pet?" protested little Tom Boles to the long-nosed gray automobile. "Did ever you stop at so many nice-looking saloons, baby?"

Since the car did not answer, Tom Boles grew lonesome and, going into the saloon next door to the one that had swallowed up Jameson and Satterly, he took a speculative drink. When he came out Satterly and the Deacon were standing in front of the place, looking up and down the street.

"Five of them right here in a row," Jameson pointed out—"three in this block, one in the block below, and one in the block above. What are they like?"

"Two are making money; two can't pay their cheese bills; and one's a Sauersauf place," explained the chief. "They're none so good as this one."

"It's too small to stand the increase of business," worried Jameson. "This next one could be added to it, though, and the wall knocked out between."

"Cinch!" agreed the chief. And they climbed into the car, while the wondering Tom sat on the low mechanician's seat and listened to Pet purr.

The third block up, Jameson started to draw in to the curb, but Satterly stopped him.

"That's Waldubbel's place," he said. "We can't touch political centers."

"Not this alderman's," laughed Jameson, whirling on past. "Waldubbel is the mayor's third hand."

"I think that's all on this street," figured the chief, consulting his memory. "We might as well hit over to Birch and start on downtown."

They passed three saloons on Birch Street and stopped at the fourth, leaving little Tom Boles to resume his favorite seat at the wheel. Tom looked after them suspiciously.

"I don't get it, Pet," he confided to the gray car. "They're out to clean up the dumps and they stop only at the fifteen-straight palaces!" And Tom, who could deal faro much better than he could think, got him a headache.

"Yes, that'll do fine," considered Jameson as they came out. "Is it better than John Klender's?"

"I don't think so," calculated Satterly. "We'll drop in and see."

John Klender's was a perfectly scrubbed place, outside and in. There were at least forty men in the saloon—quiet, well-dressed customers who used the café as a wayside station rather than a permanent address. These forty men were clustered in groups of twos and threes and fours round three sides of a bar that formed a hollow square, and they were talking earnestly on business, politics, baseball and their families. There were a dozen tables in the big room, unoccupied at this hour, and in the rear was a fine billiard parlor.

"There's no comparison," decided Jameson as they sat down at one of the little tables. "This has the choicest trade of any saloon we've seen today."

"The place above's good," pondered the chief. "I suppose one of them has to go."

"I wouldn't make an exception," urged Jameson. "I wouldn't have them nearer than two blocks and I wouldn't leave a cheap place, let alone a Sauersauf hangout."

"We don't need to worry about that Dutchman," smiled Satterly. "We'll put that fellow out of business like cleaning a blackboard with a wet sponge."

The Four Strangers Were Actively Engaged in What Looked Like a Fight to the Death!

"All right, then; let's figure," suggested Jameson. "We're about through, I guess."

"There can't be over about three more," corroborated Satterly, who was now intensely interested in the game. "How do we stack up?"

Jameson ordered a bottle of vichy and then he drew a notebook from his pocket. Its pages were filled with the names of saloons, but he counted only those opposite which a checkmark had been placed. He made a mark in front of Klender's name and counted in the three additional ones Satterly had mentioned.

"Sixty-four," he announced—"the best. As they stand, I should say they were worth about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Chief Satterly poured himself a glass of water.

"That's a lot of money," he mused, shaking his head.

"That includes good-will," smiled Jameson.

The chief grinned.

"We can cut out that item," he decided. "Let's have Tom in for a drink."

IV

INTO John Klender's quiet and respectable place the next night there strolled two customers of a different caste from the regulars. Both wore their shoulders up and their elbows out, and their eyes were too spasmodically frank.

Since they stood quietly at the bar and talked and drank and paid, no one gave them any attention; though John Klender—a sleek, irongray man whose countenance, grave or gay, wore one unchanging expression—showed much of the whites of his eyes as he watched them.

Suddenly, at the end of about an hour and without any preceding loud conversation, the one with the scar on his cheek struck the one with the short red hair. The red-headed one struck back; then they clinched and, after knocking over three or four tables and several chairs, rolled on the floor until the belated Officer Cassidy came in and arrested them.

This was such a miracle in the strictly law-abiding place of John Klender's that he kept open three minutes after closing time because his regular customers had stayed so late to talk about it.

Two nights afterward a group of four strangers sat at one of the little corner tables and, after drinking quietly for half an hour, during which they talked and laughed like ordinary human beings, they asked for a deck of cards. Before a second round of deals there were cards all over the floor, and the four strangers were actively engaged in what looked like a fight to the death! Officer Cassidy had a desperate time to quell that disturbance, and he warned John Klender, as he marched the guilty disturbers of the peace out to the wagon, not to let it happen again.

John Klender, however, was not alone in his affliction. An epidemic of fistfighting seemed to have broken out all over the city, as the newspapers were quick to point out.

The papers, always on the side of reform, took an active hand in this situation, and they interviewed every one in Bricktown whose name was worth a photograph.

The ministers unanimously pronounced the condition a disgrace; Mrs. Tupper-Collins, the President of the Bricktown Federation of Women's Clubs, said it was a shame; Mayor Birchland, that progressive young reform executive, or that flaccid political failure—according to which paper printed the item—said it was an outrage and that it must cease; but Chief of Police Satterly, when interviewed about it, was more grimly emphatic. He swore by the Almighty that it had to stop! The police department had the authority to close up disorderly saloons and revoke their licenses. He hoped this warning would prove sufficient.

It did not prove sufficient! The disorderly element seemed to have moved over from Spencer Boulevard and to have taken riotous possession of the town. On the very night of Satterly's quite unveiled threat another fight took place in John Klender's saloon, and half a week later in the same establishment there occurred a rowdy affray in which a large quantity of portable property was broken.

There was nothing left for Chief Satterly to do but to invoke the majesty of the law. He did it. He ordered the license of John Klender revoked; and in the next month he revoked sixty-three more—sixty-four in all!

V

"TWENTY-FIVE more saloons today!" cried Mrs. Tupper-Collins in a flutter of ecstasy—for Mrs. Tupper-Collins was one who admired people of frequent prominence in print. "Mayor Birchland, I think your administration is simply wonderful in its results for the common good!" she flowingly continued.

"You are most kind," returned the highly gratified mayor, who talked to ladies so well that it was a wonder how thoroughly he began to make himself understood to men. "However, Chief Satterly has only begun his crusade against the liquor traffic."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Tupper-Collins. "I had no idea that politics could be so moral!"

Mayor Birchland smiled, as he would smile to his partner in a waltz.

"I would scarcely call it morality," he explained. "I do not deceive myself enough for that. I call it a matter of business expediency, Mrs. Tupper-Collins. I hope to make this known as a business administration."

Alderman Waldubbel, who was so big that he looked almost the same from any direction, stumbled in with a heavy look on his face.

"What's all this mush about the saloons?" he demanded.

(Concluded on Page 53)

THE LAND-BABIES

CARING FOR CHILDREN WHO LEAVE SCHOOL

By William Hughes Mearns

IN THE sunlit shoals off St. Brandon's mythical isle sported the water-babies by thousands. "All the little children whom the good fairies take to," explained Kingsley, "because their cruel mothers and fathers will not; all who are untaught and brought up heathens, and all who come to grief by ill usage or ignorance or neglect; all the little children who are overlaid, or given gin when they are young, or are let to drink out of hot kettles, or to fall into the fire; all the little children in alleys and courts and tumbledown cottages, who die by fever and cholera and measles and scarlatina and nasty complaints which no one has any business to have, and which no one will have some day when folks have common sense."

In the streets of our cities, villages and towns; in the blind alleys of our shops, stores and mills; and scattered about as helpers on farms and in mines are nearly eight million land-babies—for what is a child of fourteen or sixteen but a baby?—whom heretofore no good fairy has ever taken to. Forty-seven thousand such land-babies are now employed in unskilled labor in the city of New York; over twenty thousand are in Philadelphia; and no doubt proportionate numbers exist in the other big and little cities of our land.

For one reason or another they have dropped out of school. Some have not gone beyond the third grade; a few have arrived at the high school; but the great army—in one investigation it is ninety-five per cent—have not finished the elementary studies. Scan the members of this ninety-five per cent as they come shuffily up to the desk of the city official who gives the work certificate, and see their pitiful attempts to spell out a child's reader and their painful achievement of a line or two of writing! Surely the good fairies ought to take to them, for, without doubt, they are "untaught and brought up heathens."

Before we tell about the good fairies—they have certainly arrived—let us ask why these children leave school. The pinch of necessity, almost any one would say. Yet poverty—genuine need for the few dollars a year these children can earn—is a rare cause. This is proved in hundreds of investigations that have been made by the good fairies. They are careful bodies, these fairies, and not merely sentimental persons enjoying an irresponsible holiday with other folks' babies.

Why Children Leave School

SYMPATHETIC men and women have been taking the young person aside for friendly counsel; they have been making calls on mother and father; they have even helped to foot up the family earnings and to discover the exact use that is made of the land-baby's weekly wage. The overwhelming inferences are, first, that seldom is the child's withdrawal from school imperative to reduce the economic pressure; and, second, that—even when that claim is made—the extra income is rarely put to that use.

The friendly visitor discovers other reasons for the great exodus from school. The children are frankly tired of school; they have disagreements with the teacher; they are not interested in the studies, though they are interested in heaps of practical things; they have been "left back" many times and are ashamed to be grouped with younger pupils; their friends are leaving and getting good jobs; they are restless and want an outlet for their energies. They are at the age when purposeful work is natural; they grow stubborn under restraint, which rouses, perhaps by imitation, a stronger stubbornness in the pedagogue.

"The teacher, she's too balky!" explains one child.

Helping Mother

Further, they have personal wants that require spending money; and finally they are fourteen years old.

In many instances it is through the visitor that the parents learn for the first time that the youth has gone to work; and quite frequently they do not care a tinker's patch! Sometimes they are surprised to learn that fourteen is not the compulsory age for withdrawing from school.

Before the good fairies came along, what happened to these infants? A simple thing. They dropped from the personal protecting influence of the school into the thoroughly impersonal and unregardful care of the job. And the job, when they achieved it, was not always worth having. Mr. George H. Chatfield, secretary of the Permanent Census Board, knows what happened to every one of the 108,744 boys and girls below eighteen who are employed in the city of New York. Housework for the girls heads the list with 18,278; the errand boys and errand girls are next with 13,751, followed by clerks—how hath the old office fallen!—office boys and office girls, helpers, machine operators, packers and wrappers. Looming large in the list are messengers, stockboys and girls, wagonboys, telephone operators, paper-box makers and drivers.

There are some listed as stenographers, salespersons, dressmakers and milliners. "But it is plainly evident," commented Mr. Chatfield, "that, with a few notable exceptions, no highly remunerative occupations are represented, and very few indeed that would provide a competence in the future, or give the experience that makes the taking up of skilled work natural and easy. Rather will be noticed the prevalence of blind-alley occupations—such as errand boys, packers, messengers, and so on—where we must include, without doubt, a large proportion of those listed under housework, clerks, saleswomen and others."

Naturally this sort of job does not hold this sort of youngster. He does not stick. The ebb and flow of workers of this class is the despair of employment managers and rescue missions. Miss Florence L. Sanville and Miss Beatrice Eshner, of the Philadelphia fairyland, have recently studied five hundred and fifty of these restless Lilliputians. Here are some of the typical results: In eighteen months one lad had tried five jobs and was looking for the sixth—one, as target dauber in a rifle range, where he was nearly potted; another in an oilworks, where the boy next to him, working on a similar machine, had his arm taken off; another in a sawmill; another in a glassworks on the night shift; and the fifth in the messenger service.

Work That Maims or Poisons

GOOD jobs are few and offer little or no wages to start; dangerous jobs are relatively numerous and offer about four dollars and seventy-five cents, with no chance to advance. One fifteen-year-old girl had eleven jobs in less than two years. The prize boy had fourteen jobs in three years.

The following extracts from their factory investigations show the fate of some land-babies:

Factory Number 1—Rose G. Machine dropped suddenly and took off more than one joint. Company made her sign paper. Paid her eight dollars a week for eight weeks, and offered her a lifetime job, which she is afraid to take.

Sadie S. One-half joint taken off on same machine.

L. R. Four fingers or pieces of them taken off.

Margaret O. Caught her finger in machine. Laid off eight weeks. No compensation.

Factory Number 2—All reported within two weeks. Ida H. Hand smashed on a spinning frame. Margaret T. Hand taken off. Boy crushed to death on huge machine that tears and mashes hemp.

Factory Number 3—Hannah R. Worked packing butter. Feet badly swollen from standing in wet, salty water; obliged to leave. Other girls there had salt poison in their hands in the form of an eruption, but kept on working packing butter.

Factory Number 4—Mary C. Did burling for two years. Dye was poor. Came off on her hands; made blotches on hands and arms; spread to legs. One eye was poisoned; sightless for five weeks. Girl sick for eight months.

"Industry does not need the fourteen-year-old worker, except to exploit him," asserts Meyer Bloomfield, director of the Bureau of Vocational Guidance, and one of the good Boston fairies. "The most intelligent business men will tell you that boys from fourteen to sixteen cost more to teach than they are worth. The better occupations—those that offer genuine opportunity for advancement in wages and in skill—are frankly closed to the fourteen-year-old boy. There is nothing for him but a blind alley and perpetual child's wages until he drops out, with nothing to show for his experience. Other innocent dupes take his place, serve a few months and make way for a new lot."

Neither children nor parents know this. Teachers are too concerned with the absorbing school tasks to be aware of what happens when

Waiting for the Sporting Extra at a Newspaper Office

their charges leave for the workaday world. Nor do they know that, though years of preparation are demanded for entrance to the high school, and still more for entrance to a college, preparation for shop, store and factory is an equally essential need. Here is where the new business of vocational guidance comes in as a connecting link.

We do not blame any one, especially not the pedagogue, for he has done his task well according to his light, and is doing better every day. Until they learned better, physicians used to dose their patients with calomel, jalap, salts, senna, brimstone and treacle; and gave racking emetics of mustard and water.

Patiently we must open the eyes of all, to the new conception of public education, which comprehends a more humane and common-sense consideration of each of the little persons now in school, and a fatherly care of the millions of land-babies not in school at all. It is quite unfair to hurl hysteric indignation at the pedagogic brimstone and treacle. Nothing is more certain than the forward movement of the schools, the growth of a better educational theory and a saner educational practice.

The good fairy who came to the rescue of the forlorn water-babies was Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby.

"She took up two great armfuls of babies," we are told—"nine hundred under one arm and thirteen hundred under the other—till you could see nothing of her from head to foot for the swarm of little babies."

How it began with the eight million land-babies no one really knows. It seems to have cropped out all over Scotland, England and America within a few years.

In Scotland "handbooks of employment, specially prepared for the use of boys and girls on entering trades, industries and professions" were put within reach of teachers, social workers and the children themselves.

In England juvenile labor exchanges studied how to bring the child and his career together. These were conducted by societies having the delightful English name of After-Care

In America Frank Parsons was advising youngsters how to get out of the slough of the unskilled, and in a memorable little booklet—Choosing a Vocation—passed the results of his daily and nightly experience on to others.

Recently Miss Mary Flexner followed up one thousand New York children who had left school for work, and published their needs and our duties toward them. For a generation the survey and the child-labor associations have been accumulating astonishing data and in every state in the Union have brought industry to book. The Boston Bureau of Vocational Guidance, directed by Meyer Bloomfield, sprang into existence at the magic inspiration of a good fairy who generously supplied financial support.

Good Work by E. W. Weaver

E. W. WEAVER, of the Brooklyn High School, endeavored to find out what became of his boys after graduation, and started up a very monster of Frankenstein that threatens to devour his time and his funds. In Grand Rapids Jesse B. Davis has reorganized his school to meet the needs of the industrial boy.

In Philadelphia the Consumers' League is studying occupations; so is the Sage Foundation in New York, and the chambers of commerce, Y. M. C. A.'s, and a dozen associations of philanthropists and teachers in every large city of the country.

Dr. Helen B. T. Woolley, of the Child Labor Commission, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Gustave Blumenthal, of the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York; Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University; Miss Henrietta Rodman, of the Wadleigh High School, New York; and Dr. John Healy, of the Psychopathic Institute, Chicago, are examining the mental and physical characteristics of individuals to get at the psychological basis for the selection of vocations.

PHOTO BY THE KODAK

Learning to be a Perpetual Helper

Further, a small group of trained experts is patiently following up the child at work to discover exactly what the conditions are upon which any policy of help or guidance must be based. Important in New York is the work of Alice P. Barrows, director of the Vocational Guidance Survey; Oliva Levintritt, of the Girls' Hebrew Technical School; and George H. Chatfield, of the Permanent Census Board. Similar data are being gathered elsewhere, covering special districts and special occupations. The Russell Sage Foundation has published several volumes of a careful and comprehensive study of the conditions under which working people live and labor in the great industrial city of Pittsburgh.

Let us follow the work of these Doasyouwouldbedoneby fairies. E. W. Weaver, of the Boys' High School, Brooklyn, never had the notion that his work as a teacher ended with the classroom. He knew that each year there dropped from the high schools of New York enough children to fill eight high-school buildings. And he knew that even the lucky graduates were tossed about in employments that fitted neither their needs nor their equipment. So he tried to keep in touch with his boys, tried to discover their ambitions and tried to make their dreams come true.

He found time, somehow, to get acquainted with their employers and to discover the conditions under which the boys worked. Mysterious advancement and rises in wages came to competent workers. New jobs at higher salaries appeared automatically for clever boys just at the moment when they needed to move on to new experiences.

Naturally Mr. Weaver's home became a continuous alumni meeting, where lifework and its demands were discussed in friendly conference. Employment managers began to call up Weaver, of "Brooklyn High," when they needed a good fellow; and Weaver was always ready between day school and evening school to investigate that job to see what was in it for his boys.

As a matter of course, E. W. Weaver was appointed chairman of the committee of the New York high-school teachers that for five years has been preparing high-school children to make a sensible choice of a lifework—instructing them in the needs of that work, helping them to find places when they leave school, and guiding them step by step until they have secured a sure footing.

Meantime the Weaver committee has trained a corps of vocational counselors among the high-school teachers, and has issued dozens of helpful leaflets, with such titles as: Choosing a Career, a circular of information for boys and one for girls; Openings for Boys in Machine Shops; Accountancy and the Business Profession; and The Vocational Adjustment of the Children of the Public Schools. This disinterested labor of the New York high-school instructors has been the model for similar work among teachers in a dozen cities.

"One of the most striking features of the work of the New York teachers," the United States Commissioner of Labor reports, "is the way in which the actual business, trade and professional life of the city of New York is utilized as a training school. The counselors have at their command an extensive knowledge of employers, the kind of help they wish and the opportunities they offer.

"If the pupil can remain in school for the proper preliminary training he can be put at once into a position where he can advance steadily in his chosen career. But if a student is obliged to begin work with inadequate preparation or no preparation for the vocation he has decided upon, the counselor may arrange to secure for him three or four successive positions, each of which will furnish a part of the training needed for the desired career. Each is held until its contribution toward the necessary training has been mastered. Meanwhile the counselor sees that by attendance at evening schools the academic part of his equipment is secured."

Good Chances for Good Boys

"THUS a boy who is forced to leave school at fourteen or sixteen may, through this process of guidance, find himself at maturity with a fair English education, an adequate knowledge of the theory of his chosen vocation, and a more complete and practical knowledge of its actual processes than he would have been likely to obtain in even the best industrial or technical schools. Meanwhile he has been self-supporting from the first instead of being a burden upon the taxpayer, and he has had a very practical demonstration of the art of profiting by opportunities in a situation which, at first thought, seems to offer none."

Weaver's work is an article in itself. Only enough can be given here to exhibit the kindly spirit of helpfulness that has touched a whole community and through it the whole country. East, West, North and South have called him into counsel; but no one has heard the whole story. How he found hundreds of bushels of good apples rotting on the ground in Dutchess County, New York, while only sixty miles away, city market prices were almost prohibitive; and how he sent high-school boys into the apple orchards of the Hudson River counties for a summer work-vacation—these things are told in a bulletin of the State Department of Agriculture. But how

(Continued on Page 41)

Good Breaker Boys, But What Sort of Citizens?

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

The Adventure of the Innocent Bystander

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ISSY THE EGG, quoting him, was sure one sore guy. It is rarely that an experienced big city grafter permits himself the sweetened luxury of cherishing a grudge. He takes the good with the bad, balancing off each day's sheet when the sun goes down, and hopes diligently for better things on the morrow. But Mr. Isadore Neumeyer was in himself a rare variety of his species.

Behind the shined and unhaired dome which had earned for him his familiar name, Issy the Egg packed a brain amply convoluted for treason, stratagems and spoils, and also revenge. And so, long after sundry contusions of an egg-plant purple color dimmed to a darkish blue and then to a greenish overlay and finally faded out altogether and were lost in the general pale character of his facial aspect, Issy, in his secret soul of souls, plotted ample rejoinders upon the young and ingenious person whom he held responsible for the bruises aforesaid, that person being a certain young Mr. Gramercy Jones, of Gramercy Square.

It was abundant proof of Issy's ability to see a cause behind an effect that he had, long before this, dismissed from his scheme of reprisals all thought of Mr. Shaunnessy, the orange-haired trucking contractor from up in the Bronx, whose fist had inflicted these injuries upon his shrinking and sensitive flesh. Even in the stress of that direful moment when Mr. Shaunnessy was beating him full sore, Issy the Egg had recognized in him mainly the instrument of another's will; and, though he had many of the attributes of the snake, he was not so foolish as some snakes which strike at the club that has scotched them, but overlook the hand directing the club. It was this young Gramercy Jones that he meant to sting—Gramercy Jones who, inheriting the fortune of his father, the late Jason Jones, upon condition that he confine himself to the city of Greater New York for five consecutive years, had, as all the reading world now knew, set forth to have a series of adventures upon the island of Manhattan; and at the very outset of his career, while pretending to be a dupe, had engineered a counter demonstration of former victims upon the wireless wiretapping establishment of Issy's half-brother and partner in business, Mr. Slick Neumeyer, to the temporary discomfort and undoing not only of Slick and Issy but of their entire coterie of steerers, stalls, shillabers and stagehands.

From the outset Issy the Egg had known full well who and what Gramercy Jones was; in his earlier dealings with the Neumeyer brothers the youthful heir had pretended no deception regarding his identity and his place of residence. But not until the papers got hold of the story of Jason Jones' freakish will and printed it, along with more or less garbled accounts of its attendant results, did the group of confidence men realize to the full how badly they had been not only disappointed but deceived and outwitted in their attempt to trade Gramercy Jones costly experience for valued currency. Now, then, having digested the tale to its last available detail, Issy the Egg had some passing feeling of disregard for the violent Mr. Shaunnessy and for those others whose aid Gramercy Jones had enlisted in that disastrous raid upon the make-believe poolroom of the Messrs. Neumeyer. He also nourished a certain harsh resentment for Max Furst, formerly a first-grade detective at police headquarters, whom he knew, in the light of this later information, as Gramercy Jones' salaried employee. But for Gramercy Jones himself he had a hatred which, for intensity, was to these other hatreds as bulk iodoform is to sachet powder.

Jones and Furst Served Nightly as Cavaliers to a Talented but Forlorn Child

There being nothing better to do at the moment he bided his time, nursing his wrath to keep it warm; and so warmly did he nurse it that it fairly scorched his insides, warping his caution with its glowing heat and making him reckless—or as nearly reckless as one of his trade and precarious footing in organized society could afford to be. To get even, to get good and even and then some, that was the root of his aims and fondest aspirations. And chance served him, as chance has served many another of Issy the Egg's calling in life before now. In the first blare and glare of publicity that followed the discovery of their secret, Gramercy Jones and Max Furst, his hired mentor, fled to lodgings so securely hidden that they were able to baffle even those keen-nosed young beagle-hounds, the reporters for the afternoon papers. All by himself, it was Issy the Egg who found them out.

One day in December, when the holidays impended, Issy the Egg was taking the air in the front door of Dressy Dave's café, hard by Broadway, and as he lounged there he saw Max Furst pass, intent upon some errand that carried him briskly by. He recognized Max Furst quickly enough. In a not so dimly distant past, when Furst was yet a plain-clothes man, business had thrown them intimately together, with the result that two faithful but by no means flattering likenesses of Issy the Egg, one full face and one side view, and two sets of correctly classified copies of Issy the Egg's right and left thumbprints had ever since adorned the official souvenir album of the Central Office identification bureau, along with certain addenda touching upon his habits, history and personal appearance, more distinguished for accuracy than for compliment. At the time Issy had regretted these things, without attaching any personal blame to Mr. Furst for his share in them. It had been Mr. Furst's business to round him up, to bring him in, to mug, measure and thumbprint him, and it had been his—Issy's—misfortune to endure it. But now he saw Furst pass him by with a glad inward start of recognition, feeling sure that if he successfully trailed Furst the trail must lead him to that same youth who, upon being taken for a gull, had turned out a sparrow-hawk—in short, must lead him to Gramercy Jones.

Instantly abandoning the convenient covert of Dressy Dave's half-basement bar, he set out to shadow Max Furst; and so canny was he about it that Mr. Furst, who had himself done many a similar job, both in line of duty and in the way of professional pleasure, never suspected his presence once. There were stops and starts at this place and at that, with Furst busted in his own affairs and Issy the Egg lurking a safe and discreet distance in the rear; but eventually the unconscious Furst led Issy the Egg right to the sedate and quiet district of residential Brooklyn, where for a season Gramercy Jones had snuggled in to permit the newspaper search for him to abate the edge of its fervor. Nor did the usually wise and wideawake Furst have any reason to suspect that this careful espionage continued until the stealthy con man's head contained a fair working index and groundplan of the habitual movements and customs of the young refugee from undesired publicity.

"The Party Has His Map Altered and Goes to the Hospital. That's the Layout—Ain't It?"

All along Issy the Egg had known what shape his vengeance would take when blessedly the opportunity came for whetting it. As he conceived it, the innocent-appearing and round-faced Jones should be repaid in his own coin. He should be beaten—mishandled and manhandled. Many times, caressing the recent sites of his own injuries, Issy the Egg had ordained it in his mind that Gramercy Jones should be pounded out of shape—not killed outright, but slugged into fitness for trepannings, joint settings and fracture reducings. He fancied such finishing touches as a broken nose and a few ribs caved in and, perhaps, an eye knocked out. For weeks past his thoughts had dwelt gloatingly upon such whimsies as these. To repeat, he had known all along what he would have done. Now, with the precious information of the enemy's whereabouts and movements in his possession, he knew how it should be done.

Nowhere did it enter into the scope of his plans that he, Issy the Egg, should do it. That would mean a measure of personal risk, and it ran counter to all the traditions of his trade for a grafter to take that kind of a chance. No; but he would pay a price—the top market price, if need be—to have Gramercy Jones suitably beaten; and when this beating came to pass he, the man behind the plot, would be on hand there in some safe and handy spot to see it and enjoy it and get his money's worth out of it. At the prospect he hugged himself fairly and his expressionless mask of a face puckered up with pleasurable thought.

Moreover he understood exactly how to go about setting these plans in motion. As one whose years of greatest activity had been spent in the higher and more rarefied levels of crime—which means theft by trick and device rather than theft by violence—he knew exactly where one stratum of his world overlapped and impinged upon another. He knew just where gangster jointed on to gunfighter, and gunfighter dovetailed to gambler, and gambler connected with election thief, and he with grafter, and so on and so forth, the whole forming a many-celled structure which in the city reached up from the lowermost layer of evil, from the very mudsills of crookedness, to the pinnacle, which was a roosting-place for such unclean birds as the venal among the criminal lawyers, the bribable among the police, and the unscrupulous among the political bosses. And above them, still, as the very cream on the jam and the icing on the cake, perched the fixable magistrate and the approachable judge, so that what started at the bottom was felt in due time at the top, and what originated up at the top was in due time filtered downward through separate but none the less affiliated influences to the bottom again.

Now, then, having first found his hare, Issy the Egg set about having him caught and cooked. His quest led him, first off, to find a friend whose wider acquaintance with

things downtown would serve to supply him, an aristocrat of the uptown, with exact information touching on certain conditions that he sensed in a general way only, as a farmer in one end of a county may be acquainted with the state of crops in another, without knowing the names of those who sow and reap and garner there. It was in Dressy Dave's, of an evening toward the end of the week, that he waited for the man he sought. He waited long and patiently. It was getting close on to midnight when two men entered.

They made a queerly mated pair; seen together here, they suggested a steamtug towing a big iron tramp into port. He who towed was a slim, tubercular little man of, say, forty. His appearance belied his record, or his record his appearance; anyway one certainly belied the other. In his youth he had been an expert in the higher mathematics of elections, having at his beck a troop of trained repeaters, and at his back a squadron of fighting guerrillas. Now in his maturer years he was a prizefight promoter and a developer of ring material; and of the two this was by odds the harder job, seeing that the average petted and pampered prizefighter is by nature more temperamental than a grand-opera star, more fickle than a flirt, and rather more primitive in his emotions than a caveman. It takes a born general to handle competently a string of meat-fed prizefighters, but this little man was all that. He was the acknowledged Wellington of his class: a general not alone by birth but by breeding.

The hulking human freighter who followed him so closely through Dressy Dave's front door was the latest and the newest and the most promising of his heavyweight offerings; and looked the part. He was more than six feet tall, but by reason of a mighty shoulder-breadth seemed less. He had hair the color of bleached celery, white eyebrows, the pinky white skin of a healthy baby, and the arm-reach of an orang-utan. His nose met his forehead in a straight and unbroken line, and his lower jaw came out flush to balance off this top-jutted profile. He had large, pale blue eyes, stupid, round and bovine. Here, you might say, was a creature, part Assyrian bull, part stalled ox and all animal, and yet at that a perfect fighting mechanism; ruminative in peace and terrific in battle, with a small, quiet brain tucked well away in a reënforced skull and a jaw as insusceptible to jars as a tamping ram. Here, you knew instinctively, was one who would do his fighting by rule and by rote purely, without temper, without heat, but only with a merciless bovine thoroughness; and it was evident to any onlooker that he had a desperate fear for this small consumptive who herded him into the ring and out again, and groomed him up by day, bedded him down at night, and fed him on his proper fodder in the morning.

Side by side they lined up at the bar. The manager was in black, dressed as plainly as the minister's son of the proverb, but the fighter wore more colors than a Joseph. A diamond horseshoe, half life-size, weighted down his bulging scarf, and his hand in its red leather glove looked like a buck's haunch. A barkeeper in white advanced toward them, displaying that touch of deference which, like his lager, was kept always on tap, but dispensed as a delicate attention for such only as successful vaudeville actors, high police officials and potential heavyweight champions.

"What's the good word, gents? And what'll it be?"

The fighter rested his kid-incased vast paws upon the rail in the attitude of a dancing bear, and turned upon his trainer a look that was both cowed and cowlike. The little man interpreted the silent query.

"Make it a beer, Sandy," he said, "and make it be just one. In a minute we'll go eat a few dozen eggs and a ham. I'll take a small beer myself," he added, aiming his last words at the flattered barkeeper, and then he turned, answering a nudge at his elbow, to find Issy the Egg waiting to speak to him. He nodded the non-committal nod that passes for a formal greeting in certain fellow-crafts of city life. "Hello, Issy!" he said genially. "How's the boob crop? Doing your Christmas shoplifting early?"

It being evident, though, that Issy sought to engage him confidentially, he bent his head sidewise and Issy spoke in an undertone inaudible to the fighter and to the barkeeper. The promoter listened, squinting at nothing in particular and coughing his phthisical, mechanical cough behind his hand. The matter upon which Issy the Egg bespoke his advice would have been surprising to many. This listener seemed to take it as a matter of course.

"I tell you," he said speculatively when Mr. Neumeyer had concluded, "since all this mess started up over the Cosmopole killing, it ain't so easy any more to get these little jobs done right—the gatmen are sort of diffident and shy. Still, I guess it can be done if you come across with the tariff. Here's what you do, you drop down to the Moss Rose, in Chatham Square—you know the place?—and ask for Blink Parsons. Tell Blink I sent you—mentioning my name won't do any harm—and put it up to Blink the same as you have to me. He's got a bunch of good handy boys in his stable. He can stake you to the game you're looking for if anybody can."

There is a Chinatown that the sightseer in New York knows. It is a showplace and a property shop—Chinese groceries and Chinese restaurants, a trust-owned josshouse where tourists are commoner than worshipers, a make-believe opium den, a make-believe gambling-place, a make-believe Tong headquarters, a slum mission and an old church; these last two are real though. And there is another Chinatown, which hides behind the first like a masker behind a false face. Those who know the way of it—and they are few enough—can, if they choose, lead you to it. They can lead you to the inner court where, silent and untenanted because it is haunted, is the little second-floor room where Bow Kim, the slave girl, was murdered, which, though a small enough thing in itself, created a subsequent devastating mortality among Four Brothers and On Leongs, both; and thence on to the windowless, airless cuddy where the old comedian of the disbanded Chinese theater troupe lies day and night on his bunk, surrounded by the fancy headdresses that he used to wear. He has a skin as dead as a discarded snake's hide, and the hand that holds his pipe looks like a swatch of yellow rattan canes and he just lies there and smokes. And finally, if so minded, these guides can bring you to the inner circle of Chinatown, which is partly yellow but mostly white. Now this inner Chinatown has for its clearing house, its reading room and its pleasure place, the Moss Rose Club, which is located right round the corner so that it is altogether of Chinatown, without being in it.

Issy the Egg timed wisely the hour of his call at the Moss Rose Club. Evening would have found the place made ready against the profitable coming of slumming parties. There would have been professional raggers and their professional steadies grouped in pairs at the beer-slopped tables, and professional coon shouters, with their aprons on, balancing their tin trays—in the Moss Rose the minstrel bard doubles as a waiter—and a professional piano teaser tormenting his instrument, and in a far and gloomy corner, like a jaguar in its lair, a professional bad man, with the face of a gargoyle and the heart of a rabbit, strongly posed for the awesome admiration of the rubber-necked. But now it was the peaceful middle hour of the afternoon, and the real man-about-town of Chinatown took his ease at his inn.

The air was agreeably sticky with the smells that moved in when the place was first opened and had been there ever since, taking on with age the dignity of a fixed institution. The piano, mercifully silent for the moment, showed its yellow teeth like an old peevish dog. The filtered daylight touched gently the cracks in the murals. These last were patriotic representations in the primary oils of the Three Hills of History—Bunker, Malvern and San Juan; for the Moss Rose is nothing if not ardently patriotic.

Amid these surroundings were disposed a small, select company of congenial spirits. Messrs. Big Doggie, Nathan Alaska and Yiddle December—names as well known at police headquarters as on the list of floor managers when the Chatsworthy Club gave its grand annual civic and masked ball—had their heads together, discussing an approaching public function of that popular organization, and speculating upon the possibility of an invasion on the part of the hostile Jack Tornado gang. At the next table to them, in lonely state, sat Mr. Beansey Hawkman, engaged perhaps in philosophic pondering on the mutability of human affairs, which would be a natural yet possibly painful trend of thought, seeing that Beansey had but lately lost a comrade. It would seem that he and English Chip had turned a trick in raw silks, the proceeds running well up into real money. Subsequent to this, a sinister and persistent rumor had circulated to the effect that English Chip meant to prove indeed a perfidious son of Perfidious Albion and engage in traitorous double-dealings with the police on the exchange basis of evidence for immunity.

Then, at Beansey's suggestion, he and English Chip had gone skiff-riding upon the East River of a dark evening, the avowed object being to pay a call upon a Brooklyn waterside warehouse. As to its purpose, at least, the expedition proved a failure, for Mr. Hawkman had returned not only without loot but without a partner, his easy explanation being that English Chip had fallen overboard and clumsily got himself drowned, which explanation was the more acceptable by reason of the fact that at no time had the late Chip been what you might call generally popular in his own set. And so, if Beansey was short a friend, he was long on security in relation to that transaction in raw silks; and this may have accounted for the admiring glances cast in his direction by Jake the Fits, so called from a proneness to fits in moments of excitement, an affliction that had prevented him from rising above the status of a mere loft thief. And so on! Each one here present had a name and a fame all his own.

Entering circumspectly, Issy the Egg made direct for the bar in front. To conform to the best traditions, the person behind the bar should have been gross and red-faced, as beefy as a brisket, with a fist like a bed pillow and an arm like the bolster. But, to tell the truth, he was a small, sallow person, seemingly of straight American breed and, to all outward appearances, of a mild and reserved demeanor. These two—the con man and the divekeeper—had never met in their lives before, but a certain astronomy of the underworld made them instantly aware of each other as luminous in different orbits of the same planetary system.

Without any bothersome formality, Issy the Egg leaned over the bar and in due order stated his own name, his sponsor's name, and the nature of the business that had brought him so far south and east of his habitual using grounds in the Tenderloin. Blink Parsons harkened to him, gazing not into his caller's face but off into space.

"I guess maybe Johnny Greek is the boy you're looking for to turn this trick," he said when it came his time to make reply. "If he ain't got other engagements on hand Johnny Greek is the candy, all right."

"Is he round here?" asked Issy the Egg.

Max Furst's Guardian Angel Bade Him Turn Round and be Quick About It

"No—it's kind of early in the day for Johnny to be round," said Parsons. "He don't generally show up until he's got waked up good and had a bite to eat and a pull on the pipe; but I guess I can locate him—he ought to be right round in Doyers Street."

He looked through the arched opening that set apart bar-room from sitting room, and called out:

"Hey, Yiddle! Send the Sweet Caps Kid in here."

As prompt almost as a harlequin in a pantomime, there came through the swinging doors, obeying his call, a short youth whose most conspicuous adornments were a cigarette, permanently affixed to his lower lip, and a blue flannel shirt, decorated, coster-style, with many pearl buttons upon breast and collar. The Sweet Caps Kid belonged to a large and, in its way, a valued brotherhood—he was a pickpocket in a small and piddling way; a go-between for thieves; a lobby gow for Chinatown, which is Mongol-Manhattanese for "messenger" and, on secret occasions, a stool-pigeon for the police.

"Sweets," ordered the barman, "you go round to Mow Gow's and tell Johnny Greek to get up and come round here. There's a party waiting to see him on important business, tell him. Stay there till you get him up—see?"

The Sweet Caps Kid swallowed and digested a large mouthful of smoke, then vanished by the sideway; and, as these other two waited against his returning, they drank sparingly together and passed the time of day discussing congenial topics variously.

"Who is this Johnny Greek—a wop?" asked Issy at length.

"No," said Parsons, "he ain't. He comes from down in them South American countries somewhere." He waved his arm widely to include a whole continent. "And he's some good boy, Johnny is. You don't want to be rating him too low by his looks. Johnny's one of them hop-fighters; he's got a habit—see? Take his pipe away from him and he's that mild a kid could shove his face in for him; but turn him loose on the old stuff and let him smoke maybe two or three pills, and there ain't nowhere Johnny won't go for a pal or a piece of change. Get me?"

Being abundantly well acquainted with this commonest of all types of modern East Side gunfighter—the type whose desperation is born of drugs, smoked, swallowed, sniffed or injected—Issy the Egg nodded understandingly and mentally prepared himself for a disappointment in the matter of Johnny Greek's outward shell. Perhaps it was just as well that he did, because Johnny Greek, entering a minute or two later closely tagged by the Sweet Caps Kid, was almost the last person in that whole assembly district whom even so experienced a judge as Issy the Egg would have picked for his job.

To begin with, Johnny Greek was absurdly slight and short. He could not have been over five feet three; it was doubtful whether he would have tipped the beam at one hundred and ten pounds, with all his clothes on. Now he did not have them all on—he lacked a collar to his neckband, his shoelaces were in a slovenly state of looseness, and he was bareheaded. The hand that held the seams of his overcoat together at his naked throat was small enough for a girl, and yet too thin and blue-looking for any girl. It was shaking too. It was plain that, coming out of Mow Gow's into the open, the cold had bitten shrewdly into Johnny's marrow. He flinched up against the bar, looking not at the waiting Issy but at Blink Parsons.

"Johnny, this party here is an all-right guy," stated the divekeeper. "I know him. He belongs to one of the swell uptown mobs. He wants to talk to you about something that's in your line."

Being thus suitably introduced, the pygmy looked over his hunched shoulder upward at Issy the Egg, who towered above him a full head; and Issy had his first chance to look into the other's face. Instantly he experienced an uncomfortable sensation.

Johnny Greek's hair, which was black and straight, bespeaking in his ancestry a Latin breed, hung down on the narrow forehead in a matted, frayey effect of bangs; the face under the black fringe was thin and sunken, with a pointed receding chin; the skin was of a peculiar slick grayish cast, as though it had been thinly coated with cold mutton grease. The eyes saved this face from utter insignificance. They were big eyes, fringed with long lashes like black floss, lashes that a professional beauty might have envied, and the distended, dead-black pupils seemed to melt and swim in a soluble fluid substance. Their dreamy, dozy stare someway disconcerted Issy the Egg strangely—daunted him fairly.

"We'll go back here and sit down and talk," said Johnny Greek in the tone of one giving an order. "It's warmer there and I'm cold." His voice was such a voice as might be expected to issue from such a frame—low and almost musical, and daintily accented, with none of the flat ugliness of the Bowery speech in it anywhere.

Even so redoubtable a person as Beansey Hawkman, mulling his drink by the warmth of his hand cupped round the glass, drew in his feet politely for the shambling passage of the shrunken and shivery little man. Yiddle December and his two friends hailed him with almost a studied affability. The gunfighter gave small heed to their greeting. Together they sat down at a table against the back wall, with their bent heads just below where a staggering buff-and-blue hero upbore a perfectly stiff Old Glory; and here Johnny Greek listened, with a drowsy ophidian droop to his eyelids, while Issy the Egg outlined the undertaking he had in contemplation for him.

"I take it you don't want any hand in this yourself?" inquired Johnny Greek when Issy the Egg had finished.

"No—not me—no," stated Issy the Egg, wriggling in his seat in a vain effort to feel comfortable. "But I'm sure going to be on hand to see it done. Maybe you'll need me to point this guy out to you—you ain't never saw him, of course. Anyhow I'll be there! I'll be the innocent bystander," he concluded, his face wrinkling with appreciation of the point of his own conceit.

It Looked Like an Overcoat, Crumpled and Dropped There

"Then it'll be like this," said Johnny Greek, gently ticking off each separate item of the proposed enterprise on the tabletop with a slim forefinger. "To make it sure, you'll be there to point out this party; that's in case I shouldn't know him. There oughtn't to be any hitch, though, because I used to know Furst and you say Furst is always with the party. Anyway you give me the office and then I cut loose.

"Of course I don't touch him myself—I make the gunplay and the standoff. There'll be two boys with me—they do the rough work. The party has his map altered and goes to the hospital—for about a month. That's the layout—ain't it?"

"You've got it," assented Issy the Egg, highly gratified, though still strangely ill at ease. "His map shoved in and the hospital for his." He entered into a lengthy and minute description of the person who was to undergo these painful physical alterations. And so at length he came to the main question: "What's the price of this going to be—including everything?"

Johnny Greek, speaking in a tone of flat finality, told him, and Issy the Egg had no stomach for arguing a lower rate. He then and there paid something on account.

"I'll hand you the rest down here as soon as the job's done—that same night," he added easily.

"I know you will," said Johnny Greek. He said it gently, almost sleepily, but there was a subtle little underthread of meaning in his words that affected Issy the Egg throughout his system, particularly at the roots of his hair and southward along his back-marrow.

"When is't to be—now?" asked Johnny Greek.

"The sooner the better to suit me," said Issy the Egg. "I can lead you to him any night almost."

"This is Friday—ain't it?" asked Johnny Greek. "I lose count of the days."

"Saturday," corrected Issy.

"All right then; it's Saturday," agreed Johnny Greek. "Sunday comes tomorrow. Monday night I'll be busy somewhere else. We'll set this job down for Tuesday night."

"Tuesday night is Christmas Eve though," said Issy the Egg.

"Is it?" said Johnny Greek in the tone of one to whom time and the calendared divisions of time signified little. "So much the better! The crowds will be thicker—it makes the getaway easier. And say, look here, Neumeyer," he went on slowly, "if this should get out afterward and make any trouble for me I'll know who it was that did the loose talking." His big eyes fixed on Issy the Egg with a baleful cuttlefish stare, and the sinister liquid in which they floated became as a corrosive acid that seemed to eat into the wriggling con man's being and sear him. "I'll know who did the talking—see?" he repeated.

Issy the Egg had a feeling. He had a feeling that Johnny Greek was looking right into him and right on through him, clear to the back of his neck where his spine jointed on. He turned the color of a sick oyster. His tongue curled in his mouth and became suddenly parched and acrid to the taste. With a visible effort he moistened it into elasticity and began a speech of an excessively reassuring and promissory nature. The gunman cut him off short, midway of the first sputtered sentence.

"That's enough!" said Johnny Greek. "I was only telling you—that's all. You can run along now. I'm going back to Mow's to get a little more sleep—I got up out of bed to come over here." He shivered violently.

Issy the Egg obeyed. He went straightway, nor stood upon the order of his going.

Daytimes young Gramercy Jones, in his somber black mourning garb and his monkish spectacles, with the black rubber rims on them, might prowl in all manner of strange and unhallowed places—and so he did, being accompanied always by the inevitable ex-Sergeant Max Furst—but 8:15 P. M. was sure to find him sitting in a certain stagebox at the Olympian Temple of Classy Vaudeville, still with Mr. Furst for a mate. Thus valued knowledge Issy the Egg had acquired as the chief fruitage of his vigilant shadowing. Furthermore, he knew that, following the evening performance, these two invariably waited at the stagedoor of that same well-known theater. In the profundities of his own wisdom Issy the Egg was perhaps justified in the assumption that Gramercy Jones, being of the susceptible age of twenty-four, had been attracted to some one or another of the women performers doing a turn at the Olympian. It might be—so Issy reasoned it out to himself—La Belle Esmeralda, the Spanish toe-dancer; and then again it might be Mamie Burns, of the team of Biddle and Burns; they both were on the bill of the current two weeks. As to that detail, Issy felt only a passing interest; and probably he would have displayed doubt had he been told the truth of the case, which was that Jones and Furst served nightly as cavaliers to a talented but forlorn child performer living permanently at the same house in Brooklyn where they were stopping temporarily. The main point with Issy was that from careful and patient watching he could now be reasonably sure of locating the enemy at a given hour and a given point, and this knowledge fitted into the rest of his plans like a bone into a socket.

Accordingly, at the beginning of the last hour before Christmas Eve ended and Christmas Day began, Johnny Greek came speeding uptown with his two chosen helpers, to earn the prize money of Issy the Egg by sending Gramercy Jones to the nearest hospital. It was an entirely

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The Business Side of the Church

Getting Money for Value—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D KOERNER

TWO soft-spoken gentlemen of ecclesiastical cut were holding a private conference in the doorway of a bookshop in Paternoster Row, that dismal London street under the shadow of St. Paul's devoted to theological publishing, theological by-products and theological camp followers. Their shabby black coats, straight white collars and black hats made them look like English curates, but they were really lay brethren of another variety. Each had a fat memorandum book and they were comparing notes.

"Well, then," continued the first, turning over a fresh page in his record, "here's the Right Honorable Anthony Barking. Ah, you'll find him a genuine character—a person of most pronounced manner! He'll receive you bruskly.. He'll question you and raise objections in a way to make you fear that he doesn't mean to contribute a penny—not a farthing! But if you'll make allowances for his prejudices and stick by him he'll wind up handsomely by giving you twenty-five or fifty pounds."

"Indeed!" commented the other with appreciation, writing down the name. Then he read a memorandum out of his own records.

"Do you, by any chance, happen to know Sir Redie Pound-Spence, of Sterling Hall? No? Ah, then, by all means put him down."

"Yes?" interrogated the first speaker as he wrote it.

"Yes," added the other; "a very old man and a very rich one"—which was Sir Redie's rating.

These gentlemen were not curates, but professional collectors for religious institutions, exchanging professional information. To them a very large part of England was classified according to its collecting possibilities. To take a figure from another walk of life, each prosperous gatepost was chalked with its little mark indicating the attitude of the people living within. They were, so to speak, the Dusty Rhodes of the ecclesiastical world.

A Collection Plate That is Up to Date

IN THIS country as well, a great deal of money raised for church and charitable purposes is obtained by sheer begging methods. Sometimes the church weighed down by a mortgage or forever behind in its running expenses becomes an institution to be avoided—the average man and woman are afraid if they go there they will hear a sermon preached from a collection-plate text. In many communities the new resident is canvassed for money for the church before setting foot inside it—the everlasting hard-luck story of the institution comes by mail or is related by a visiting deacon. Perhaps in three-fourths of all churches a large part of the minister's energy goes into appeals for funds—he begs for his own salary, for the janitor's wages, for home and foreign missions, for the coal bill and the choir. One of the standard ways of proceeding, when an effort is made to put a church on a better business basis, is to bring in from the outside an expert who understands how to raise money by whirlwind methods.

Sunday, Members Find a Statement of the Budget

This is an unpleasant side of church management. The minister and trustees who find it necessary to beg for money enjoy it no more than the churchgoers who are besought to contribute.

Happily the begging method seems in a fair way to disappear before long as better ways of getting revenue are understood and followed. Among the new ideas that are coming into the church from all directions none is more important than a new understanding of how people give and why, and how the giving spirit can be cultivated in all sorts of people to meet the overhead charges of religion and also its extraordinary needs.

In one of our Middle Western theological colleges there is a young man who is called assistant to the president. His business chiefly is to raise money for his institution, and here is how he proceeds to collect it.

Several times a year he goes to New York, Chicago, Boston and other cities where well-to-do people live the college itself is in a small town. On these trips he visits rich people. He knows the multimillionaire busy with famous philanthropic and social schemes, and calls to pay his respects and keep up connections. He also looks round to find rich men who are not so famous for their philanthropy, and those who are not exactly rich yet but who are in a line of business that is making them so, and others who are not rich men at all and never will be, yet who are comfortably well off and, what is more vital, have large hearts and warm, living interests.

This assistant to the president is a young man whom people like to talk to as a rule. He is at home with different sorts and has warm interests himself. The rich man finds him agreeable and talks with him. At the same time the rich man is vaguely aware that this decent young man is connected with an educational institution. Educational institutions need money—all institutions need money all the time; so, though he tells the decent young man something about his health and his golf form, his early days and what he believes the world is coming to eventually, he does not quite forget that this visitor is after money. He comes from a college. He has to have money. That is his business; and as soon as he has led the way round Robin Hood's barn a couple of times for politeness' sake, he will tell how much he wants and for what purpose. The rich man wonders how much it will be, and perhaps is prepared to hedge and give half. Maybe he braces himself inwardly and resolves to give nothing.

"He'll Wind Up by Giving You Twenty-five or Fifty Pounds"

The visitor talks on, however, and doesn't mention money. Instead, he describes methods by which young fellows are helped to put themselves through college, or tells what is being done to solve the bad-boy problem. The rich man may see this visitor several times and still he has said nothing about money; so by-and-by the rich man mentions the subject himself.

"What can I do for you?" he asks. "You want some money—don't you? Everybody else asks me for money—tell me how much you want."

"Oh, yes, we want money," replies the visitor; "but I'm not here to ask you for anything now. I want to get acquainted with you. I want to find out what interests you, along what lines you have given money in the past, and which gifts gave you the most satisfaction and pleasure. We want your money, but we also want your interest with it—we want you too! So let's not talk about that until I have something definite to lay before you."

After calling in this way on what might be called his "trade," the assistant to the president goes back to his college. Presently it is time to make up the year's budget and program. In a certain department it is found that five thousand dollars a year will finance an extension of facilities, giving better educational advantages to several hundred students. The project is discussed, expense figured out, the best way of doing the thing settled, and a definite scheme drawn up.

Now comes in the assistant's knowledge of his trade. He goes over in his mind the people he visits, picks a man he believes would be personally interested in this project, and calls upon or writes him explaining it; but even now, though he asks for money, that is still a secondary consideration. First of all, he aims to get this man behind the extension in that department, have him follow results and help with something more than money. The college wants the man as well as the money; and the importance of the man is coming to be recognized to such a degree that some authorities say it is better not to have the money unless the man goes with it.

This is nothing more than good selling applied to the raising of funds for church, educational, charitable and other projects of the kind. When the salesman undertakes to sell a life-insurance policy he does not talk about the premium his prospect is to pay the company, but about the benefits a policy will bring him. When the salesman looked into this business of soliciting funds for institutions it was natural for him to center on the value that was to come to the man asked to contribute. Old-fashioned institutional begging plays on the giver's vanity or prejudices, or holds up giving as a duty; but the new idea—and the right one—is to show the giver how he can get a whole lot of pleasure out of his gift, find expression for his finer nature, and see with his own eyes and feel with his own heart that he is really of some use to his kind. There lies the value; that is what the salesman develops, and if the value isn't there it is not a sound proposition.

This value returned is not for the rich man alone. It is just as definite for the man who contributes one dollar; and the church supported by men who can make this clear will not have much difficulty in getting money. This has been demonstrated again and again.

In St. Louis, for example, a rich man started a mission in a poor section of the city. This mission was his own personal investment in giving. He conceived the idea, furnished the building, paid the preacher and met expenses. Collections were taken at services, but they amounted to hardly five hundred dollars a year. The parson believed the people would get greater good if they contributed more money; but the rich man insisted on carrying the whole load. He was not the church-boss type, who supports good work for the sake of dictating how it shall be done. The mission gave him great pleasure and he said those people were so poor that they ought not to be asked to give.

The Parson Who Knew His People

ONE Sunday the parson showed him that he was mistaken. It was at the time of a famine in India and he told his congregation that next Sunday the collection would go to the relief fund. He expected, he said, that they would give as much that day as they usually gave in a year. Those folks over in India were working people just like themselves and it would be a good thing to help them out of their trouble.

The collection next Sunday exceeded three hundred dollars. There was no special urging, no holding up of duty, and yet the interest in this special collection could be felt all through the gathering. When the money was counted and the amount announced the congregation glowed with satisfaction at having raised so much.

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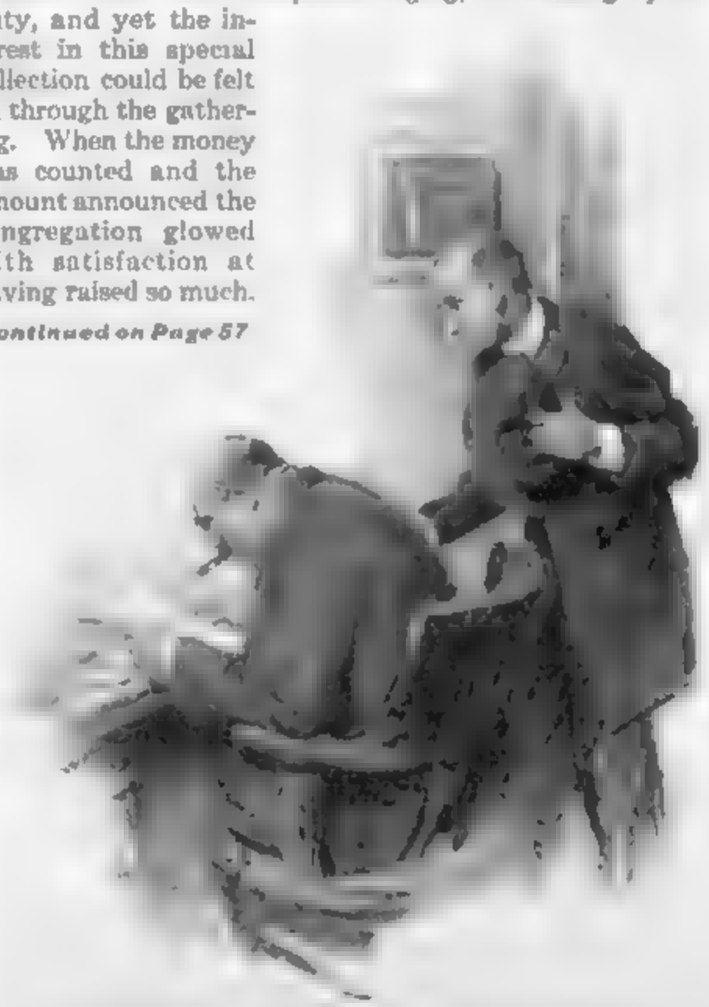

The Minister and Trustees Enjoy It No More Than the Churchgoers

ROMANCE IN RAGTIME

By Helen Green Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Got Her Number From When She Done Twelve Shows a Day at Coney Island"

SAMMY MARTIN, Von Linden & Nolan's best "song plugger," had remained unabashed when, on the previous night, he was hustled from the musicians' balcony at the Vanderbilt Whitridge great ball at Newport. Though hurried, he threw at the dancers cards richly descriptive of Charlie Nolan's latest ballad, a number for theater and fireside, entitled: Only Us and the Moon, Dear! The pavement had not been laid that could injure Sammy's feelings. He dared all for the House of Sure-Fire Hits. Sure of his importance, he entered Benny Von Linden's private office without knocking, and none but he might venture to disturb the head of the firm. On a Friday afternoon he rushed up the stairs of the Von Linden & Nolan Building in Twenty-eighth Street, Panama hat on the back of his head, his small black eyes glittering, bright green tie-ends flying, checked coat open. He turned the knob and with his customary gayety shouted, "Oh, you Ben!"—and wilted—wilted like an orchid on a radiator.

"Excuse me!" said Sammy, presenting his checked back. In the shadowy hall he exclaimed: "That's the limit! Benny on his knees, hangin' a chain round a gal's neck!"

From a window Sammy looked down into the back yards of Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets.

"The dignifiedest guy in the music business!" he whispered. "An' she was apullin' his hair!"

Benny's door opened; and Benny, tall, lean, garbed in a blue of invisible pattern, an austere white waistcoat and a dark blue tie with a solitaire pearl, coldly inquired what his vassal desired.

"Oh, later'll do," mumbled Sammy.

"Come in, and don't be a fool. That's Miss Murray, and she's to be Mrs. Von Linden. But don't let it be tattled. Do you understand?"

"I git you," replied Sammy humbly.

Married! Benny? He almost staggered into the presence of Miss Dollie Murray, and he muttered foolishly under her self-possessed greeting. He called her Ma'am!—and he was the bold plugger who, disguised as a messenger boy, had addressed Mr. Roosevelt as Old Pal! and asked him to slip Bull Moose Rag into the band programs wherever he could! Sammy was cowed by events.

She was only a little "single act" in vaudeville, when surely Benny with his money, his celebrated gentility, his hatred of performers, might have selected from a hatful of millionaires' daughters! This large-eyed young creature in a modest summer frock of corn color, a poke-bonnet effect over her brown hair, with black velvet strings cunningly tied under her round chin, long, embroidered yellow silk gloves, patent-leather pumps—pretty enough! But a fit mate for Benny should be clothed in queenly splendor.

"There ain't a stone on her!" he thought in disgust; and then he saw that one hand was bare, and the hand bore a diamond solitaire three-quarters of an inch long and opulently wide—Benny's ring! With a gush of loyalty Sammy became himself again, exclaiming:

"Congratulations! You sure caught a prince when you win him!"

Dollie giggled. Benny grinned.

"I realize it," she said kindly; "and I've heard of you. You're the famous Sammy."

"I dunno's I m famous; but I've made a few of 'em pay attention to our songs," said Sammy. "An', say, Ben, listen here! The Newsgal Melber's in the Byzantine Room—see?"

"Let the Newsgirl Melba stay there!" said Benny Von Linden. "What's she trying over?"

"She ain't tryin' nothin', 'cause she's sore," said Sammy with increasing heat. "I've been follerin' up this dame all week, an' she's puttin' on a new act, with six gals for a chorus. Acourse it's the very place for Romeo, an' By the Brookside, Baby; an' her voice is swell for the dago comedy number—but you realize that yourself. An' here she's quittin' the firm an' goin' over to Howe & Hamlin."

"She is? We've been paying her forty a week since last season. Wasn't it she who got the gold mesh bag Christmas?"

"With four di'monds! It was her," mourned Sammy. The gifts that it was business for the firm to give to performers able to popularize songs were expensive. "She got where she is by bein' billed as the Newsgal Melber, an' a lot o' junk was used about how Hammerstein heard her singin' while she was sortin' her papers down at the Chambers Street Elevated. An' she use' to drill in here an' be one of the boys while she was goin' over the new stuff—kiddin' the pianer players an' goin' to lunch with the whole mob together. Well, she gits herself a press agent, an' he dopes a new line—be very refined; new billin' calls her La Belle Yvonne; an' nothin' doin' unless it's handed on a tray. She was goin' over Romeo in the Byzantine Room, an' me an' Nolan breezed in. 'Ah, there, sweetness!' I says—you got to keep connin' them kind, Miss Murray—it ain't that I like doin' it. An' I says: 'Come on out an' graze when you git through.' Say, Ben, she pulls a pair of gold and di'mond giglamps on me—an' talk about a call! It was an awful bawlin' out! An' she says either Mr. Ben Von Linden asts her himself to stick with us or she's on her way; an' she never was so insulted as she's been in this place by low people darin' to git familiar. I run up here about it; an' we lose her sure unless you do sumpin'."

"She won't quit, Sam. She's just grandstanding."

"Ssh!" Sammy flung himself at the door. "Won't she! Hear that?"

Dollie and Benny joined him in the hall. Though it was July, the seven pianists of the House of Sure-Fire Hits were all busily going over songs for performers hunting a novelty or affiliation with a liberal firm. The Byzantine Room, a cushioned, oriental-lamped retreat reserved for the very highest-salaried acts, was two floors down. Cautious inspection showed the three above that several persons were endeavoring to block the exit of an excited woman in a striped silk gown.

"But, Miss Sullivan—just a minute!"

"You see! Even Nolan can't hold her!" said Sammy.

"Just tell the high'n mighty Mr. Von Linden that Lay Belle Yvonne's got more to do than come in here an' settle terms with his song pluggers!"

"But he's got nothing to do with the professional department!"

"Just tell him!" cried La Belle Yvonne, the ex-Newsgirl Melba; and nose in the air she crushed by Charlie Nolan and journeyed streetward unhindered.

"She's a big drawin' card; an' there ain't but one way to git her back," said Sammy. "A dinner with you'd fix it. You got up an' left the theater just as she come on—an' that's got her goat too. It's just you never noticin' performers would git her if you tried. She's daffy over bein' catered to an' cannin' the newsgal idear. Her bean is swelled!"

"If you talked to her just a very little?" Dollie looked reflective.

"She'd be hep to that. He'd have to take her out in a gen'l'manly way," said Sammy. "Sumpin' she could tell round!"

"No; it's impossible," decided Benny—"that is—— By George! We could take her in the boat on Sunday, dear. I'd ask Cyril Reynolds. He's a legit who plays well-bred villains, and she'd think he was no end of a swell. And you'd be along!"

"Let's do that!" said Dollie quickly; it was her chance to prove that she did not intend to hamper Benny in business affairs.

Sammy quietly left them.

Benny Von Linden moved closer to Dollie, who fondly rearranged his scarf.

"I'm breaking my rule, dear; but it's really important that we keep this woman with us. She gets four or five hundred a week, and the forty we pay her will be jumped to sixty by some other firm, because she's a wonder at getting a song over. But, after Sunday, no more, if they all quit us! I detest vaudeville. There's no privacy in it, no dignity; and I'm going to keep my homelife separate from the music business. We'll make a new set of friends—from a more refined, more intelligent class. I hope I don't sound foolish to you?"

"Oh, Benny darling! I've had enough of the show business. We'll be like real people; that's all—and not like—them!"

"I wish it was Wednesday, you little love!"

"Do you, dear? We won't let any one in the profession know, will we? It's not their affair."

"Not a soul. Just your folks and my sister and her gang. Everything quiet and dignified. That's one thing won't be advertised."

"We don't want any notoriety, and we won't have it! And, Benny—don't be any nicer than necessary to her, will you?"

"Don't you know I won't?"

Sunday was hot. The Subway had been like an incubator. Dollie had not left her hotel in Benny's handsome touring car as she had expected, for at twelve he telephoned.

"That you, Dollie? I'm in Miss Sullivan's hotel—had an awful time. Seems she thought she was the only lady going, and at first she declined to go at all! I intended to pick her up in the machine after I'd got you, and then stop for Reynolds; but I've 'phoned him to meet me at the boat-club, and I believe if I take just her in the car I can hand her a strong talk about the songs on the way—and so on. You see? Will you be offended if I ask you to go up to the club? I'll be there sure at one-fifteen! I'm downstairs in her place now. . . . Eh? Oh, she's fussing round, getting

"I Wish It Was Wednesday, You Little Love!"

ready—wants me to luncheon, and I'd better. It's rotten all the way round; but you see, don't you, lovey?"

"I s'pose I do."

"You blessed child, it'll never happen again! Take a taxi and tell the doorman to pay for it, and give the driver fifty cents for himself. Mind that, Dollie. Goo'by!"

"G-goo'by!" said Dollie huskily.

It was not a clear bright Sunday to her after that. She did not take a taxi. Waste Benny's money on taxis and tips to chauffeurs! The Alpha Yacht and Motor Boat Club was at the foot of a street in the West Hundreds, facing the Hudson River; and at its ornate entrance she told the uniformed attendant:

"I am to wait for Mr. Von Linden."

"Yes, miss; quite so! He 'phoned—and the cab? Oh!—quite so, miss. And there's a gentleman, Mr. Reynolds — Oh, there you are, sir! The balcony is pleasant this hot weather. Yes, miss; I'll tell him the moment he comes."

He produced a slim young man, who introduced himself as Cyril Reynolds. The latter knew how to reach the breeze-cooled outer balcony, and he had a fan for her. She was relieved to be met by this friend of Benny's, and the evidence of Benny's care as to the cab cheered her, while the boats sputtering in and out, the lively people on the club float, and the wide river made her brown eyes gleam.

"It's just fine, I think," she said when they were in two willow armchairs, with a tabouret between. "I hope Mr. Von Linden will hurry, so we can start. There's his boat—the big one."

"Jove! He's changed the name," said Reynolds, staring—"if it's the right one. Dorothy, he calls it now."

Dear Benny! She dimpled sweetly at Benny's friend, so carefully garbed in his frock coat, light trousers, top hat and pale fawn waistcoat. It was not what Cyril Reynolds would have chosen for aquatic sports in summer, but Benny had requested dignity, and flannels are almost frivolous. Reynolds knew nothing of Benny's engagement. He had only been told to come and be dignified. He knew why now! This Miss Murray was certainly not a theatrical personage. Perhaps Benny, celebrated for his exclusiveness—more celebrated for being the only music publisher who was—had one of his equally famed ideas, and the idea was having a society recruit sing exclusive numbers from the Von Linden & Nolan catalogue. Dollie's costume convinced him of her social prominence. He understood that costly simplicity of plain white flannel yachting clothes, white shoes and silken hose; plain round hat with a narrow silk band; no jewelry—she had hidden Benny's ring; fair, clear complexion; brown hair, waved girlishly and fastened at the back of her neck.

"She'd savvy Bailey's Beach in the dark, and she lives mighty near Fifty-eighth and Fifth in winter," he thought sagely before he asked: "Do you care for the drama, Miss Murray?"

"Oh, yes! But I've always been too busy to see any really good plays," she answered, which indicated to Reynolds that she had been finishing or at college. "I love drama," she added. "I haven't seen your play."

"If I might offer you a box for any evening it would charm me."

"Not a box, Mr. Reynolds!" She knew that actors had to buy the seats they gave away. "But I'll come to some matinée."

"It's a big play," he said, hoping he was being dignified.

"I read some of the notices."

If she had, his identity was no secret. Those notices informed the world that Cyril Reynolds, as the unscrupulous marquis, was playing the greatest part of his career.

"I am never satisfied," he observed.

"And who is? You always feel that you ought to be doing more," said Dollie—"if you're any good, you do. I wonder what time it is? Two? I don't see why Mr. Von Linden's delaying so."

Reynolds began to hope that Benny would not hasten himself. His sentences became longer; Dollie's responses briefer. The lively people on the float had all gone merrily away in various power boats.

"It is very, very seldom that I meet any one who is what the Spaniards call *simpática*," said Reynolds softly. "Won't you try another lemonade or an ice, or something?" Dollie declined and asked the time. "If I had her playing opposite me in the ingénue rôle!" meditated her enslaved companion.

A motor car was noisily halting outside—Benny's big sixty at last; and Benny, in the most beautiful white flannels, the neatest white buckskin shoes and a straw hat—he deemed yachting caps affectation on a forty-foot gasoline launch—hurried to the float, looked up and beckoned.

"I have always considered Pinero's situations the greatest ——" Reynolds was remarking; but Dollie interrupted eagerly.

"There he is! Let's hurry down!" To Benny she cried: "We're coming!"

"Miss Sullivan, may I present Mr. Reynolds? And Miss Murray—Miss Sullivan!" said Benny. "Couldn't help being late."

The engineer of the Dorothy, who was also Benny's chauffeur, in a compromise suit of overall trousers and blue serge coat, soon announced from the engine compartment that he was ready.

La Belle Yvonne haughtily moved closer to Benny. With a slightly awkward air she disentangled a diamond-flecked chain from an emerald-set watch upon her capacious bosom and raised a jeweled lorgnette, through which she looked at the boat, the river—and Dollie. By peering over and under she was able to see almost as well as she might have done without it.

"A charming day!" she said patronizingly.

"Very," replied Reynolds in a deep and dignified voice. With an absent air he put the monocle that he used as the marquis into his right eye, regarding her calmly. She was disconcerted, yet pleased. This was no rowdy party of song pluggers; and Reynolds' clothes soothed her. She had been rather disappointed over Benny's. She wore a mauve watered silk, hand-embroidered in seed-pearls and gold and silver, and the gown incased her tightly. A variety of rings decorated her white-gloved fingers. Her purple suède slippers met embroidered mauve silk stockings, and a gorgeous purple plume stuck boldly out from her massive turban of mauve straw. A gold-and-ruby cigarette case and a platinum-and-diamond bag swung from her wrist. Her face one noted last, because of her sumptuous apparel and ornaments. She had blue eyes and a round, attractive face, surrounded by blond curls. She was the sensation of the afternoon. The club members were agreeably stirred. No need to ask: Is she an actress? By all accepted lay standards she had to be. The ladies sniffed as they tittered together; yet every article, every garment, was what the omniscient "they" were wearing this season.

"Deah me!" said La Belle Yvonne, hiding her gratification badly. "What cah them persons be looking at? They cert'nly ain't very refined!"

"Don't mind them a bit," said Dollie, thinking that she did. "We'll only be here a minute. You're not working this week, are you?"

The term "working" sounded professional and La Belle Yvonne asked sharply:

"In the business? I didn't git the name."

"Murray. I worked single too."

"He's Got a Swimmin' Medal. You D'need to Worry Over Him Gettin' Ashore!"

"Oh!" said the guest of honor. "On the small time, prob'ly! Not in N'Yawk?"

It was a bitter insult, but Dollie smiled quite blithely as she answered:

"I was booked mostly in the West; but you're a native, I think? I remember reading how you first began to sing down at Miner's Bowery."

The ex-Newsgirl Melba quivered.

"An' I'll be singin' when plenty of people are where they oughta be—hollerin' 'Cash!' over on Third Avenue!" she retorted.

Benny heard them with horror. Was this Dollie's way of helping him—prodding a headliner to whom the least hint of her paper-selling past was poison! He was hurt. A girl of Dollie's mentality should have overlooked La Belle Yvonne's first remark. She could afford to.

"Let me help you, Miss Sullivan," he said warmly. "We're all ready."

"If I've merely came here to be cracked at I won't go a step!" said the wounded guest. "I guess all you want of me is a contract, anyway; but do you think that money I was gettin' could infloonce me? It wouldn't buy cig'rettes—not my kind! I ain't goin'. No, I won't!"

Benny whispered. She clanked her golden armament pettishly. He whispered a longer sentence and she reluctantly smiled.

"Bring Miss Murray, Cyril," he requested.

La Belle Yvonne climbed aboard with such grace as her skirt allowed, disclosing her anklets to female sniffers and male starers on balcony and float. Many had worn one. She had three! Diamonds were imbedded in them. The rich clang of the golden fetters reassured her. The darts of a jealous little chit could not harm one whose every clink and sparkle demonstrated her superior professional position.

"I'm goin' just on your account," said she, disposing herself in a well-padded armchair. Dollie selected a chair at the stern, with Reynolds beside her on the cushioned seat that ran the length of the cabin. The Dorothy was a pleasure boat, with no grease to smudge or gasoline odors to offend its passengers. "Who's this boat named for?" asked La Belle Yvonne.

"Nobody in particular," replied Benny easily, and Dollie's back stiffened.

"A fr'en' o' mine wanted to name a racehorse for me; but I wouldn't leave him—not unless I liked the party."

"I'd named this for you if I ——"

The engine's starting prevented Dollie from hearing more of Benny's speech.

Sput-sput! Sput-sput-sput! Spu-u-ut! Whang! The Dorothy sped away from the float. Benny appeared entirely engrossed with La Belle Yvonne.

"It's a wonderful sight—all these boats going up one side and down the other!" Dollie said firmly.

"Yes. And so you're a professional yourself, Miss Murray? I didn't think so, you know," said Reynolds.

"Just singing and dancing."

He looked admiringly at her.

"You ought to be in the legitimate—acting, I mean. You have a personality that couldn't fail."

She smiled encouragingly. He went on, warming to the subject, answering her intelligent questions carefully.

He Shouted, "Oh, You Ben!"—and Wilted—Wilted Like an Orchid on a Radiator

He could teach her quickly! Those big eyes that she widened at him so appealingly; that vibrant young voice; the sweet face so near him! She gravely deferred to his knowledge and experience, and he was delighted and not a little touched, for he was an honest, emotional fellow, as he thought of this lovely pink creature working bravely through dreary years on the "small time" in vaudeville. He felt sure that the lady he had been warned to be dignified to was now monopolized by Benny in person. He could be his ordinary self, with perhaps a mere touch of John Lorrimer, his best part—not counting villains—and if he won Dollie to a higher stage destiny that would surely be working for her prosperity. He could coach her better than others. He would lure forth every possibility of power; he ——

"She's got me going—that's what!" he admitted to himself, and was virtuously glad that he had never answered silly mash notes. He had no dubious past to hinder him from present courtship; and, while he was talking drama and showing her the overhanging Palisades on the Jersey side, he mentally married—with complete descriptions and photographs in all editions—furnished a bijou apartment, rehearsed his youthful bride for the ingénue part opposite the marquis—for a play that could run all summer would run all next winter as well—and lived happily, famed on land and sea as one actor who loved his home!

Dollie, acting better than he would ever have been able to train her to do, was in imagination dismantling a home as swiftly as he created one. Once, when Benny looked astern at those on board a beflagged motor boat in pursuit of them, she gave him a timid, loving look; whereat he instantly addressed himself to his companion, ignoring Dollie. La Belle Yvonne was laughing up at him. He laughed down at her, and a heart-sickness overwhelmed Dollie. No use to look at the sunlit river, the gleeful wavings of picnickers on the banks, the yelling boatloads ahead and astern. The day was darkening fast for her. Better to be alone in the automobile with that woman, was it? Why had he wished his fiancée to come at all, if not to prove to her how little her feelings mattered to him? The scene in his office with Sammy might have been faked—they were used to that in his business.

She tried again to make sure, putting all her fears into the look; but he was entirely occupied with the mauve lady, taking her to the door of the engine compartment, explaining how Jones, the chauffeur, cleverly guided the tiller with his foot, chatting confidentially, interestedly, with a vulgar, overdressed—but he could have her! And she could have him! The opulently furnished twelve-room apartment on Riverside Drive—that home into which the profession was not to enter—the wedding that was to take place there in the presence of an impressive family gathering—wedding! With him? Not now—nor ever! She had found him out in time. She sighed dismally. Benny should not know that his defection troubled her; so she smiled successfully just as the Dorothy's engine stopped, rendering the sound of voices embarrassingly audible.

"Why, of course you'd see me often." This from Benny.

"I realized when I met you today that fate ——"

The ladies had not committed themselves, but Dollie heard Benny, and he heard Reynolds.

"What's the matter, Jones?" asked Benny.

"If I knew we'd be moving," replied the laconic engineer.

"Does she spark?"

"Yep!"

Jones employed a wrench, tightened, loosened, regarded the result frowningly, and investigated the toolbox. An open motor boat, holding a party of plumbers on their Sunday outing, chugged up and offered a tow.

"We'd better. Might be a couple hours' work here!" advised Jones. "Shultz' Palisades Gardens are on the other side. You could go see what's doing till I get her right. Had trouble with her this morning!"

The plumbers were thrown a line and gallantly landed the Dorothy at a small dock. Flights of steps led up the steep bank. A sign announced: The Big Cabaret Show—Fourteen Acts—Free Dancing Pavilion! Welcome!

"Shall we slum?" called Reynolds.

"We can take a look, and by that time he'll be ready to start," replied Benny. "Will you watch out for Miss Murray?"

Dolly abruptly thought, "I'll give him still another chance." Passing him, she said: "Benny!—Benny dear!"

"That was a nice thing you did—wounding that poor girl's feelings!" he said coldly. "And carrying on as you are with Reynolds is very little credit to you! I'm surprised!"

"Are you, really!"

"That's what I said!"

"An' I'll be Singin' When Plenty of People are Where They Oughta be Hollerin' 'Cush!' Over on Third Avenue!"

"It's finished!—He's stopped loving me!" she thought, talking animatedly to Reynolds as they climbed the stairs.

Shultz' Gardens were what one expected from the name—hundreds of round tables in the inadequate shade of a juvenile grove, and hundreds of cheerful folks about the tables. On the stage in the rear an artiste in orange tights was unconcernedly eating fire and swallowing cutlery; and she nearly lost a sword in her anxiety to observe the fashionably garbed party from the Dorothy. Some of the audience stood up to see them. These La Belle Yvonne superbly looked into their chairs with her lorgnette. A waiter led her to a table.

"I only drink wine," she said proudly, to Benny's question as to her desires.

"Mineral water, please," said Dollie, speaking only to Reynolds. Recalled to his duty by the honored guest's lorgnette, he put up his monocle, encountering the gaze of Sammy Martin, who sat at the next table with a stout bottle-blond young woman, intensely absorbed in La Belle Yvonne.

"Come over here, Mr. Martin!" invited Dollie.

"Don't care if we do," replied Sammy's resonant voice. He signaled his young woman to rise. To the waiter he remarked: "Him in the white suit's Benny Von Linden, the music publisher, an' the big dame's the Newsgal Melber. I guess you've heard of them, ain't you, pal?"

"She's a swell dresser," said the waiter.

"He don't travel with no dead ones, kid," rejoined Sammy, and moved toward the other table.

"This here lady is Sandowlina the Strong Woman. She's workin' here today. Set down, Sandy. Miss Murray—Mr. Von Linden! I ain't got your monniker, pal. Oh, Reynolds—thanks! An' the Newsgal ——"

"Mr. Von Linden!" cried La Belle Yvonne.

"Beat it! Beat it!" snarled Benny. "Can't you have a little sense, you dummy?"

"We was ast here," said Sammy, chagrined.

"I'm sure I got no wish to meet her; also, I got her number from when she done twelve shows a day at Coney Island, an' was married to the Dutch comedian!" exclaimed Sandowlina.

"Come on away, Sandy! But you're just as good as any Newsgal Melber, dear," Sammy assured her.

"Kindly tell that fresh gink I don't use that billin' no more!" cried La Belle Yvonne agitatedly.

"I got nine of those entire fourteen acts usin' his songs—an' that's my thanks!" said Sammy to as many of the audience as cared to hear him. "It's just my work in the park shows made his Let Me Be Your Romeo! what it is. But—all right!"

He disappeared. La Belle Yvonne simpered; Reynolds was mute; Dollie gave an aggravating little laugh. She hoped Benny liked his charmer's exhibition. Benny did not like it. He asked himself why he had suggested entering Shultz' Gardens; why he had not, as invariably before, left this branch of music publishing to the professional department. To see that mauve peacock preening herself complacently, with everybody in range giggling at her and her lorgnette! He'd make her sign a contract—and for forty dollars instead of the sixty he had intended to offer if he had to! He was aware of Sammy's glowering from afar, the offended Strong Woman beside him! Probably Sammy was wishing that his chief would fail in winning La Belle Yvonne to the firm.

Considering the situation, Benny felt that kindness from Dollie would stimulate him; so he mentioned to La Belle Yvonne a sign that advertised "Take her for a row on Palisades Lake. Boats to let!" and glanced stealthily at Dollie. She saw him. He knew she did, because of a contemptuous shrug as she bent even nearer to Reynolds. She'd been near enough before!

"Fascinated by an actor, is she?" he thought bitterly. "Can't notice me after making trouble at the very start! . . . Dollie?" he said in his lowest tone.

"I will never speak to you again so long as you live!" hissed Dollie, and was instantly Reynolds' sympathetic listener.

Benny suffered all the pangs of the unappreciated. He could have told her a good sturdy lie and gone on a secret excursion with the other girl. When a man brought annoyance on himself endeavoring to be square, this was his thanks! And Reynolds, the tried old friend, making love to her! Benny waved aside the thought that Reynolds might not know of a reason sufficient to prevent lovemaking. Nor was he just enough to recollect his own sudden subjection—he had seen her one morning and been engaged by midnight—to alluring Dollie, whose faith was not deep enough to trust him. Could not the girl see how he loathed his task? She didn't want to see! She had seized this pitiful excuse to flout him in favor of a new admirer.

La Belle Yvonne declared she wished to row. Would he take her? Benny said there was nothing he preferred to rowing a pretty girl, whereat she simpered and Dollie edged farther from him. He paid the check and rose, hesitated until La Belle Yvonne moved forward, and said close to Dollie's ear: "Do you mean that?"

"Yes, sir, I do!"

So swiftly, so cunningly did she flame her reply at him, that Reynolds went on talking calmly. Benny looked back at her acting at Reynolds—she sweet and unsophisticated, a girl who could break one man's heart while she smiled in another's face!

"It's the stage did it—rotted the good out of her! I've been a mark! She's —— Oh, Dollie! Dollie!"

He felt like a forlorn little boy without any friends—the same little boy who had sold songs in the streets and slept on bakery gratings, who was now Von Linden, the music publisher. La Belle Yvonne was making a triumphant passage through the crowd. He heard their comments on her mauve grandeur as he strode after her. Should he return and tear Dollie from the usurping Reynolds? But it would not be any use. She knew her mind, and there had been only cruelty and contempt in her brown eyes. He reached the lake.

"That one turns over easy, lady," the boatman warned; but La Belle Yvonne insisted.

"Buck up and let her go! You've got the business left. Land this woman for the firm!" Benny urged himself.

"Ain't you feelin' good?" his passenger asked as he sent the boat toward the center of the small, tree-bordered lake.

"Never better!" he responded heartily. "By the way, you'll be a nut over my new story ballad: We Don't Want Our Darling to Go!"

"The fact is, Ned Howe's writin' me some material round my own personality," said La Belle Yvonne. Inwardly she exulted: "I was right! All this whole trip was for is to git me back; but I ain't goin'—not under a hundred—an' he'll find it out!"

"Howe? It takes poor Ned a month to knock out one chorus. I'll give you restricted territory on the ballad."

"But this is goin' to be all my own property, copyrighted!"

"Get this chorus. It's written in F." He sang:

Our Vera must die when the first—leaves—fall—
The child her folks love the best of all!
So I hope there's no frost, or Vera is lo—ost,
We don't want our darling to go-o-o-o!

"It's too sad," she demurred. "An' a cryin' audience just takes the punch out o' my work."

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THE SULTANA

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

V

AS ELEVEN o'clock was struck by the big clock on the ancient carved mantel Basia Vilzhoven rose.

"I'm sleepy," said she, "and Virginia ought to go to bed too. It's fatiguing enough to tend geese and study the Königskinder at the same time; and when in addition to that one gets knocked down by a motor car, one ought to feel a bit used up."

Virginia laughed.

"It's been a busy day," said she; "but the geese and the Königskinder and the car don't begin to include all the fun I've had! However, I'm quite ready for bed."

Mills, closely watching Strelitso, saw the brilliant eyes flash toward the girl with a fierce, famished look. Virginia met it with a smile and a high flush, then turned the ring on her finger so that the ruby was invisible.

"We are tired too," said Fulton. "It has been a very chiaroscuro day—lots of sunlight and shadow." He looked at the two girls, who were standing side by side, Basia's arm about Virginia's snugly laced bodice. "Since the sunlight is now about to be turned off," said he, "we might as well turn in."

The four went out together, leaving the baron and Strelitso to finish their cigars. At the foot of the stairs Basia paused. "I will say good night to you here," said she. "I always look about downstairs before going up."

Virginia had already started to mount. Mills and Fulton said good night to their hostess, and as they turned to the stairs Mills said: "Go on up, Pete. Wish her an angel-guarded repose. I'll follow."

"Good old Tom!" said Fulton, turning up the stairs.

Mills lingered in the antechamber and presently Basia came up, a bunch of keys at her girdle, for there were many customs about the château that smacked of the Middle Ages. There are probably no better-intentioned or more faithful servants in the world than French servants, but they share with the negro a certain irresponsible generosity to their neighbors where the master's food and drink are concerned. Basia preferred to do her giving herself, and kept all comestibles preserved under lock and key.

At the sight of Mills her dark eyebrows lifted imperceptibly. She shot him a questioning look from the inscrutable, widely-spaced eyes, which a good many men had tried in vain to look behind. Mills did not keep her long in suspense. With the same directness that he was in the habit of employing in his clinics he went to the seat of the trouble at once.

"Miss Vilzhoven," said he, "I am very sorry to have to bother you, but I have made a discovery that I feel you ought to know about. Tonight at dinner Miss Lowndes showed me a ruby ring, which she said had been given her today by Count Strelitso as an engagement present. He told her that it was a family heirloom of his. As a matter of fact, it is a family heirloom of my own, and I recognized it at once as the ring I sold to some sort of a dealer in jewels on the steps of the Casino, at Monte Carlo, after I had been cleaned out at the tables."

Basia looked at him intently, then glanced round.

"Come outside," said she, and laid her hand on the latch of the big door. Mills swung it open for her. They went out on the high stoop. A nightingale that had just arrived from the South and was starting its evensong cut the solo short, then recommenced almost immediately from the avenue of lindens. At the same time there came from the direction of the salon the muffled notes of a discourse that was pitched in a far less dulcet key. Basia shrugged her shoulders.

"That's Strelitso now," said she. "I knew that he had waited to speak to papa. He is mad about Virginia and wants a formal betrothal at once. Papa won't listen to it. He says that Strelitso is not good enough for her—and I rather agree with him. I'm not surprised at what you just told me; but are you sure?"

"Positive. There can't be any doubt. You can't wear a ring for years and be mistaken about it. The setting of the ruby is unusual and old-fashioned; and, besides, there were scratches on the gold that I made one day when I was helping Fulton's chauffeur to change one of the exhaust valves of the motor. I suppose that Strelitso told her they came from sword-cuts, or some such bunk."

Basia's brows came lower.

"I noticed that ring," said she, "and rather imagined that Strelitso had given it to her; but I said nothing about it because I felt that Virginia ought to have told me, since she says I am her best friend. What I don't understand, though, is how, if you sold it only three days ago, and in Monte Carlo, Strelitso could have got it so soon."

Mills dropped his voice, then glanced through the big dining room toward the salon beyond, from behind the closed door of which there came a steady purr of lowtoned conversation.

"If I had thought that Count Strelitso was merely lying about the ring to give it an added value to Miss Lowndes," said he, "I would never have said a word about it."

Basia gave him a questioning look, and Mills could see that the association of ideas had not yet entered her mind; but this was not long delayed, for as he looked at her, his eyes fastened intently on hers, the color left her face.

"No!" she cried sharply, then glanced over her shoulder. "Oh, Doctor Mills, surely you don't think——" She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"Here are the facts," said Mills with professional briefness: "Three days ago, dating the time from this morning at about eleven, I sold that ring to a dealer who followed me out of the Casino. Tonight Miss Lowndes showed it to me, saying that it was given to her as an engagement ring by the count. She didn't say when, but it was probably just before dinner. Strelitso, according to his own account, must have been on the road at the time of these two hold-ups, because he didn't get here until nearly eight and his car is a big strong one. After dinner you get a telephone message saying that a jewel dealer on his way from Monte Carlo was stopped and robbed on the road this side of Avallon just after dark. It's a rather damning chain of evidence, don't you think?"

Basia raised both hands to her throat and stood for a minute deep in thought.

"What do you know of these people?" asked Mills.

"Not a great deal," she answered rather faintly. "We met them in Paris last year through some Russian friends. Strelitso goes about a good deal and is very popular. He brought Rimbert to call, and we found him interesting and well bred, though sometimes a little brusk. But this is terrible! What ought I to do?"

"Your father ought to know. Is that designer of Kalique's who was held up on the road acquainted with Rimbert or Strelitso?"

"I don't think he has ever met Strelitso at our house," Basia answered, "but very likely they know each other."

"For the sake of your friend I hope they don't."

"You needn't have any doubts about Mr. Sautrelle," said Basia quickly. "He is an artist and a gentleman, and the soul of honor."

"I don't doubt it," said Mills. "I think that Miss Lowndes was quite right at dinner when she said that he had probably struck some clue and was off on the trail of it."

"Undoubtedly." Basia turned and stared through the murk toward the farm buildings. "I wonder what that light is doing in the garage at this time of night," said she. "If you don't mind we'll walk down and see."

They started toward the garage, when Mills asked:

"Do you think that Miss Lowndes is much in love with Strelitso?"

"She is not really in love with him at all, but she is fascinated, even infatuated, for the moment, and I'm afraid he has a great deal of influence over her. Besides, Virginia has an obstinate streak, and the more we oppose her the worse she gets. I think, however, that it would cool her off a good deal to learn about your ring, even if it were to turn out, as I think probable, that Strelitso bought it at some shop in Avallon. This dealer to whom you sold it might have disposed of it on his way back to Paris."

"Let's hope so," said Mills without much conviction.

They had reached the door of the garage, which was half open, and looking in were surprised to see Captain Rimbert's chauffeur engaged in pumping up one of his front tires. He turned sharply at the sound of their steps and his ferretlike face was pushed forward in the effort to see who it was.

"You are working late," said Basia in French.

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered the chauffeur. "My orders were that the car might be wanted tomorrow morning at an early hour, so I wished to have all in readiness before going to bed."

"My Darling," Murmured Strelitso's Deep, Vibrant Voice, "May I Come In?"

Basia wished the man good night and turned to go back to the house. The air was soft and warm, and the old moon, now well aloft in the eastern sky, cast an elusive, mysterious light, not without its charm. Basia suggested that they walk down to the edge of the terrace for a night view of the valley, saying that this would give her father and Strelitso time to finish their interview, when they would go in and lay the matter of the ring before the baron. On the terrace they paused, and Basia said:

"Virginia is such a child of romance. You can never tell when she is acting naturally and when she is playing some part."

"Have you known her long?" asked Mills.

"About three years. She came over with an aunt and started at once to study with my singing teacher, who considers her one of her most promising pupils. Virginia and I soon grew intimate, and she once stayed three months with us while her aunt went back to America. Papa regards her almost as a daughter, and my brother Gustav is in love with her, of course, though she treats him as though he were about sixteen."

"How old is he?" Mills asked.

"Twenty-four, but he looks and acts about eighteen. There are some boys, you know, who never seem to grow up. Gustav is forever getting into scrapes and going to Virginia with them, and she intercedes for him with papa. I wish she could really care for him, but there was never any chance of that. Virginia's husband will have to be her master and his will must be stronger than her own. Strelitso is a dominant man, like most Russians of his class; and I think that is what gives him his hold of her, for his family is nothing extraordinary and he says quite frankly that he has very little money."

They talked for a few minutes longer on the subject of Virginia, when Basia suggested that they walk round the house to see if the salon was still lighted. Going the length of the terrace, they passed under the heavy shade of the horse-chestnuts, the foliage of which was already well advanced. There was no light from the window of the salon, and Basia was about to suggest that they go in when Mills' hand fell on her arm.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing into the black shadow.

Basia looked and choked back a scream. Even in the gloom they could see a ladder leaning against a tree opposite the window; and, as they watched, a dark form descended from the branches and a pair of feet scuffled for the topmost rungs. Mills and Basia had approached from the rear of the house, their steps making no sound on the turf, and both of them for the moment were silently occupied with their own thoughts. They had just passed the corner of the building when the scraping sounds from the tree had caught Mills' ear and drawn his attention to the ladder.

"Hush!" he whispered, and stepped back behind the corner of the wall, drawing the girl with him; then peered out to watch the marauder.

At the foot of the ladder the man stood for an instant, as if listening, then turned and came softly toward the two. Mills waited until he was just about to turn the corner, not two feet from him. Then, springing out suddenly, his two powerful hands fastened on the throat of the unsuspecting prowler. Mills was not only a powerful athlete but an expert wrestler, and the next instant he had the fellow on his back, both hands gripping his windpipe and one knee on his chest. There was a single gasping, choking cry, but no attempt at a struggle; and in the dim yellow glare of the moon he saw his victim's eyes opening and shutting as he stared up at him.

"Keep quiet!" growled Mills in a savage whisper. "One sound, and I'll smash your head in!"

The man gulped and Mills slightly relaxed his grip. Basia, who was not of the screaming sort, stole forward and looked over his shoulder.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she breathed. "It's Robert Sautrelle!" She reached down and tugged at Mills' hands. "Don't choke him!" she whispered.

Mills loosed his hold. Robert gulped once or twice, but made no effort to move.

"Mr. Sautrelle," said Basia, lowering her voice, "what are you doing here?"

The unfortunate artist appeared to have some difficulty in finding his voice, but finally managed to gasp:

"W-w-wait a m-m-minute and I'll tell you."

Mills rose and turned to Basia.

"It's just as we thought," said he. Leaning down, he helped Robert to his feet. "Come back over here—away from the house," he said.

The three, Robert rather unsteadily, moved off under the trees until they were some distance from the house. Pausing on the edge of the rose garden, Robert raised his hands and gently massaged his throat.

"Good Lord!" said he in a trembling voice; "I thought it was all up with me. You've got a grip like a vise. Ah, Miss Basia, this is an awful business! I scarcely know how to begin."

"Sit down on this stone bench," said Basia; "you are all of a tremble. Why were you up in that tree?"

"I will tell you the whole story," said Robert; "and you must try to keep up your courage, for I am sure we can find a way out of the mess." And starting from the beginning he described all that had happened to him. Neither of the two interrupted until Robert told falteringly of his having recognized the man coming from the cave as Gustav Vilzhoven. Then Basia gave a low, wailing cry and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Sautrelle," she moaned, "it couldn't be! It couldn't be! Are you sure? Positive?"

"My dear lady," said Robert miserably, "there cannot be any doubt, as you will see when you hear the rest. But nobody need ever know a thing about it. Miss Lowndes can give me the tiara ——"

"Miss Lowndes!" interrupted Mills and Basia in the same breath.

"Yes. She has it."

"You're crazy!" growled Mills.

"I am nothing of the sort," Robert retorted. "If you don't believe me just climb up in that tree and you will see it in its case on her dressing table."

"Go on with your story," said Mills in a curt voice.

Robert continued, describing how he had waded the river and followed Gustav to the château. He told also of how he had watched the chauffeur changing the number of his car, but said nothing of how he himself had poured water into the fuel tanks. "When I looked into Miss Lowndes' room," he concluded, "and saw the Sultana glittering on the dressing table not ten feet away, I nearly fell out of the tree. If she had not been talking through the crack of the door she would have heard me."

The silence of utter stupefaction followed his recital. Basia sat wringing her hands; Mills whistled softly between his teeth and Robert rubbed his throat gently.

"What the deuce are we to do?" asked Mills.

"There is only one thing to do," said Robert. "Miss Basia must get the tiara and give it to me. Then I will take it to the Château d'Irancoy and say that I followed one of the robbers and saw him go into the cave. Suspecting that he meant to hide the tiara there, I waited until he had gone away, then went into the cave myself and found the tiara. Nobody need ever know a thing."

Basia dropped her hand on his arm.

"You are very generous," said she softly.

Mills was silent a moment, then asked:

"Why should Gustav have gone to the cave, then brought the tiara here? And why should he have cleared out afterward without seeing anybody? And how did he manage to get the tiara to Miss Lowndes? There's a lot that is devilish obscure about this business."

"This is how I explain it," said Robert: "Gustav knew that I was at work on the tiara for Mademoiselle d'Irancoy and guessed that Mr. Kalique or I would bring it down in the car. He formed the mad plan of stealing it, for reasons best known to himself. He saw me leave Kalique's house, then followed me with his confederates in a fast racing car, passed me on the road and stopped me in the tunnel. Having got the Sultana, these others gave it to Gustav, who was waiting at the mouth of the tunnel, for fear that I might recognize him even in the dark; and he took it to the cave, meaning to hide it there. Finding no suitable place, he decided to bring it here, where the others had already come."

"But the others have been here for ten days," said Basia. "They left here this morning at about nine."

Robert scratched his head.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "That makes it very perplexing. Still, he might have seen me leave Kalique's at a little after eleven, then rushed to Melun in his own little racer and there caught the express for La Roche, which leaves Paris at about eleven-thirty. The others might have been waiting for him at La Roche. That would be smart work, but it is possible. Who are these people?"

"A Captain Rimbert and Count Strelitso," said Basia. "Do you know them?"

"I've just met Captain Rimbert and have often seen the man who was in the salon tonight."

"You were not the only victim," said Mills, and described the incident of his ring and the holdup of the jeweler on the road near Avallon. Robert shook his head.

"I'm afraid that Gustav has got mixed up with a desperate crowd," said he; "but, you see, not having let you know that he was coming he did not wish to be seen. The chances are that he told the lodgekeeper not to say anything about his having been here, and led him to believe that the reason of his visit was some love affair that concerned Miss Lowndes. No doubt he got the man to send her secretly to some place in the grounds, and there he gave her the tiara, asking her to give it to Strelitso without looking at it. She probably got curious and opened the box. I don't believe that she knew anything about the business."

"Nor I," said Mills; "but that was a silly thing for Gustav to do. However, the main thing now is to get the tiara."

"You are right," said Robert.

Basia rose to her feet. "It is simply terrible!" said she. "But we had better act now and talk afterward. If Virginia has given the tiara to Strelitso we may have trouble, but I don't believe she has. Once having seen what was in the box, she would say nothing until she had seen Gustav and tried to make him restore it. However, let's have this awful suspense over with. I will go right up to see Virginia."

Basia slipped off, and Robert turned to Mills.

"I think I ought to tell you," said he apologetically, "that I poured a lot of water into the tank of your car."

"The deuce you did!" said Mills.

"Yes. You see, I poured water into the tanks of both cars. When I saw that swine of a chauffeur changing the number I thought they might be planning another holdup, so I thought I would try to delay them until I could communicate with the police."

Mills chuckled and clapped him on the shoulder.

"You've kept your nerve with you all right, old chap," said he. "What are you, anyhow—French or American?"

"I'm American, though my family is French. My father is the head of the firm of Sautrelle & Co., New York, and I am the chief designer at Kalique's. This is a very serious business for me, Mr. ——"

"Doctor Mills."

"It was bad enough to get knocked in the head and lose the tiara; but if it were gone for good, people would say that I was an accomplice—or something of the sort. No doubt they are wondering now what has become of me."

"No doubt," Mills assented.

"I don't know how the thing was worked," Robert continued; "in fact, I'm none too sure about Kalique's chauffeur, as he must have guessed that we were sending down valuable jewelry when he was ordered yesterday afternoon to get the car ready for the run to the Château d'Irancoy. For all we know, we may be opposed to a very well-organized criminal association. But I am sure of one thing, and that is that Miss Lowndes is quite innocent."

"Not the slightest doubt of that," said Mills shortly.

"Between you and me," said Robert, "Gustav Vilzhoven is a good deal of an ass."

"Everything seems to point that way," Mills assented. The stalwart American was not overkeen about Mr. Robert Sautrelle—first, because he had fallen as flaccid as a snared rabbit in his grip; and secondly, because the thought of his prying on Virginia Lowndes was particularly displeasing to him. If truth were to be told, the last few hours had wrought considerable changes in the young physician's state of heart. Mills' nature contained scarcely an atom of what is commonly called gallantry, but it held, well hidden under a peculiar armor of gruffness, really in part assumed to hide a certain shyness, a great amount of chivalry that was more protective than ceremonious. His experience with human suffering in the clinics of the medical school, and later as an interne of a big city hospital, had, instead of hardening him, as sometimes unfortunately happens with people of coarse fiber, developed a sympathy and understanding that he was always ready to bring to the assistance not only of the physically ill but of any person in trouble, especially women; for he was essentially masculine.

In the women's wards of his hospital the nurses had always been the least bit afraid of him, yet often went to him for help and advice, not only about professional matters but in case of friction with hospital discipline—on which quality, by the way, nobody was more insistent than Mills himself. As house surgeon he had ruled his wards and clinics and operating rooms with military exaction, and unlike others of the staff had never been known to risk his authority through personal favors. He had never been known to flirt, however mildly, with a nurse, though he often unbent enough to joke a little with one or several. Even the patients were afraid of him at first, for he was often stern, almost to the point of roughness; yet he never left a bedside without leaving about it the atmosphere of his protective force. His very physique lent itself to this, for his body, though lean, was of a big, bony frame, with long, tough muscles playing under the fresh skin of an athlete; and his rather square face was set with a pair of singularly winning amber-colored eyes.

To most Europeans it would have seemed scarcely believable that a young man of Mills' masculine virility had never had a woman interest in his life; but this was quite true, and the reasons were several: For one thing, he had always been too busy; for another, his father had explained to him while he was still a boy, and subsequent experience had proved the fact to him, that most human suffering resulted from wrong relations, and Mills inherited his instincts as a healer just as did Robert his instincts of an artist-jeweler. There was also in him a due amount of old Puritan principle, which, however, did not prevent his occasional indulgence in wine and games of chance.

Yet, like most strong men of any nation, Mills had his deeper romantic streak, and this had been rather rudely drilled by the first glance of Virginia's blue eyes as she stood by the roadside tending her geese. The lode had been further exposed in the next few hours, and it had needed only the call to his protection to rouse Mills to the fact that here at last was the girl for whom he had been unconsciously waiting for a long time. Just at this moment she needed him—or somebody like him—very badly, and Mills decided that he was the man for the job.

More or less of this was going through his head when Robert, who had been waiting patiently for this taciturn individual who had nearly choked the life out of him to make some remark, leaned suddenly forward and raised his hand to his ear.

"Listen!" said he. "Do you hear that?"

"What?" Mills asked, rousing himself. "I hear a motor."

"Motors scarcely ever go over these little back roads at this time of night," said Robert, "and from the sound of it that is a big car. Do you suppose the police could have got on the trail?"

"That motor is going away," Mills answered; "the sound is getting fainter."

Robert was about to answer when there came the sound of rustling skirts, and the next instant Basia came flying down the terrace and stopped, panting and breathless, in front of them.

"They've gone!" she cried in a wild but subdued voice.

"Who?" asked Mills, starting up.

"Virginia, Strelitso and Rimbert! On Virginia's pillow I found a scrap of a note that said: 'Basia dear, we are off for England to be married. Please forgive me and please don't try to interfere.' She thought I would find it in the morning."

Robert sank back with a hollow groan.

"But they can't get far," he said—"about a kilometer at the most."

"Why?" demanded Basia.

"Because I poured a lot of water in their tank. There might be fuel enough in the feedpipe and carbureter to run them a kilometer, but certainly not more. Come!"

"Come where?" asked Basia.

"We must follow them in the other car. We will tell them that if they give us the tiara and Miss Lowndes we will keep quiet—otherwise we'll send out an alarm."

"By George!" cried Mills. "That's the talk. Come on! But, darn it, you say you put water in our tank too."

"It won't take a minute to drain it out," said Robert, "and there's a case of essence in the garage."

He sprang to his feet and the other two followed him. For a moment Mills was tempted to rouse Fulton; but, reflecting that he would be asleep by this time and that tedious explanations would be necessary, Mills decided to go without him. He himself was accustomed to running the car.

They reached the garage and lighted the lantern, when Robert, a motorist of considerable experience, exclaimed:

"Run her out by hand and we'll drain the stuff onto the road! The essence will be on top and wash out the water, but you might open the dripcock of the carbureter. Hurry!"

These maneuvers were quickly accomplished. While Robert was filling the emptied tank Mills took one of the goatskin coats out of the car and held it for Basia.

"How did they get out without our hearing them?" he asked.

"They must have rolled the car out by hand," said Basia, "and then have gone out by the farmgate, which is downhill from here. They wouldn't have needed to start the motor until they got to the village."

"We'd better do the same thing," said Robert to Mills. "Shall I drive or will you?"

"I'll drive. Do you know the road?"

"There's only one way for them to go since they didn't pass the house," said Basia—"that's through Coulanges."

"Roll her down the road," said Mills, "and we'll light up outside. No use disturbing anybody."

They pushed the car to the edge of the declivity and rolled down the gentle slope, having no difficulty in following the road in the moonlight. Skirting the wall of the farmyard, they passed through an open gate and on to the road, when Mills threw on the brake and Robert jumped down and lighted the lamps and searchlights. As he was doing so Mills and Basia saw a sudden blaze of light across the valley.

"There they are," said Mills, "and still going."

Robert flung away his match and stood for an instant looking at the distant flare.

"I don't see how they could have got so far," said he uneasily.

Basia leaned over toward him.

"Tell me," said she sharply, "did you think to put water in both the tanks of Rimbert's car?"

"Both tanks!" cried Robert. "Good Heavens! Were there two?"

"Of course there were—one under the seat and one behind."

"Oh!" groaned Robert. "I never thought of there being one behind!"

"If that's the case," said Mills, "we may have our work cut out for us. Jump in!"

Robert swung himself up behind. Mills was about to start, when there darted through the gate a small, wriggling animal, which rushed to the car and squirmed up into Basia's lap.

"What's that?" snapped Mills.

"It's Virginia's dachshund, Pelleas," answered Basia in a relieved tone.

"Better chuck him out."

"No; let him stay," she answered. "Virginia loves him dearly and he might help us to soften her heart."

Out of the Gloom Burst a Square Black Figure

"All right," Mills grunted, and reached for his brake. The car, released, started slowly to glide down the slope.

VI

IF, WHILE clinging apelike to the branches of the horse-chestnut tree, Mr. Robert Sautrelle could have heard the hurried conversation being carried on through the crack in the door a great deal of trouble might have been saved for everybody. And if Virginia Lowndes had still been leaning in awestruck wonder over the tiara she could scarcely have failed to hear Robert's gasp and scuffle in the branches. But while she was gazing spellbound and Robert was planting his ladder there had come a soft but insistent rapping at her door. She got up and opened it a crack, expecting a whispered word from her fiancé.

"My darling," murmured Strelitso's deep, vibrant voice, which had robbed their good sense from so many women far more worldlywise than Virginia, "I must have a few words with you. May I come in?"

"Indeed you can't!" said Virginia. "What's the matter?"

"I've had a row with Vilzhoven. He's practically told me to get out."

"Oh, Michael!" gasped Virginia. "Why couldn't you have waited as I asked you to?"

"Dearest, I simply couldn't. My patience was at an end. I told him that you had promised to marry me and begged him to consent to our betrothal. He flew into a rage and said that I had broken my promise to him not to make love to you under his roof, and intimated that he regretted my visit here must end tomorrow morning."

"Michael!" gasped Virginia.

"He says, too, that he is going to wire your aunt, and to write and tell her that you are in danger of an entanglement with an adventurer. If any other man had said to me the things he did I would have had his life! My darling, are you going to let the man you love be treated like this?"

"But what can I do?" whispered Virginia despairingly. "If you will only wait three months ——"

"No, I can't wait," whispered Strelitso passionately. "Besides, why should we? Virginia, you have said that you love and trust me, and now I am going to ask you to prove it. Put on a traveling dress and come to the garage in half an hour and we will take the car, run to Calais, cross to Dover and be married by special license."

Virginia gasped.

"Michael," she murmured, "are you crazy?"

"I am crazy for the want of you! Why should we be torn apart by this old fool of a Vilzhoven! What right has he to say whom you shall and whom you shall not marry? And why should he order me out of his house as though I were a pilfering *valet de chambre*? My darling, if you really care for me as you say you will do as I ask. If we start soon we can get to Paris in plenty of time to catch the morning Calais-Dover express."

Virginia's heart began to pound furiously. She believed herself to be desperately in love with Strelitso and the idea of such an elopement was thrillingly romantic. For a moment she hesitated, then glanced back at her dressing table.

"Listen, Michael!" she whispered. "If I do as you wish how much time should we have in Paris?"

"We ought to reach Paris by five in the morning, at least, and the train leaves at nine-thirty. Why, sweetheart?"

"Because there is something I absolutely must do there—a person I must see."

"Who is that?"

"I'll tell you on the way."

"Then you will come? Oh, my darling! My darling!" He took the fingers which held the edge of the door and covered them with kisses.

"Will Rimbert let you take the car?" she asked.

"Leave that to me. In half an hour, sweetheart, at the garage! Slip out the back way and be careful that nobody sees you."

He kissed her fingers again and turned away. Virginia closed the door and stood for a moment with her hands pressed against her bosom. Then, going to the window, she closed the blinds and hurried to her wardrobe to select the proper clothes.

She dressed quickly, put a few things in a small valise, then went to the dressing table and stared for a moment at the wonderful tiara. Closing the case, she slipped it under her traveling coat, then put out her light and opened the door softly, standing for a moment to listen. Not a sound came from the silent house. A hall lamp was burning dimly and by its light she made her way down the back-stairs, crossed the breakfast room, which opened on to the terrace, and unlocking one of the long windows slipped out on to the terrace close to the house and took the path to the garage. The big car had been rolled out and was headed toward the farm. Strelitso and the chauffeur were standing beside it.

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The Bird for the Thousandth Man

By Lynn R. Meekins

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

You Go to the River in the Shivering Dawn

LONG years ago, after Chauncey M. Depew began to put forth new editions of old jokes, he got off the one on ducks. It was in Washington, where old stories frequently are reborn and retagged.

The various crops of anecdotes before and during the Civil War were fixed on Lincoln, but since the Civil War Depew has carried the burden.

On this particular occasion Mr. Depew was dining at the mansion of an enormously rich family, which had selected Washington for winter quarters.

"Mr. Depew," said the hostess, "how can you tell the difference between the canvasback and the redhead?"

"In the bill, madam!" was the apt, pat and gay reply; and thus the story passed into history.

It is a very old story, but the chances are that it will evermore bear the Depew stamp. Stories that are retold and retagged at Washington seem to hold longer than elsewhere. Moreover, Washington is a great place for ducks—canvasback, redhead, ordinary, tame and lame; and you are a fortunate human being if you dine out without hearing some one say: "Difference between the canvasback and redhead? Oh, easy! It's in the bill!" Or it may be the variation as finally delivered by the young foreigner who put it this way: "Oh, yes! The canvasback and the redhead ducks are very different, don't you know; but there's a simple way—a jolly good way—to tell the difference. How? Oh, yes! It's in the check, don't you know!"

Now did it ever strike you how very seldom you have seen redhead duck on the bill-of-fare? The duck has been there before you many a time, but you did not see its name. Has it also struck you how often you have read the name canvasback? That is what you have done—read the name while eating another variety of duck, the redhead. In Washington the so-called canvasback placed before you is usually not a canvasback; and even in the city that is supposed to be the canvasback capital, Baltimore—the city in which this is written—the substitution is an everyday occurrence. There is no shame about it, because it is one of those things that are taken for granted. A very rich man gave a dinner this winter and instructed the chef to use redheads, but to be sure to put canvasback on the menu card. "Nobody will know it," he said. "It is not that I object to buying the canvasbacks, but I make it a rule of my life not to waste money."

On the Wings of the Canvasback

SUPPOSE we call up the dealer who sells more canvasbacks than any one and ask him: "What is the difference between the canvasback and the redhead today?"

He replies promptly: "Two dollars—four and a half a pair for canvasbacks, and two and a half a pair for redheads. We have cheaper ducks if you want them—mallard at a dollar apiece and blackheads at forty cents."

If you ask a restaurant man of the first class he will tell you that the difference a portion is about a dollar.

And if you want to know the cold facts in terms of science and interpretation you will find this: "The canvasback is a North American duck of the family *Anatidæ*, and subfamily *Fuligulinæ*, the *Fuligula*—or *Aristonetta*—*vallisneria*, highly esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh. It is found in North America at large, breeding from the Northern states northward, and wintering in the Middle states and southward, being especially abundant in winter along the Atlantic Coast, where it feeds much on the wild celery, *Vallisneria spiralis*, and is then in the best condition for the table. The name is derived from the color of the back, which is white, very finely vermiculated with narrow, zigzag, blackish bars or rows of dots. In general the canvasback closely resembles the common pochard or redhead, *Fuligula ferina*, but the bill and head are differently shaped. The head is not coppery-red, as in the pochard, but dusky reddish-brown; and the size is greater."

We have in America a type of man who in many respects is the flower of our civilization. He aims at the values of life as well as at the values of work. Even in his pleasures he is a serious student and conserves his powers by right living and proper food. Usually the man of this type is rich, because a man who is all right with himself is pretty apt to be all right with others, and thus a natural leader; and when an American gets at the head of anything he generally makes money.

The particular man I have in mind has been a leader for almost half a century. Today he is in fine physical and mental health; he puts in a day's work as president of one of our biggest institutions and sets the pace for his men; but after the toil is over he likes a good dinner of the very best that can be procured, cooked perfectly. This is not the satisfaction of a mere epicure, but the well-considered policy of a successful man of business; and its results have been delightful. In the line of his achievements he has studied the canvasback in all its relations, and for years he has had the pick of the market. So I asked him the question:

"If a prime redhead and a prime canvasback cooked by the same cook were placed before you how could you tell the difference?"

"I couldn't."

"Do you know of any one who could?"

He mentioned several names of old duckshooters and thought possibly they might; but he was not sure.

"There are times," he said, "when the redhead is better than the canvasback. The redhead arrives on the celery flats earlier and feeds up, so that its flesh gets in condition. Then the canvasback comes, and after it has had its diet of celery it becomes the best. Of course any one familiar with ducks can tell the canvasback from the redhead by a look at the head and the bill; but when the ducks are served I doubt whether one man in a thousand could be sure of the difference.'"

The canvasback duck is the bird for the thousandth man. For the present at least it is the ultimate word in American gastronomy, with a fine loyal accent on the American. Though foreign chefs have been pouring sauces and indigestion over good home materials, and mixing up our foods and stomachs generally, they must cook the canvasback in the plain American way or not cook it at all. So the bird for the thousandth man is as strong on patriotism as the national bird, which dips its beak in the Great Lakes, flaps its wings in two oceans and swishes its tail feathers in the Gulf of Mexico; and, in addition, the canvasback has those edible qualities the eagle has so far failed to develop.

It might seem incongruous to say the Democratic donkey flew back to power on the wings of the canvasback, but truth is mighty and quite superior to mixed metaphors. Most people believe the resurrection of the party rose from the seething caldron of a presidential convention held in the last days of June and overlapping the first days of July, 1912, when Woodrow Wilson's nomination was hailed as the new birth of the old Democracy. Oh, ye of little knowledge, how brief is memory! That was a result—the cause ran back many months and worked its devious ways toward an end. There was in the South an active editor and a very modest man—a politician to the tips of his fingers, and as full of ideas as Washington will be of officeseekers after the first of March. He worked up a get-together Democratic banquet, to be called the Jackson Day Dinner, although held on the 17th of January which was neither Jackson Day nor Jackson's Birthday but the day best suited to the purpose.

The Taft administration was falling to pieces and there was no Bull Moose on the horizon; so it seemed to be the time to call the Democrats round the festive board and talk of 1912 and the Promised Land. There had been many Democratic dinners—the dollar Jeffersonian kind—to catch the common people, but not catching, because when it comes to a banquet the common people can eat more than any congregation of millionaires; and they want as good as they can get. And so any man who advertises a cheap banquet deserves to fail, and any politician who seeks votes by plain grub is on the wrong track. This Jackson Day dinner, so-called, was on different lines. The pledge was that it would be the finest dinner ever given in America, and the hungry Democrats fell over one another in the rush of acceptances. The number soon ran up to five hundred and kept mounting, so that when the night came exactly eleven hundred and thirty-one sat down; and these included most of the prominent working Democrats of the country, especially senators and members of the House of Representatives.

Right in the middle of the speechmaking group was A. Mitchell Palmer, the Wilson advance agent. The substantials of the feast were Lynnhavens, diamondback terrapin, roast Jersey capon, canvasback ducks and Smithfield ham—and the greatest of these were the canvasbacks!

To cook one canvasback well is a triumph; to serve canvasbacks to eleven hundred and thirty-one hungry guests approaches a miracle—but it was done, and therein was the wonder of the dinner. An order was sent to Havre de Grace for six hundred canvasbacks. It was the largest ever received. The gunners got busy. It took two weeks to gather that many; but three days before the date the full number had been secured and there was half a canvasback for every guest, with a few over for emergencies.

The place was an armory that would hold fifteen thousand persons. Round the center was built an inclosure, and entwined on this were carloads of Alabama smilax; and in this smilax were electric lights, giving the appearance of a tall fence of crimson ramblers. In this bower of loveliness sat the eleven hundred and thirty-one Democrats, and on the big outside the armies of cooks and waiters were working under discipline. The test of it all was in the cooking and serving of the eleven hundred and thirty-one halves of canvasbacks. They had to be cooked just about twenty minutes; they must reach each guest smoking hot, and with each serving there had to be the hominy chafing dish and the currant jelly.

The champagne could wait a bit, but the canvasback and its concomitants had to be prompt or the whole test would fail. It was an amazing success, made possible by many gas ranges, many cooks and drilled waiters; after eleven hundred and thirty-one Democrats got their canvasbacks in perfect form the matter of organizing for the next presidency seemed easy—and you will please not forget the use of Jersey on the bill-of-fare or the presence of A. Mitchell Palmer in the midst of the program! At the top of the program was a quotation and after it was Paradise Regained! Well, the Democrats will be back in Paradise on the fourth of March.

Settling a Question of Good Taste

THE man who guided this dinner was formerly the commander of one of the crack regiments of the South, and he knew how to plan and execute. Every one of the eleven hundred and thirty-one guests was seated and the service had begun within eight minutes. This gentleman has managed great dinners—not professionally, but entirely as part of his social life—for thirty years; and he is a keen judge of food values. He has attended public and private dinners, and has eaten canvasbacks for forty years or longer; and so I put the same question to him:

"Colonel, if a prime redhead and a prime canvasback cooked by the same cook were placed before you could you tell the difference?"

"No; I could not."

"Did you ever know a man who could?"

"One!"

And then came the story of a visitor at a Norfolk club who remarked that he could tell, blindfolded, the difference between the redhead and canvasback, and would be willing to bet a hundred dollars on the issue. The sporting instinct of the Virginians was roused, but they told the man that they did not want to take the money of a guest of the club. This point, after much parleying, was waived and the wager was made, the loser to pay the hundred dollars and the cost of the dinner.

You Thank Fortune That You are Living!

At that time Norfolk had an inspired cook who was known as Jimmie Jones. Many readers of this weekly who have stopped off at Norfolk will remember him. There was nothing fancy about his cooking, but it was superbly good. His tables were cheap and plain, but the things that went on them were perfect of their kind. So Jimmie cooked the ducks. They were brought before the guest two at a time, and then one at a time; then the same duck would be taken away and returned, and every variation possible in the test was tried—but the decision was unerring and the man won the bet.

"He is the only man I ever knew who could tell the difference," said the colonel; "and he is the only man I ever heard of who could really do it."

One line that runs through the history of all English-speaking countries and settlements is the slaughter of game. We Americans have been sadly guilty; but we learned it from our forebears who even yet have not wholly reformed. The British islands were thick with ducks and they were killed with stanchion guns. The forefathers called the daily flight "the rising of the decoy," and it was accentuated "by the roar of wings heard miles away on a still evening in the dreary fens of the Eastern counties." A swivel gun in one instance killed eighty-three ducks at a shot. This sort of thing went on for years. Then, after the massacre, came the Wild Birds' Protection Act, and in recent years the fowl have increased. But we read this as a recent record: "On the Holderness coast, on an evening when the ducks flew low and slow against a strong wind, a young farmer killed eighteen couple within half an hour, only desisting because his barrels got too hot." It's a difference of method—the wholesale butchery of the old swivel days and the modern shooting—but each bent on killing as many as possible.

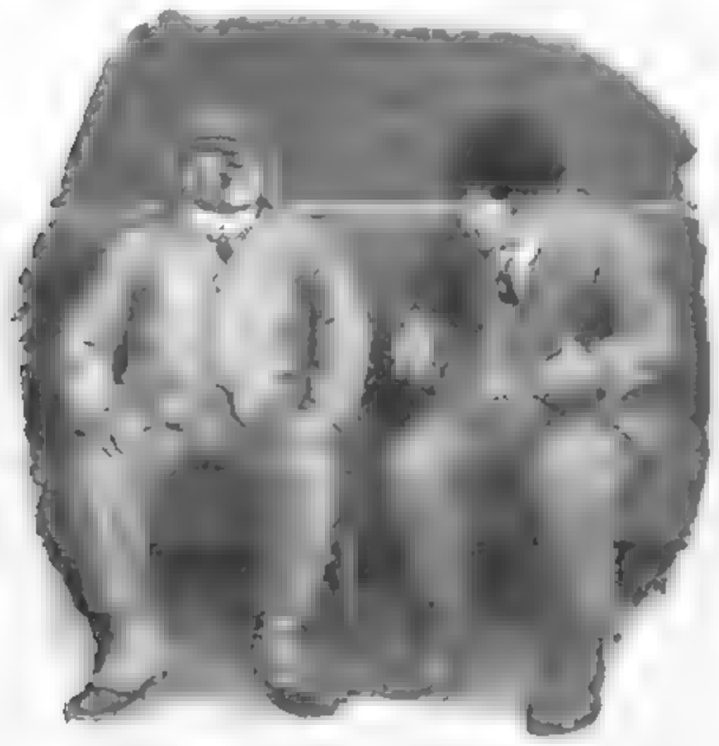
We have improved on that in America. In earlier times our ducks went in great flocks; when they rose they looked like black clouds. So the duck-hunters who worked for the markets put small cannon in their boats, and great guns that scattered their shot; and they killed the ducks literally by hundreds and thousands. They would return from a night's work with their boats loaded to the waterline.

Police Protection for Our Wild Fowl

THEN came the laws and the gamewardens, and the whole crop of legislation that has turned the tide of game destruction and has begun to restore the supply. The greatest canvasback region of America is round the head of Chesapeake Bay, and it is due to the immense flats on which wild celery grows better than anywhere else in the world. There is a special force of ducking policemen to protect this territory, and they are on guard all the time. There shall be no night shooting and no crossing of the line before five o'clock in the morning; and the various conditions are carefully fixed. Gunners may kill ducks on the flats three days a week during November and December, and four days a week during January, February and March.

Of course the Chesapeake is not the only canvasback country. The ducks breed in Canada, and later go in enormous numbers to the flats about Lake Huron and Lake Erie, along the Mississippi and to the Far Western waters; but the Chesapeake duck is best known because of the wild celery that grows like tall grass, having white roots on which the canvasback feeds, diving and tearing them up with great energy.

We learned not only from our forebears but from the Indians, and the Indians learned from Nature. The fox is fond of ducks; and ducks—especially canvasbacks—have a fatal curiosity. So to attract the ducks close enough for capture the fox had a way of making a noise along the shore. The Indians copied this scheme. The white people went the Indians one better and trained their dogs to make the noise. So if you should see a Chesapeake canine, of red-dirt color, cutting up antics by rushing to and fro in the water and behaving like a lunatic generally, you would know that he was tolling the ducks.



"Oh, Easy! It's in the Bill!"

If you are an old-time traveler between New York or Philadelphia and Washington you will recall seeing men with guns on the long bridges that crossed the rivers of the upper Chesapeake. On bridges and points of land, and in every place of vantage, you will find these men in season waiting for the daily flight of the ducks.

If you are fortunate you will alight at a way station and be met by a smiling darky who will take you in charge. You arrive at a low, rambling house, full of cheer and comfort, just in time for dinner; and you sit down to food that you never get in a hotel or restaurant. A quiet evening finds you in bed early, but you respond very slowly when the call to get up comes to you before daybreak. You eat breakfast by lamplight and go to the river in the shivering dawn. Gun in hand, you find yourself concealed in a battlement of grass and bushes, wondering why any human being could call that sort of misery sport. But just about the time you feel like chucking the whole thing and crawling back to the clubhouse for deliverance the ducks begin to come. A lovely, indescribable thrill tingles in your nerves; you find yourself popping away, and the world is full of new happiness.

It is the incomprehensible thing in human nature—this joy of killing. And yet most men seem to have it. To one of the ducking shores used to come Benjamin Harrison, when he was president of the United States, and afterward; and he was proud of his daily bag. Yet there never was a great man with a more tender heart than Harrison. Cleveland loved duck-shooting; and we all know that this strong man's nature was really as gentle as that of a schoolgirl. Some of the ducking clubs are the most exclusive in America; and to them men come for weekends or for a day's shooting, and no one ever knows—for there is every protection against publicity. More than once, since the season opened last November, you might find in a score of guests and members at one of these clubs representatives of the multimillions of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, of the highest politics of the nation, and of the biggest things in modern doing. And what would impress you would be the utter absence of luxury or style, or show of any sort. You would notice too that, though there was plenty of good eating, there was very little drinking.

The clubs are a small part of the ducking proposition however. Sprinkled at favorable sites for miles are blinds and sinkboxes and hiding places from which the ducks may be shot; and near them are the decoys. Much ingenuity is used—for the canvasback itself is one of the slyest and quickest of divers and fliers, and it goes with wonderful swiftness. The gunner must have both skill and strategy. Thus the canvasback is a standard of marksmanship; and he is a good shot who can gauge his distance and get his bird. If you have followed the canvasback you have found that it has several speeds; and you never know just where it is going to be when your load of shot gets to the point where you think it ought to be.

Last November every Eastern city was represented by duckshooters at Havre de Grace, and before dawn a great fleet of yachts and boats had moved down the river ready to get over the line at five A. M. Here is a current description of the day: "The wild-duck season opened yesterday on the Susquehanna Flats. From five o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening the popping of guns was continuous; and, as volley upon volley fell in the ranks of the wild fowl, whole flocks of frightened birds flew screaming up the mouth of the river and circled over the town. At seven A. M. their noise was so shrill that persons along the waterfront could scarcely hear themselves talking!"

This is doubtless exaggerated, but it shows that something was going on; and you get a keener interest in the day when you know that scores of men worth millions stood or sat in a driving rain in forgetfulness of discomfort and all else save the sport. You see, too, that in spite of the warnings of extinction the ducks still abound by the million. There have been enormous flocks on the Chesapeake this year. The Chesapeake is a great inland sea, with twenty-five hundred miles of tributaries; so that it would stretch the imagination even to guess how many ducks there are. I crossed the bay recently, and we saw, in our thirty miles' run, myriads of them.

These ducks are of all kinds—canvasbacks, redheads, mallards and trash. The trash ducks are usually worthless because they eat fish. All ducks are below par when the growth of wild celery is small. When forced to, both the canvasback and the redhead will eat fish; and this robs them at once of their gastronomic qualities. In other sections there are ducks just as truly canvasback as those of the Susquehanna Flats; but their food is different and their table value is little better than that of common ducks.

Foreign Chefs Have Been Pouring Sauces Over Good Home Materials

Perhaps the best way to show the supply of our most expensive duck is to take a few of the bags of the opening day on the Susquehanna Flats and find out how many of each kind were shot. The following yachts, be it understood, had parties of from three to ten gunners aboard, and the figures give their totals: Water Lily, seventy-five ducks—twenty-five canvasbacks; Mauretania, ninety-one ducks—ten canvasbacks, thirteen redheads; Foster, eleven ducks—four canvasbacks; Susquechesa, forty ducks—one canvasback; Frederick, thirty-one ducks—three canvasbacks, three redheads; Smith, seventy-one ducks—two canvasbacks; Jackson, fifty-four ducks—four canvasbacks, thirty-one mallards; Breze's Blind, forty ducks—one canvasback. These are a few of over a hundred ducking parties.

So here we have only fifty canvasbacks in a total killing of four hundred and thirteen ducks. This is an unusually good proportion. If the duckshooter gets one canvasback in ten he does well. On the flats west of Havre de Grace one man killed fifty-six ducks on the opening day—this was the record for individual shooting. Therefore we see small likelihood of the canvasback getting more plentiful or cheaper. In British Columbia and other parts of the Far North its eggs are hunted, and in its winter resorts in the United States it is mercilessly pursued.

Every year or oftener we read of a scheme to raise wild celery and breed canvasbacks, and thus by cultivation increase the supply. There is a far more fanciful plan of feeding all ducks on wild celery, and thus getting even into the tame domestic waddler some of the quality of the canvasback. But these ideas are futile. You cannot take the canvasback from its environment; its very wildness is its charm and its virtue.

It is a great thing to be the thousandth man, and possibly you are that man—or, at least, you are willing to test the canvasback. To enjoy it to the full don't dull your appetite by cocktails or liquor of any kind. Approach it with half a dozen medium or small oysters, a clear soup, and a bite of fish or some terrapin. You want your duck full-breasted. The fire must be hot and everything ready. How long? Eighteen—nineteen—twenty minutes, according to the heat; but not much longer under any circumstances. It comes to you with the blood oozing just a little from the flesh, and with it are hominy cakes or hominy in the chafing dish. At the side is a dish of currant jelly—real currant jelly. You cut off a generous mouthful, chew gently—and thank fortune that you are living!

A Southern financier of deep gastronomic knowledge has his own way of treating the canvasback. He learned it from his experience with the Rouen duck, in Paris, which figures in all gastronomic literature. The Rouen duck's best flesh is sliced off and put on the table in a chafing dish; then the rest of the fowl is crunched and the essence is squeezed from it by a press. The essence is then poured upon the duck meat. Applied to the canvasback this method is said to produce results that are ineffable and indelible. Those who eat the canvasback prepared thus think of it while they live, and go to Heaven wondering if they will find any more of it on the other shore! But the details even in this perfect dish must depend upon the human element—and you are more than a thousandth man if you have a good cook.

Warming the Flatiron

THERE came a very cold night in Minneapolis, and the general manager of one of the households there was troubled in her mind over the fact that the new maid, Hulda, had no fire in her room.

"Hulda," she said, "it will be very cold tonight and there is no fire in your room. You'd better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes'm," said Hulda.

Next morning the general manager visited the kitchen. "Well, Hulda," she asked, "how did you get along with the flatiron?"

"Vel, ma'am," sighed Hulda, "I ban got it most warm before morning."

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Uncle Sam and His Banks

FOR two generations Uncle Sam has been advertising to the world that personally he has no confidence in the banks of this country, though for nearly fifty years about half of them have been under his direct supervision and control. The history of banking affords no parallel to this situation.

After the destruction of the second Bank of the United States it was made a crime for any officer of the Government to deposit public funds under his control in a bank. How anybody else ever came to deposit in a bank, when the Government was declaring that to put any of its money in one was equivalent to stealing, is a mystery. By the National Bank Act deposits of internal revenue receipts were permitted; but it was not until five years ago that Congress allowed customs receipts to be deposited in banks; and only on February first last, when Secretary MacVeagh's new regulations went into effect, did the Federal Government assume something like that relationship to banks which all properly managed business concerns have long maintained—that is to say, for the first time since the forties, the Government's whole revenue may now be handled through banks.

Of course the Government's inveterate suspicion of banks—even of those under its own supervision—has not prevented an enormous growth of banking business. How much it may have had to do with the runs on banks that precede a panic it would be difficult to say. This traditional suspicion of banks still colors currency and banking debates at Washington.

Where the Gold Goes

FOR the last five years we have been hearing on every hand that the world was suffering from an oversupply of gold. Stimulated by enormous doses of that metal out of South African mines, commodity prices have advanced so fast that a clerk's income has looked like a "one-hoss shay" in a race with an automobile.

Now, however, a very eminent British banker rises to remark that there is no longer gold enough to go round. Of last year's output of half a billion dollars, he says, thirty per cent went to India, thirty per cent was consumed in the arts, twenty per cent was produced and retained in the United States, leaving only twenty per cent for all Europe—which is as a mere lettuce sandwich to a hungry harvest hand.

India is the interesting point. While the rest of the world has been producing and talking about gold, India has been burying it in immense quantities. The astonishing capacity of that poverty-stricken land to hoard silver was known long ago.

It was fondly hoped that India's underfed masses could not hoard gold, for the simple reason that they could not get hold of it; but of late gold has been pouring into India as into a bottomless pit—never to be seen again. With very little faith in human institutions and very little reason for any, the Indians tuck the goldpieces away somewhere as fast as they lay hold of them.

Of course there will always be too much gold or too little. Instead of trying to standardize the gold dollar we would prefer to abolish gold altogether and substitute, by international agreement, something that could be manufactured in exactly the right quantity—provided anybody could find out just what the right quantity was.

A Resolution in Plain English

THE resolution for a constitutional amendment the Senate recently adopted should have read as follows: "No faunal naturalist with conspicuous teeth, whose first name is Theodore and who resides at Oyster Bay, shall ever be eligible to the presidency." It would then have gone before the country on its merits.

No doubt the proposed amendment will fail—as it should. It is a frank reversion to the temper of the framers of the Constitution—with their profound distrust of the mass of the people and their anxious care to safeguard the Government at every point against the "unthinking mob." The real argument for it is that the people may become so infatuated with a man as to keep him in office after they should have dismissed him. Its true meaning is that the public cannot be trusted to know its own interests.

As we read the signs, this is not a time to lay fresh checks upon the popular will. When the Constitution is amended at all it will be in precisely the opposite direction. Today's need decidedly is for a Government more completely responsive to the public—not for a fresh limitation upon the voter's power to say who shall conduct the Government and how. No doubt the senatorial proposal will fail—notwithstanding a vote-catching clause in the Democratic platform that looks to the same end.

Ill-Considered Tax Laws

IT SHOULD not be forgotten that lobster palaces and the stock market are by no means the only magnets which draw opulent persons from other parts of the country to the metropolis. Under recent enlightened legislation in that state, for example, a holder of bonds and mortgages may register them, paying a fee of one-half of one per cent; and thereafter they are legally exempt from taxation. In Illinois, on the other hand, bonds are illegally exempt from taxation. During the holder's lifetime, by simply hardening his conscience a bit, he gets off even more lightly than his fellow investor in the Empire State. But at his demise, under the inheritance-tax law, a public functionary opens his safe-deposit box, and—if he is a conscientious functionary—not only levies the inheritance tax, but lists bonds for a personal-property tax which confiscates about two-fifths of the income derived from them. However debatable may be the respective attractions of the two commonwealths as a place for a bondholder to live, there is no question about New York's superiority as a place for him to die. And Illinois' personal-property-tax law is no more absurd and iniquitous than that of many other states.

Any state may retain such a law so long as it is not enforced. To the extent that it is enforced—as through Illinois' inheritance-tax act—the state will surely lose ground before its more enlightened neighbors.

The Jugglers of Wall Street

THE New York Stock Exchange, rather more than any institution we know, carries a chip on its shoulder for critics. Any outside suggestion that its practices show certain lapses from perfection is apt to be promptly resented. Governor Sulzer's very temperate statement of the case against the exchange provoked the retort that it was "unjustified by the facts."

Just at the time when the exchange was "earnestly protesting" against the governor's statement a very typical little episode happened. Something over four hundred thousand shares of American Can stock are outstanding. In 1912 the stock advanced from eleven dollars a share to forty-seven—then quite rapidly dropped back to twenty-six. During the greater part of January trading in this stock averaged about three thousand shares a day, some days falling as low as three hundred shares. But on the last four days of the month four hundred and thirty-six thousand shares were traded in—being considerably more than the whole amount outstanding—and the price advanced more than fourteen dollars a share. Meanwhile nobody imagined that any change whatever had occurred in the actual ownership of the company.

An institution where little episodes of that kind occur may be quite a model of its kind, but it is obviously a poor place for innocent bystanders. We understand there will be an official investigation. But from time immemorial stock exchange history has been dotted with like instances of manipulation.

The Income Tax

UNDOUBTEDLY the next Congress will levy an income tax. It may be a lazy, reactionary measure, framed with no regard to the world's experience or to the principles which scientific thought has derived from that experience—something slapped together and cracked through with no larger thought than that of getting the biggest possible income in the easiest possible way for the Government. In that event it will be one more unjust and unequal tax. A great many of those who should pay it will evade it, exactly as personal-property taxes are evaded. It will put a premium on lying and a penalty on truth; for those who pay will bear not only their own burdens, but the burdens of those who escape. It may take no cognizance of what ought to be the first principle in all taxation—that each citizen should contribute to the Government according to his ability. A man with a six-thousand-dollar income and a wife and children has not the same ability to support the Government that a bachelor with a six-thousand-dollar income has.

It may, in short, be one more folly and iniquity in our generally foolish and iniquitous revenue system.

On the other hand, it may be an enlightened measure, with the tax levied at the source of the income, reducing possibilities of evasion to a minimum, and with intelligent recognition of the different burdens that rest upon incomes of the same amount. If it is such an enlightened measure it may well prove the beginning of a reform in our whole revenue system, and be an ever-honorable monument to its framers. Which is it going to be?

A Hopeful Showing

THE world is short of capital. That is what the tightness in money all over Europe and the United States means. The demand upon capital for works that are necessary is tremendous. The world has not a dollar to throw away in building a new plant to do work that can be well done by plants already built.

The Railway Age Gazette reports that fewer miles of new railroad tracks were laid in this country in 1912 than in any year since 1897. On the other hand, more rolling-stock was ordered than in any year since 1906.

This is an admirable showing. Forty-five hundred new locomotives and two hundred and forty thousand new cars mean that the existing plant of railroad tracks and terminals is to be utilized to a much higher degree; its outturn of public utility will be decidedly larger than before. Spending money to get a greater outturn from the old plant is much better than tying up capital in new plants, while leaving the outturn of the old no higher than it was before. There is only capital enough for necessary work—none to waste in useless plant duplications.

The Men Who Fail

PROBABLY the American ideal is still to get into business for oneself rather than to work for somebody else. It is a very good ideal and we hope it will persist; but something is to be learned from the record of those who get out of business involuntarily every year.

Last year in the United States and Canada there were fifteen thousand business failures—as the commercial agencies use that term—meaning a termination of business that involves loss to creditors. Over fourteen thousand of these failures, or ninety-five per cent of the total, had been rated by the agencies as of "very moderate or no credit," and only eighty-six of them as of "very good credit." Nearly fourteen thousand of them had only five thousand dollars capital or less. Eighty per cent of the failures were attributed to shortcomings on the part of those who failed—as incompetence, inexperience, lack of capital, unwise extension of credits, speculation outside of the business—rather than to conditions that were beyond the control of the bankrupts; but it is noteworthy that only two hundred and seventy-five were attributed to neglect of business. They worked diligently, but lacked the equipment to succeed.

Of course the failure of a business by no means necessarily implies that the man is a failure. Next time he may succeed; but evidently he should have taken more careful stock of himself and his surroundings before the first venture.

Downtrodden Englishwomen

HOW downtrodden women actually are at the present moment is interestingly illustrated by the case of Mr. Wilks, an eminently respectable Englishman who was recently sent to jail because he was unable to pay his wife's income tax. His wife, it appears, had conscientious scruples against paying income tax to a government that withheld from women the right to vote. Under the Married Woman's Property Act the wife has absolute control of her own income the husband cannot touch a penny of it without her consent; but under other acts of Parliament the husband is liable for the wife's lawful debts. Mrs. Wilks' income tax undoubtedly was a lawful debt, and failure to pay one's debt when it is in the form of an income tax makes one liable to jail. Mrs. Wilks would not pay. Mr. Wilks could not. So the gentleman was sent to jail. Now this may reveal a condition highly prejudicial to women; but it is certainly hard lines on the husband. Mr. Zangwill pointed out that, under such conditions, for a poor man to marry a great heiress might be equivalent to a life sentence in the penitentiary.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The King's Chum

WHO is the most extraordinary man in the world? The Kaiser. Thus having settled that important question, let me give you one reason that may not have occurred to you.

The Kaiser is the only man—king or kinged—on the face of the earth who has an official storyteller who is worth fifty million dollars. Dollars, I said—fifty millions of them not marks! I should suppose that even the most bigoted hater of monarchs will admit it shows a dignified sense of imperial attributes when an emperor has an official storyteller who is worth half a hundred millions! Most kings, if they have jesters, have jesters who may be rich in quip and quirk, but who could not cash in financially for more than seven dollars. Quipping and quirking is neither a recognized nor an efficacious method for obtaining wealth.

Nor must it be imagined that the Kaiser's fifty-million-dollar yarn spinner obtained his by virtue of his ability as a raconteur. He did not. Most of the fifty millions was handed to him as the result of the philanthropic efforts of a long series of forebears in Germany and Austria who, observing that the common people had neither the capacity nor the time adequately to conserve such moneys as they laboriously were able to accumulate, simplified matters for the common people by taking their substance away from them on the broad general theory that the laborers would be far happier if they had no financial cares or worries. Of course if a representative of the common people protested he was able to hoard his own money it was at times necessary to convince him of the absurdity of his point of view by means of a sword skillfully applied in the region of his Adam's apple, which generally was sufficient and enabled the forebears, both of the Kaiser and his storyteller, to carry on their generous work of aiding their people to live the simple Teutonic life, unharassed by accumulation of increment these forebears could use to a much greater advantage—and did.

However all that is in the past. The point is that the Kaiser's pet storyteller—by name Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fürstenberg—has the fifty millions; and what difference does it make how he got it? Most of the contributors are dead, anyhow, and all of the ancestors have statues in various parts of the German Empire testifying to their many virtues and their extreme forehandedness.

They say Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fürstenberg is the richest man in Germany. I don't know about that, but it is reasonably certain he is one of the richest men in Germany and equally sure that he is getting richer every day. Likewise, when it comes to antiquity of family the prince has a line that runs back even farther than the Kaiser's; and, judging from that row of rectangular marble images the Kaiser has put up in the Tiergarten, in Berlin—statues of his ancestors—the Kaiser's line began a few minutes after the original inhabitants took up lodgings outside the Garden of Eden. It is said the prince's family antedates the Hohenzollerns somewhat; so the Kaiser considers the prince racially his equal, and they are great chums.

Warm Stories by Wire

NOW the Kaiser, aside from being a War Lord and a lot of other things, including the most extraordinary man in the world, is largely a human being. He likes stories of all kinds. A yarn with a tang to it appeals to him. He laughs at a witty saying when it is reported to him. Probably he hasn't as many opportunities to laugh, being hedged in in a most ceremonial fashion, as some others; so when he found a good storyteller he grabbed him. Fürstenberg is a good storyteller. He has a sense of humor, notwithstanding his topheavy ancestral responsibilities; and he has the faculty for gathering and retailing funny anecdotes and bons mots.

He is the Kaiser's own particular chum—the closest man in Germany to His Imperial Majesty. The prince is wherever the Kaiser is. If you see a photograph of the Kaiser in a German paper, about seven times out of ten, unless it is a photograph of a strictly court function—and often then—you will find Prince Max in the picture also. They visit together, go shooting together, go yachting together—foregather in the various palaces all over the realm. Last time I was in Germany the Kaiser was visiting the prince at the prince's great estate of Donaueschingen, in the Black Forest. They are inseparable. And it is the prince's chief function to keep the War Lord in good spirits by telling him the latest stories.

At It Again

You know how it goes: "Say, Bill, here's one I heard in the club last night." Business of telling story; loud laughter by the Kaiser; another decoration for Fürstenberg if the story is an especially good one. And if the prince happens to be away from the side of the Kaiser when he hears a good one he has imperative commands to go to the nearest telegraph station, seize a wire in the name of the emperor and wire the story in to the Kaiser at any time of the day or night—and mark it "Rush!" if it is especially piquant.

Naturally the prince is on the lookout for good stories. That is his business—keeping the emperor in a pleasant humor; and all the Germans who are in the prince's set know that and hand him the very latest. These he sorts out and passes on to the Kaiser. On days when things have been going badly at the palace and the Kaiser is fussing round he always comes to bat with a neat little thing that was said in a cabaret or somewhere else, and the Kaiser calms down—and he and the prince have dinner together.

Still, being storyteller to the Kaiser isn't Fürstenberg's only function. Storytelling is a side line with him, not a vocation; for, in addition to being a raconteur, he is a big business man and well informed generally. The Kaiser consults with him more frequently than with any other. It is said the Kaiser does not take an important step in the conduct of German affairs without consulting with Fürstenberg about it first. He has great respect for the judgment of the prince, and has frequently urged him to become Imperial Chancellor; but Fürstenberg is enough of an intimate to be able to refuse any such preferment. He is more important than a chancellor in his private capacity as storyteller and chief personal adviser.

Fürstenberg is both an Austrian and a German subject, which is a combination sometimes found in the old, mediatized families. Of course if Austria should ever go to war with Germany, the prince would be in a pretty kettle of fish; but the arrangement works well enough so long as the two countries are allied, and gives the prince a chance to look after his properties in each country with the full rights of a subject, instead of being a subject of one and an alien in the other. He is a fine-looking chap—straight, handsome, aristocratic in bearing and manner—and fully conscious of his position and responsibilities, with all the haughtiness of a German prince—than whom, it may be said, there are no haughtier princes extant.

He has time to look after his estates, also, and look after them in a thoroughly modern and twentieth-century manner. In company with another distant relative of the Kaiser, Prince Christian Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen, Fürstenberg runs what the Germans call the Princes' Trust, which is a combination of the wealth of the families of the two princes for the purpose of getting in on every good thing in Germany. Between them they swing about a hundred million dollars—not marks—and they are the German edition of the captains of high finance, with whom we are reasonably familiar on this side. They own great hotels in Berlin and Hamburg, big department stores, a steamship line from Hamburg to the Levant, the German-Palestine Bank, coal and iron mines at home and abroad, steel foundries, and extensive tracts of timberland to mention a few of their investments.

Further than this, the Kaiser has bestowed another imperial favor on Fürstenberg in addition to the storytelling concession. The prince owns a brewery in the Black Forest and the Kaiser permits the prince to advertise its products as His Majesty's Particular Table Beverage, which helps some in a marketing sense; and goes to prove again that because a man can tell a good story he is not necessarily deficient in a commercial sense, though the great bulk of the world's population—who cannot tell a story themselves and mostly cannot appreciate one—insists that such ability marks the total decay of all other faculties.

A Sincere Joker

THE returning war correspondents in London and Paris had many Servian stories to tell, illustrating, they said, the Servian official characteristics.

A high government official gave a dinner one night to which he invited many other high government officials and their wives. It was a notable function and the ladies wore all their jewels. The wife of the host was especially radiant and had on a famous pearl necklace. This was much admired and many of those present expressed the desire to see it at closer range; so the hostess graciously complied and placed the necklace on a richly chased silver platter or dish, and ordered the dish passed round the table.

For some reason the electric lights went out momentarily and when they came on again the necklace was gone.

The host rose and said: "I regret to observe this unfortunate incident; but, of course, consider it a joke, though in poor taste. However, in order that the joker may not be discovered for his clumsy joke and may restore the pearls, I shall turn off the lights again and when they come on I shall expect the necklace to be back on the silver platter."

He turned off the lights. The room was in darkness for half a minute. Then he turned them on again and the silver dish was gone also!

An Exclusive Institution

THE name of an American adventurer came up in London.

"What's he doing now?" asked Fred Grundy, the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

"Oh, he's floating round New York."

"Well," said Grundy, "you Americans boast of your non-exclusiveness; but there's one institution in your country that appears to me to be highly exclusive."

"What's that?"

"Your jails," said Grundy.

Willie Collier's Past

WILLIE COLLIER, the American actor, was in England and was invited to spend a week-end in the country by a distinguished and elderly duchess who rather patronizes Americans.

After Collier had arrived and had been shown to the great hall, his hostess came in.

"Oh, Mr. Collier," she gushed, "I am so glad, so very glad to have you as my guest! You see, I love Americans, and I know all about you—oh, indeed, yes I do—I know all about you."

Collier looked around apprehensively. "If that's so," he asked, "how did I get in?"

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THE STORE ON THE SIDE STREET

HIS friends all advised him against trying to make a success of a drug store so far from the business section and yet not far enough to have a neighborhood trade that would be profitable.

His competitors merely said, "Another fellow has taken that old Robinson store round on Pike Street," and perhaps added a laugh or expressed surprise that any man could have so little business sense as to be willing to take a chance where at least a round dozen men had been unable to make a living and had dropped out in disgust or despair—according to temperament and amount of capital invested and lost.

His financial backers and his bankers—he had none. He was just Jerry Johnson, a new College of Pharmacy graduate, with four hundred and forty dollars left after getting his diploma.

The advertisement of this store with fixtures that could be rented for fifteen dollars a month looked like a bargain. The store was modern in every particular. It contained a good soda fountain, which the owner of the building had held for unpaid rent. The last tenant had been gone a month when Jerry called round to look over the premises. He asked the landlord a good many questions and found out the stand was a perfectly good one, except for the fact that nobody ever passed that way, or almost nobody.

Before deciding about the matter Jerry took time to study the town a little. Its population was ten thousand. There was a good surrounding country, with its valuable farming trade. The industries of the town were well established, though they were neither many nor large. There were eight other drug stores, though only four of them did a business that could be called large or even profitable. Prices were not badly cut, patent medicines bringing such rates as ninety cents for dollar sizes and forty-five cents for half-dollar sizes.

A little investigation showed that the bulk of the population lived on the side of Main Street on which the empty store stood. Pike Street was a semi-residence street. On it were a few shops for millinery, tailoring, harness, and other business places of small size and few customers. There were several doctors, a few lawyers, and some residences belonging to old families who had not followed the trend of residential progress toward the outskirts. The nearest trolley went by the corner four doors away, but it was the main trolley line from the principal business section to the country, and from that corner down the trolley line to Main Street it was not more than fifty yards.

Jerry Johnson Moves In

Apparently the only reason why there was a drug store there was because the owner of the building had thought the store space would make a good pharmacy, and so he had fitted it up and offered it for rent, with the unfortunate results already mentioned.

Jerry Johnson was a Yankee. He had earned what money he had by hard work and he had accumulated only by thrift. He had no desire to lose that small capital by a wrong start. Yet that store was a good-looking store and the rent was a good-looking rent. It seemed to him that the mountain of business could be moved to Mahomet if Mahomet had the right kind of moving equipment.

So, one morning in April, the casual passers-by noted in each window of this Pike Street drug store a card, reading: "Jerry Johnson will be your druggist after May first." These passers-by had seen many new men begin in this store, but they recollected that none of them had remained long enough to become anybody's druggist, and there were a few smiles over the thought.

The last week in April there began to be signs of activity in the store and there appeared new signs, reading: "Jerry Johnson is inside now getting his stock ready. Come in and shake hands." This was intended to be an appeal to the people of that immediate vicinity and, though it was a busy time for the new proprietor, who had no help, still he knew that every single individual who could be made into a personal acquaintance would be an asset to the store when it opened for business.

The neighboring business people dropped in out of curiosity and they found a young man of cordial manners, who was ready to talk to them about their business as well as about his own. He asked every visitor of this sort whether he would not like to see more trade coming round on to Pike Street, and not one of them answered "No." By the time Jerry was ready to call his store open, on May first, he had impressed most of the Pike Street business men with the idea that there was no reason why they could not just as well get a bigger share of the town's prosperity. Property owners had been made to realize that more business on that street meant more valuable property. Residents found themselves thinking, after a talk with Jerry, that a busier street would mean a lighter, cleaner, brighter street, and more attention to the things the aldermen ought to be doing for them.

Jerry had not stopped with asking people to come in by means of his signs in the windows. He had at odd times, beginning even before he commenced work in the store, made calls. He had striven all the time to develop a Pike Street community sentiment—to make Pike Street people feel that it was up to them to boost Pike Street.

The Private Cigar Box

He had written letters to every man on the street, in which he had said practically the same things he had talked. Instead of setting out to interest people in his business exclusively, he had set out to interest them in Pike Street for the benefit of their own business success. He knew that people are always willing to talk or to think about their own business affairs, and he knew that they will always grant a hearing to any one who can show them where they can make more money or improve their own situation.

He made himself a person of interest to them by appealing to their own interests.

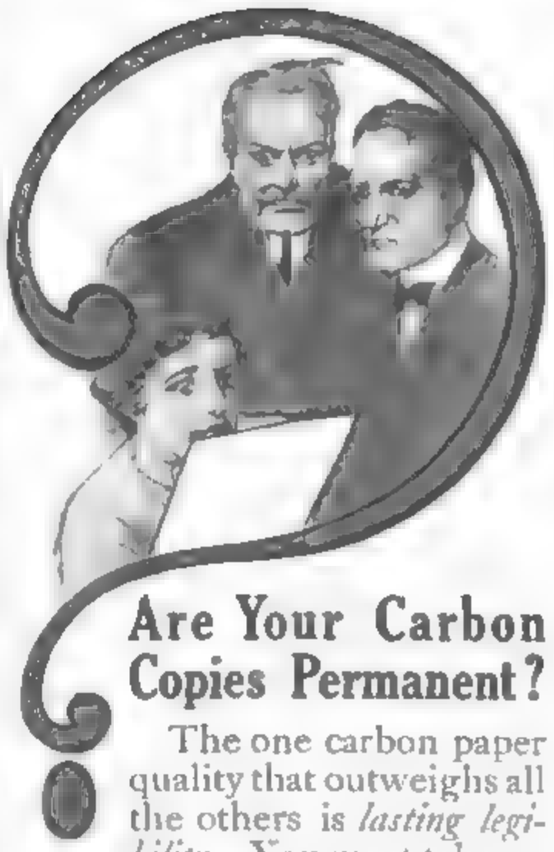
There was no money to spare for an opening splurge. Others who had started in the Pike Street store had held openings and had given the ladies souvenirs and the men cigars. Jerry had no souvenirs to give and, though he made it his policy to be generous as a merchant, he omitted the expensive opening feature. He displayed under each window a plain sign, one reading "Drug Store," the other reading "Stationery." Over the door he put another plain sign, reading "Jerry Johnson's Pharmacy." Still another sign went up. This one read merely "Drugs," but it was printed on both sides and extended out from the store and across the walk so it could be read from either up or down the street. No one could very well pass along this street of few stores without noting Jerry's presence.

Before putting many cigars in stock Jerry asked every smoker on the street, calling upon him for the purpose if he did not meet him elsewhere, what brand of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco he used. Then he tabulated this information and proceeded to stock a very small supply of all these goods. The cigars, which were exclusive sale goods and sold already only by one other store, were secured by buying a single box at that other store. In most of such instances Jerry was given a special rate on the cigars when he mentioned that he was the new druggist.

Thus he had been running the store for little more than a week when he had in stock just the tobacco wanted by practically every smoker on his street. The brands that sold to only one or two men he kept under the case, so that each had his private box; and it was a tribute to the customer's vanity when he could walk into the store and invite a friend to have a cigar from his private box.

Jerry established such relations with the nearest jobber that he could buy any well-known proprietary preparation in any quantity, from a twelfth of a dozen up. He made it his policy from the first to have the generally advertised goods and, when asked for anything new that he did not have, to get it at once.

However, the entire trade of Pike Street people would not make a very large drug business and Jerry had no mind to stop with that. He had his eyes upon the farming trade. He was himself a farmer's boy and he knew how to get along with farmer customers if he could get them into the store.



Are Your Carbon Copies Permanent?

The one carbon paper quality that outweighs all the others is *lasting legibility*. You must take no chances on this point, or some day your unreadable "records" will cost you dear.

There's no reasonable excuse for running risks, since there's only a trifling saving in poor carbon paper over

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

CARBON PAPER

We have given twenty years to the chemical and physical problems of making carbon paper right. Here's a hint of the character of the problems: MultiKopy is so delicately compounded that under the type-hammer, it gives off a film one hundred-thousandth of an inch thick—from two to five times as thin as other carbons give. *Think that over.* Also, we have evolved a black and a blue carbon that are absolutely unfading—two, six, fifteen years show no change whatever in the copy. MultiKopy stands alone for permanency and efficiency.

It is economical—truly economical, because one sheet is good for 100 letters and because MultiKopy is always uniform and does not dry out.

Mr. Business Man, of all the minor expenses in your business, there's none more important, none in which mistakes are more costly or false economy more wasteful than carbon paper. Your one *surely right* course is to use MultiKopy.

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper

Send for a FREE SAMPLE SHEET of MultiKopy and put it to every comparative test you and your stenographer can devise.

F. S. WEBSTER CO.
335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
Address letters to the Home Office

Sales Offices:
New York, 396-8 Broadway
Chicago, 222 West Madison St
Philadelphia, 908 Walnut St
Pittsburgh, 829-830 Park Bldg

We Met Nine Skeptics

One day last December.

Nine men who said that baked beans tasted all alike to them.

We sent out and bought 15 kinds of baked beans. And we served all without labels, including a can of Van Camp's.

Each of those nine picked the dish he liked best. And all picked the same dish without knowing who baked it.

That dish was, of course, Van Camp's.

Nine Million Men Would Do It

Any nine men, or nine million men, would reach the same conclusion.

For no other baked beans, in zest and flavor, even resemble Van Camp's.

Compare them yourself and see.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's are picked-out beans, ripe, plump and even-sized.

They are baked in steam ovens, so they come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

The tomato sauce is baked with the beans—a sauce made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

Van Camp's come to your table with the fresh oven flavor.

And able chefs, for years and years, have devoted their skill to this dish.

Just for curiosity, try these beans tomorrow. See what wins men to them.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.

Indianapolis, Indiana

(239)

He was sure he could make them come back if he could get them to come and visit him once; but the trolley took them all right by the nearest corner down to Main Street, and there they did their shopping, where the stores were near together.

He secured a list of the names of farmers and tried asking them to come and leave their wraps or their parcels at his store, taking checks for them. He had abundant room for this. A good many took advantage of the plan and it was further facilitated by a little invention Jerry devised, making it possible for them to wait in his store for their car to come along.

He obtained permission from the trolley people to put in an electric-bell connection, by means of which he notified his patrons when a car entered the block next to the adjacent corner. On one dial on the wall was a bell that rang when a down car was coming. On another dial was a bell indicating an up car. Thus a patron was given two or three minutes in which to go out to meet the car and was enabled to wait comfortably.

This little scheme worked satisfactorily when the car stopped at the corner; but if it happened to make no stop there the passenger from Jerry's store would not always make it.

Then it was that Jerry called together all the business men and residents on Pike Street and suggested that they take steps to get the trolley company to stop every car at the corner of Pike Street. His plan was to rent a small room next door to his store and in the same building—one that had just been vacated by a harness-maker—put chairs in there and make a trolley waiting room out of it. He himself admitted that it was of chief value to his business and that on that account he would open it into his store by cutting a door, and heat and light it, besides paying his share of the rent.

Since this was the point where all Pike Street took the trolley, the plan was hailed with pleasure; and in a short time the waiting room—a door nearer the corner than Jerry—was made ready, with the indicator dials to tell when the cars were coming and with the certainty that the passenger could wait there until the bell rang and then make the car.

Getting After the Printers

This plan offered the farmers a waiting room, which they did not have on Main Street, and they could also check parcels and wraps there. It brought an almost immediate response in the way of an increase in the business from the rural districts and from the suburban sections along that trolley line.

Jerry kept his eyes open for every way in which he could add one or two or a few customers to his regular list. He had little chance to catch transient trade, for none came his way, but every regular customer meant an addition to his business. The street was not paved and he made it a point to keep a clean crossing from his door to the opposite side when the street was muddy. Just opposite was an alleyway which led to the employees' entrance to one of the newspaper offices.

Jerry had not noted the men coming out of the alleyway long before he marked them for his own. He made up window displays of tobacco and put in a card reading—in letters so large that they flared in the face of a man coming out from the printshop—"Printers' Delight" and "Printers' Special Tobacco." He secured a list of the employees of the printing plant and mailed them advertising. He had dodgers printed appealing especially to the printers, and scattered them down the little alley. He made himself known to those printers and they gradually adopted his store. He even wrote letters to the paper printed there, asking it to give its employees certain privileges that they wanted. He did everything possible to make the printers take notice of him. Of course this all helped him with the printers in the other shops as well.

He tried to get a permit to put out on the corner where the trolleys went by a sign, pointing to his drug store and reading on an index hand: "Drug Store." This, however, he was unable to do; so he had a supply of dodgers printed reading: "Good Drug Store Four Doors Up This Street." He stuck these dodgers up wherever he could and even pasted them upon the sidewalk in the vicinity of the corner. He had to renew these every morning and sometimes oftener, but it took only a few minutes to go out and replace those that were torn down or blown away, and it kept calling attention to his store. Jerry figured that if this turned one customer a week his way it would pay, and if it were the means of making him one regular customer a month it would be a fine investment.

The business soon reached a point where it became necessary to have help and, instead of engaging a cheap boy, he hired a competent soda dispenser who was willing to sell the other lines and do other work.

About this time Jerry decided to organize Pike Street. He got the business men of the street together to form a club to boost the street. This club accomplished many things that had a tendency to increase the amount of travel over the street.

At the end of the street farthest from the drug store it put up a sign on the property of the owner of the corner: "This Street the Shortest Way to the Retail Section." Another sign read: "Trolley For All Points Passes Other End of This Street." A little influence brought to bear upon the aldermen secured a couple of extra street lights, which eliminated the dark spots and made the street a favorite route for women without escort after dark.

As soon as Jerry was able to afford space in the local newspapers—two issued in the evening and one in the morning—he began to advertise in that way. He started with five inches of space, single column, and this he increased to double column as the business developed. Occasionally he used larger space when he had important store news to give.

Everyone Hiking to Pike Street

In all this advertising and in that going to the farmers he called his store the "Round-the-Corner Store," or rather, he used the signature of "Jerry Johnson, Round-the-Corner Druggist." This caught right on and became a byword throughout the town. He associated with this the catch phrase: "It Pays to Hike to Pike Street." Later on when other Pike Street business men began to advertise, at Jerry's suggestion they all attached this phrase to their advertisements.

The Pike Street Club was able to give this phrase a good deal of current publicity by using it wherever the members went, and it was not long before the merchants on Main Street began to look for means to counteract the work of Pike Street. They were rather backward, however, about doing anything, for the reason that they regarded Pike Street's business aspirations as a joke, and they made the mistake of treating them as such. This, of course, placed them in a position where they would be laughed at when they were finally forced to admit that they had underrated their round-the-corner neighbors.

In his store Jerry kept something new always at the fore. He studied the advertising pages of the magazines and of the trade journals to find something that would arrest attention by reason of its novelty. He paid no attention to whether this article was a part of the regular drug-store lines or not. He brought in a sample lot of automatic clothesline reels as quickly as he would buy a confectionery novelty or a pin-proof hot-water bottle. These new things he always displayed on a short counter right in the middle of the front of the store.

The children he made his pets. There was a grammar school on the street adjoining Pike Street. Jerry had twelve-inch rules made with his advertisement on them. This advertisement did not follow the usual form; instead it read: "Jerry Johnson Likes School-Children." One day he employed a boy to distribute at the schoolhouse door after school coupons bearing the words: "Who Likes School-Children? This coupon good for the answer and a souvenir at the Round-the-Corner Store right now."

These rules made friends of the school-children and made their parents acquainted with the Round-the-Corner Store. Jerry handed out those rules himself and to every child he said: "I'm your friend; come and see me often."

Today Jerry owns two stores—one on Main Street and one the old Round-the-Corner Store. The Main Street store does the larger business, of course, because the ability that enables a man to get a successful business coming to him round the corner will enable him to develop a phenomenally large trade in the retail center of town.

His methods have changed in detail, not in principle. He still likes school-children and, instead of being chief booster merely for Pike Street, he is chief booster for his town, and he has organized the business men of the whole town into a club that is doing for the town what the Pike Street Club did for Pike Street in the old days.

It Fills Itself

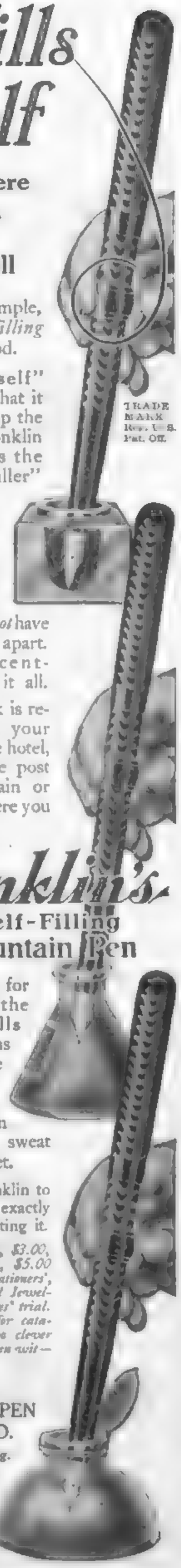
anywhere from any inkwell

That's the simple, clean, *self-filling Conklin* method.

"It Fills Itself" means just what it says. You dip the self-filling Conklin in ink, press the "Crescent-Filler" and the pen *fills itself*—without spilling a drop.

You *do not* use a dropper-filler—you *do not* have to take pen apart. The "Crescent-Filler" does it all.

No special ink is required. Fill your Conklin at the hotel, the bank, the post office, on train or boat—anywhere you can find ink.



Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

It can't clog, for every time the Conklin Fills Itself it cleans itself at the same time. The Conklin screw-cap pen can't leak or sweat in your pocket.

There's a Conklin to suit your hand exactly—insist on getting it.

Prices—$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. At Stationers', Druggists' and Jewelers' on 30 days' trial. Write today for catalogue and two clever little books of pen wit—all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.

277 Conklin Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio
U. S. A.

NEW YORK
366 Fifth Avenue
BOSTON
39 Temple Place
CHICAGO
700 N. Amer. Bldg.

Book of a Thousand Ideas Mailed Free

"See, Mother, What We Have Made!"

The brother and sister in this picture are live wires. Why? [illegible] of young folks who get what they want [illegible] than two months ago, they first heard of our

"Book of a Thousand Ideas"

They got it and since then have made many things [illegible] were conducting a marked-down sale of gold [illegible] But everybody seems just as much interested in

FLEMISH-ART-CO

Pyro-Scroll

Wood Sawing and Wood Burning Outfits

It's the new home pastime—delightful, fascinating, profitable [illegible] book of a thousand ideas [illegible] full of pictures of FLEMISH-ART-CO outfits and designs on wood, illustrating the many articles [illegible] Tells the whole captivating story. A post card will bring it

FLEMISH-ART-CO

Pyrography

To the thousands who have enjoyed and profited by Pyrography we recommend FLEMISH ART CO Pyrography outfits, which include selected three-ply [illegible] won't split nor break; with stamped [illegible] and full [illegible] are only 25c—practically [illegible] are sold at department [illegible] or we'll supply you direct [illegible]

The big story, however [illegible] Work and Pyrography, with [illegible] have prepared [illegible] ART CO PYRO SCROLL [illegible] We now [illegible] FLEMISH ART CO [illegible] Book [illegible] and [illegible] FREE

Glove Box

Work Basket

Blotter Holder

FLEMISH ART COMPANY
33 Union Square
New York
M. B. Baer, President

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: I have been knocking round Washington for a good many years and have seen a considerable number of changes of administration, and every time there is a change I am reminded of the time old Senator Pugh, of Alabama, got the letter from his son.

It was back in the Populist days, and the son wrote to the senatorial father that the Pops were getting very numerous down Alabama way, and were likely to make a good deal of trouble politically for the old man. They were threatening to put up a candidate against him for senator—and a lot of other disconcerting things.

Pugh read the letter in the Democratic cloakroom, and as he finished it he said:

"Well, I've got to go down to Alabama right away."

"What for?" asked a senatorial comrade who was enjoying the woodfire with him.

"My boy writes me them Pops is gettin' mighty bad down there, and I've got to go and look into it."

"I suppose you will fight them," ventured the other senator.

"Fight 'em?" said Pugh. "I dunno about that. If they're as bad as my son writes most likely I'll jine 'em."

That's about the way of it down here. Washington is jammed with men who have been lifelong Democrats since the fifth of last November, which was—if you recollect—election day. Far be it from any of these patriots who are glued to the payroll to allow an administration to shift any quicker than they can. You'll find hundreds of them telling how Thomas Jefferson was the greatest American who ever stood in shoe leather; and how, even if he was, he had only a shade on Woodrow Wilson, who is coming along about March fourth to guide such destinies of this nation as he may find connected up with the steering gear that will be under his control. Also, you will discover that the hotel lobbies and the department buildings are crowded with gentlemen—and ladies—who never did think those horrible things they said about Mr. Bryan were true "a-tall, a-tall"—especially when the rumor is strong that Mr. Bryan is to be in the new Cabinet, which I don't know whether he is or not, but which he won't be if he has any political sense.

I can't think of any better illustration of the adaptability of our jobholders than the case of Neal—Henry Neal, the messenger to the Speaker of the House of Representatives—as astute a black man as this country has produced, and a wonder in the way of remaining on the payroll.

A Homer for Birthplaces

First time I knew anything about Neal was when Crisp was Speaker, away back yonder in the Fifty-second Congress, twenty years ago. Neal arrived with Mr. Crisp, or Mr. Crisp found him here; but, anyhow, Neal was Speaker Crisp's messenger, and Neal gave it out he was from Georgia and a Democrat.

After Crisp finished and Thomas B. Reed came back as speaker, there was Neal. "Yassir," he said, "I am one of the original colored Republicans of the grand old state of Maine. Has you been back to the old home town of Portland lately? And how is all the boys?"

Dave Henderson took the chair. "When I was a boy out in Iowa," said Neal, "I used to say General Henderson was sure to be a big man—and here he is Speaker of this House! And he don't forget the old home folks, neither, for I'm his messenger, and all my relations out in Iowa is proud of the General and proud of me."

Then came Uncle Joe. "I'm a native of Danville, Illinois," said Neal—"born and raised there; and all my folks is Republicans. Seems good to see them old Danville folks droppin' in to see Mr. Cannon and rememberin' me, Yassir—after Mr. Cannon retires we's goin' right back to Danville to spend our declinin' years."

And now, when you go up to call on Champ Clark, there is Neal, polite, urbane, courteous, and a rip-snorting Democrat. "I realize," says Neal, "that mostly the men of my race down in Missouri is Republicans, but not me! I know who is the friend of the black man. Why, when I was a little feller in Bowling Green I picked out the Democratic party for the one for me to tie to, an' I'll never forget the day Mr. Clark came to town! I always voted for him down there in Bowling Green."

Still, Neal has nothing on the bulk of our public servants when it comes to the big shift. They are all handy boys, who have always been open to conviction as to the merits of the two great parties, and are now firmly convinced the hope of the nation exists only in the Democracy. All it took to convince them was the election result. To be sure, a lot of them, merely for the sake of expediency, seemed to be Republican in their sympathies during the past sixteen years; but in reality their hearts were true to the principles and tenets of the Democracy, and they are now proud and glad to acknowledge their allegiance and not afraid to stand up and be counted.

As nearly as I can find out, their apparent Republicanism during the retirement of the Democrats was merely for the purpose of holding real Republicans off the payroll. They figured more harm could be done to the G. O. P. by keeping its members out of jobs than in any other way.

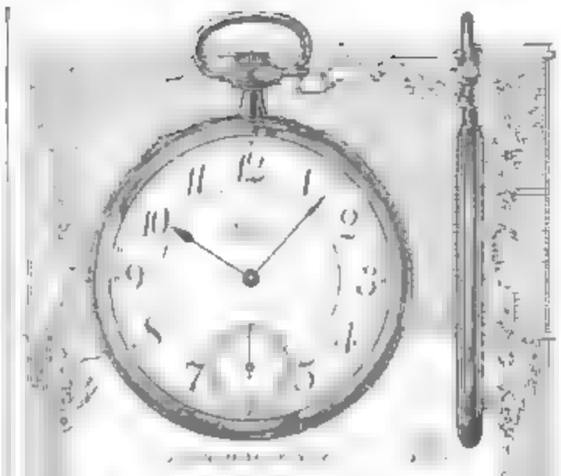
The Terrapin Route to Society

Reminds me of the theory Mose Wetmore, of St. Louis, used to have about the proper way to bust a trust. Mose was in the tobacco business and he was a good, lively competitor to the Tobacco Trust. Every so often the trust would come down to St. Louis and buy Mose out. He was agin trusts and he did not care who knew it, but he held that the only way to cripple a trust really was to take money away from it; so every time he sold out he started up again and the trust had to keep buying him out. Mose figured he did more to put a crimp in the tobacco monopoly than almost any other person.

The most interesting phase of this conversion to the Democracy, however, is not among the politicians; it is among the society folks. Strange as it may seem, there are scores of hospitable boards in this town and dozens of big houses where the leading guests at functions have suddenly become Democrats; and the best seller in the local bookstores is Woodrow Wilson's Complete Works. In almost any of the palaces that line our principal avenues you will find W. Wilson's George Washington carelessly displayed on the hall table, where the incoming guest cannot fail to see it; and the imperative need of a revision of the tariff, and the crime of the present currency laws, and the hope for the people that is vested in the incoming Democratic Administration are discussed at all society gatherings and warmly applauded.

You see, what we call society in Washington is not what they call it in Philadelphia or Boston or New York, or in any other town. There are a few old families here who keep to themselves and boast of the days before the war, when the upstarts were not in the limelight; but they don't count. What is known as Washington society now is so new it creaks. About fifteen years ago some smart person, with a few millions and no chance to horn in, in New York, for example, found out there was a chance in Washington, and that by judiciously investing some of his money in a house, and by setting up slathers of terrapin and wine, he could give enough official class to his functions to make him seem important. So he built his house, set up his wine and terrapin, and broke in. Then came a long string of other persons, with nothing but their money to recommend them; and they built big houses and set up the champagne and the terrapin—and they broke in too.

It was simple enough. Washington is the most sycophantic town on this earth! We Americans pat ourselves on the chests and say we are the truest exponents of real democracy—and there isn't a place on the globe where titles count for so much, and where their wearers are so much sought. Every person who gives a dinner or a ball, or any kind of a function, angles for the big fellows to come and give that entertainment class. A dinner, for example, that has at it



It is real watchmaking by real watchmakers—

—it is the fine hand finishing and adjusting of skilled Swiss craftsmen to which the machines have done the preliminary that makes possible the accuracy [illegible]

GRU-EN VERITHIN WATCH

Only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch—light, compact, perfectly proportioned—the distinctive beauty of the Gruen Verithin makes it the most admired of watches. The fact that it combines with this beautiful thinness the highest timekeeping precision has made it the most respected of watches.

Write today for the interesting "Story of the Gruen Verithin." With it we will send you the names of real watchmakers who are the Gruen dealers in your locality, as the supply is limited and not all dealers can get the Gruen

Men's and Ladies' Sizes
Prices —$25 to $250
GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO.
[illegible]
31-A E Fifth Ave [illegible] Cincinnati, O.
[illegible]

Stays Hot All Night

Always in good condition—guaranteed 50 years, if you wish handsome, polished, all one piece.

The M. H. P. Aluminum Hot Water Bottle

stands *flat*—so you can't scald your hands in filling with boiling water. Foot-warmer, or for abdomen or small of back. Cotton felt bag free.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for prices and description, giving dealer's name. We will supply you direct upon receipt of price, $3.50.

Fanning Sales Co.
135 Washington St.
Providence
R. I.

The Florsheim SHOE

The Duke
Low toe and heel

Ready to Wear

every day until worn out—
Real comfort from the start in "Natural Shape" shoes—no "breaking in"—200 styles.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—
You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Style Book FREE upon request.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Bull
Raised toe and heel

SUPPOSE YOU HAD A BILLIARD TABLE

NO DULL EVENINGS The family with a Billiard and Pool Table of its own is never at a loss for a lively, fascinating way to spend an evening. These splendid games provide a constantly new, varying interest. Every member of your family will enjoy them.

YOUR HOME POPULAR No other form of entertainment will appeal so strongly to your guests. Your home will become a most attractive place, to which your friends will delight to come.

$1.00 DOWN

Terms, $1 or more down (depending upon size and style), and a small amount each month. Prices $15 up. Balls, cues, etc., free. (This cut shows Table No. 73—$50. Stand, $2.50 extra. $5 down, $5 per month.)

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

needs no special room. It can be mounted upon dining or library table or on its own legs or folding stand. Set up or taken down in a moment.

THE IDEAL EXERCISE Brain, hand, eye and many muscles are called into play for every shot. The mild exercise is very beneficial and the constantly changing problems extremely refreshing, especially to the mind of the hard-thinking business man.

YOU CAN BE AN EXPERT Burrowes Tables are adapted for the most skillful play. Some of the leading experts use them for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost precision.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of [illegible] we will send you a Burrowes Table. Play on it one week, and if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money, [illegible] Write us for [illegible] catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 821 Center Street, Portland, Me.

an ambassador or two and a Cabinet member or two, is of much greater social consequence than one that can boast merely ministers or assistant secretaries. And, inasmuch as the social fabric of Washington is predicated on the entertainment basis, the bigger the persons you can entertain the higher you stand.

It is the fact that the big officials are not averse to going out; and no one ever heard of a diplomat, a diplomatist, or any kind of an embassy or legation attaché, who was not willing to shove his feet under one of these big tables at any time. Champagne and terrapin catch them all. So the newly rich came along; and the result has been that the town is speckled with big houses, and that the dinner and reception lists at these houses are speckled with names. And the owners have accomplished more for themselves in getting this sort of recognition than they could accomplish in any other city in a hundred years.

Naturally all these climbers have been Republicans for social purposes, for all the big officials have been Republicans—or most of them; but so soon as it was certain Mr. Wilson was elected, and that for the next four years it is to be a Democratic Administration, they shifted as one man or one woman. They are all Democrats now—lifelong Democrats at that—and they don't care who knows it. Army and navy officers, who have no politics, of course, are letting it drop that had they ever taken part in politics they, as is well known to their intimates though they have never said much about it, would have voted and supported the candidates and principles of the Democratic party. In their positions, to be sure, active participation in politics has been impossible; but, at the same time, their sympathies have always been with the Democracy. And is there anything that could be done to bring this fact before Mr. Wilson in hope that a long-deferred but justly merited promotion may be secured?

Gold Plates for Democrats

We're all Democrats! The departments are inhabited exclusively by Democrats, except in the appointive places high up; and most of the men holding those are willing to remain with open minds and no prejudice against Democracy. The army and the navy are Democratic, and so is every last dinner and dance giver. The cotillion leaders are all Democrats, and the hostesses have never been anything else—to hear them tell it. Even the members of the diplomatic corps allow they have been studying the differences between the policies of the Republicans and the Democrats, and are frank to say there is much of merit, from their foreign view, in the principles Mr. Wilson is supposed to represent.

You see, Jim, it is all a part of the game. Political principles are pretty in the abstract and are held in high regard by all who know anything about them; but the payroll is a concrete proposition and no political principle can buck against it. No person is going to be so hidebound as not to admit that possibly in holding that the salvation of the nation was up to the Republicans he was wrong; and no member of our social set, who has a big investment in a house and a standing to maintain, but is convinced that his former conclusions may have been hasty.

One of our millionaires who broke into society via the palace and terrapin route has a gold service from which thirty people can dine. Of course it is never used except when he has snared ambassadors and Cabinet members, and such, whose names look imposing on the list his secretary sends to the newspapers.

One time he was giving a dinner and had captured a couple of big ones—a couple of guests whose presence made the gold service imperative. Through some mix-up forty invitations were sent out and he got thirty-five acceptances. He was in a dreadful pickle, for he had gold plate for only thirty.

"What shall I do?" he asked his social mentor. "I must use my gold plate and I have only enough of it for thirty persons."

The social mentor gave the problem thought. It was a Republican Administration at the time; so he went to his boss and said:

"Are there any Democrats on the list?"

"Oh, yes—several."

"Well, let five of the Democrats eat off the silver. They don't count anyhow!"

You'll find the Democrats eating off the gold now! I suppose you are a lifelong Democrat, too, Jim?

BILL.

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Because it is made in large panels nailed to the new wall and ceiling lumbers or over the plaster of old rooms.

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Because made of pure-wood fibre, free from dust, germs and [illegible] and not [illegible] Used in U. S. hospitals [illegible] and endorsed by [illegible]

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Your Home is Judged By Your Bath Room

THE modern bath room symbolizes the clean, wholesome, healthful things of life. It is the daily restorer of vitality.

It speeds the business man towards his day's work, bodily fit and mentally fresh. It receives him in the evening, weary in mind and body, and sends him out freshly rejuvenated—nerves soothed, muscles elastic—and with a glowing sense of well being.

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"Her bath room fairly sparkled. She is a wonderful housekeeper," says the departing guest.

The Englishman is known by his "tub," but the American is known by his bath room. The American has made the bath room synonymous with cleanliness, convenience and luxury.

He has done it by his native zeal for efficiency in *small* things. A porcelain tub does not make a bath room. It is the small devices, that give each member of the family an allotted place for his or her possessions—from Baby's sponge to Father's shaving tools. Little Son can have a place for his tooth brush—the same as Father, Mother and Big Sister. It teaches habits of cleanliness early in life. It is the only really *sanitary* way.

This Attractive Bath Room is fitted with the following articles of SAN-O-LA WARE

SAN-O-LA Selection No. 6

1 No. 760 Wash Rag Holder . . . . . $ .75
1 No. 909 Towel Basket 4.80
1 No. 750 Medicine Cabinet 5.00
1 No. 812 16x24 Mirror 4.00

Any of these articles may be purchased separately at each price shown

SAN-O-LA

BATH ROOM WARE

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Every Article Bearing the SAN-O-LA trademark is plainly stamped "Art Brass Co., N. Y." This means that it is of the finest materials and workmanship and is *guaranteed* to give entire satisfaction. Our ABC Finish is *extra heavy* nickel plate *warranted for five years.* ART BRASS CO., NEW YORK.

IT is easy to make your bath room luxurious and well ordered. The purpose of SAN-O-LA ware is to give these necessary touches. The Art Brass Company's SAN-O-LA bath room ware has an exquisite finish of extra heavy nickel plate—like the most beautiful silverware, but much *harder* and *more lasting* than silver plate. WE WARRANT IT FOR FIVE YEARS.

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The design is beautiful—simple and graceful, free from the needless ornamentation that collects dirt. SAN-O-LA is absolutely sanitary.

One need not be wealthy to have a really beautiful *bath room de luxe*. While SAN-O-LA may be found in the most lavish and beautiful homes in America, the variety of styles brings the cost within the reach of everybody. At even small expenditure you can have some of these necessary luxuries in your bath room.

The way to prove this is to go to your dealer's and see his display of SAN-O-LA ware. But be sure that you see—and buy—genuine SAN-O-LA ware, each piece of which is plainly stamped ART BRASS CO., N. Y.

To make sure—send for names of SAN-O-LA dealers in your city. A post card to us at 299 East 134th Street, New York, will bring you our new folder, describing six ideal combinations of SAN-O-LA fixtures, with our compliments.

No. 1166
Sanitary Tooth Brush Holder, 55c

No. 150
Man's Mirror 9x8 inches
$2.50

No. 317 Soap Dish and Tumbler Holder complete with ware $1.80

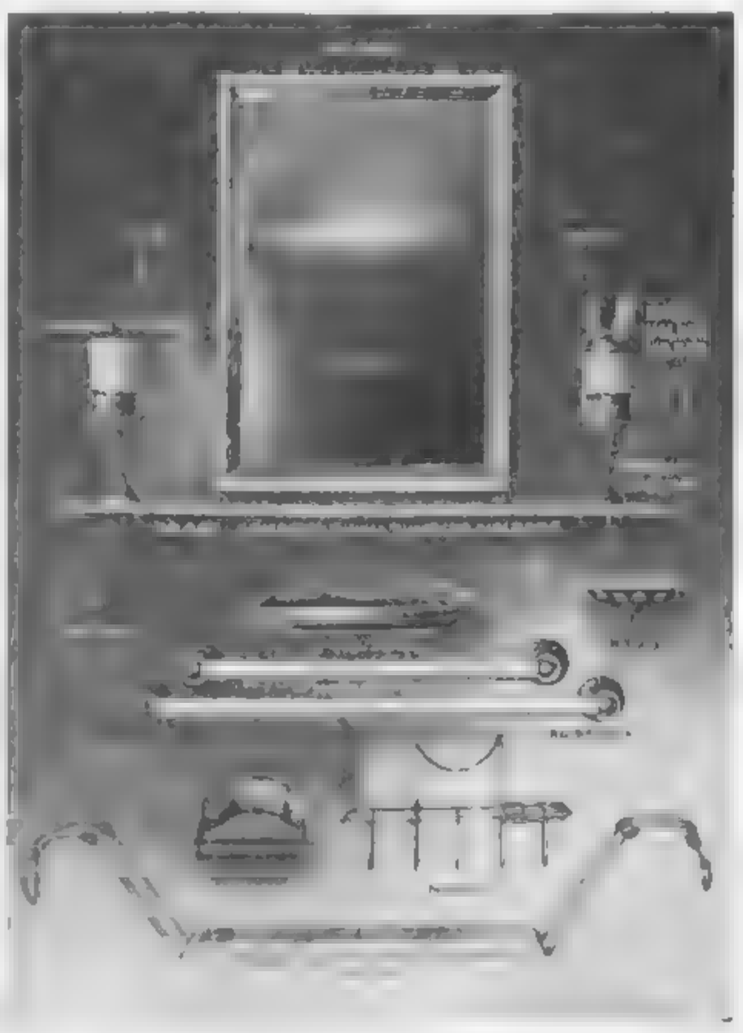
Suggestion

Perhaps this selection of fixtures will help you to select SAN-O-LA Ware conveniences you want for your bathroom:

SAN-O-LA Assortment No 4

1 No. 1051 18x20 in. Mirror, $6.30
1 [illegible] $6.05
2 [illegible] $ .32
1 No. 45 Hook $ .13
1 No. 913 Soap Dish . . . $1.10
1 No. 763 Comb and Brush Holder . . . $1.50
1 No. 259 Wash Cloth Holder $ .85
1 No. 983 18 in. Opal Towel Bar . . . $1.90
1 No. 983 24 in. Opal Towel Bar . . . $2.40
1 [illegible] $ .65
1 No. 252 Soap [illegible] $1.35
1 No. 70 Bath [illegible] $1.35
2 No. 402 Tumblers 15c each $ .30
1 No. 593 Tooth Brush Holder $ .45

Any of these articles may be purchased separately at [illegible]

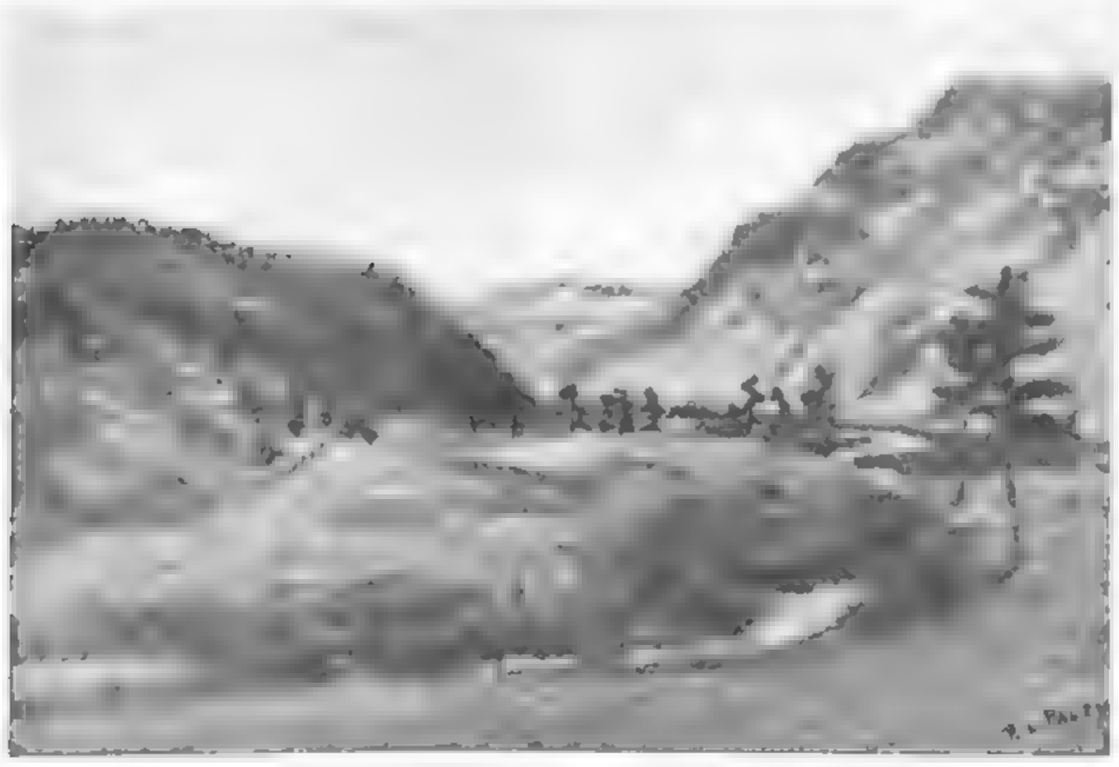


ART BRASS COMPANY, 299 E. 134th St., N. Y.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Getting Lost—and What to Do About It

DECORATION BY R. L. PALEY



A PARTY of deer-hunters, encamped last fall in an upper Wisconsin county, one afternoon met a wild man, who hurried from the forest and threw himself face down upon the railroad track near where they stood. Approaching, they found he was not intoxicated, but lost. He was wholly exhausted and almost insane. His clothing, which had been wet to the waist, was frozen about him. He was the picture of a lost man—so confused he barely could answer questions.

"I'm all in, boys!" was his first lucid remark. "Where am I?"

They told him he was not far from Buswell, a near-by railroad station.

"And I came from up the Bluebill Branch, thirty miles away!" said he after a time. "What time is it?" They told him it was three o'clock. "This must be my second day," said he. "I know I walked all night. I walked into a lake somewhere and got wet, and spoiled my matches so I couldn't start a fire. I left camp at seven o'clock in the morning and was lost an hour after that; and I've walked ever since. I've been out either one night or two nights—I don't know which; and God knows how many miles I've gone! I'm all in!"

He had been out only one night, but during that time and the two days of his travel he had covered fifty miles or more on foot in the tangled forest and *brûlée*. He had come south between two parallel railroad lines, either of which he could easily have reached by a few hours' walk. Had he gone north, beyond the terminal of the railway on the west, he would never have been heard of again. His was a typical case of getting lost and having good luck in getting found. Evidently he had first lost his bearings when not more than a mile or two from camp.

Lost on a Michigan Farm

This man was young and strong, else he could not have survived the hardships of his journey. He was a stranger in that country. Yet only a year or so ago, not far from that same place, an old woodsman—a native—got lost and turned up at Crystal Falls, thirty miles or more out of the way, and unable to tell how he got there. Again, not so far from that same country, a tenderfoot was lost for two days and nights. He was trailed by good woodsmen over all sorts of country. At last the trail stopped at a log, where the man had sat down exhausted. He had fallen over backward—and lay there dead, a victim of his own panic. He literally had run himself to death.

There is special danger for city men or middle-aged men who get lost and are seized by panic. Nearly always toward nightfall a man not in thoroughly good physical condition is apt to get chilly. Now give him a panic in the dark, and let him run and fall and perspire, and pant and run some more, and he is ready to chill and die without much further preparation, if the weather is very cold.

Each year in the deer-hunting country men are reported missing. Some of them are killed and some of them are lost. Hardly any party of strangers goes into the wilderness country without knowing a lost-man scare. The man who has been lost and who has later stumbled on the right way is apt to be ashamed to tell of his experience. Sometimes he will see some familiar landmark or some road he recognizes. More often he runs across some other hunter.

In a deer-hunt last fall I met a man who said he was once lost when a boy on his father's Michigan farm. He had gone into the bush to drive up the family cow and in some way got turned round. In a strange, inverted sort of earth he must have walked past his own home, past some big trees that were prominent on the roadway, and up to the house of a neighbor two miles away. Here, in a country with which he was personally familiar all his life, he asked where his own father's farm was and was shown. On the way home down the road, in some way the points of the compass whirled about, all the world straightened before him, and he knew where he was!

The Stump for Him

This sort of experience is not unprecedented by any means. There formerly hunted in upper Wisconsin a man who always got lost when he left camp. One evening he did not show up and the others were sitting about the fire waiting and talking. All at once a wild figure broke open the door and sprang into the middle of the room. "Where am I?" he shrieked. "Where am I?" It was the lost man—in such a panic that he did not know his own friends or his own camp! This is an actual instance, and shows very clearly into what state of mind the lost man may get himself.

There is a great difference among men in the ability to travel safely in wild country. There was hunting in this same region this fall an oldish gentleman who also always is lost as soon as he is out of sight of camp. When found by a stranger he was sitting on a stump, placidly smoking and admitting that he did not know where he was. "I never do, for that matter," said he. "I make the boys walk many an extra mile, I suppose; but I like the woods so well they always let me go along again. Some one will come along and find me after a while; and meantime it's me for this stump."

This same man once got within fifty rods of camp and was sitting down wondering where he was when he met the search party starting out to find him.

The last was one of the incurable cases, but even good woodsmen and guides can and do get lost in broken country where the landmarks cannot be seen. One of our party, a fine woodsman and a powerful man, was lost the best part of one afternoon

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All the bookkeeper has to do is to operate the machine—no mental calculations to make. If an error is made, the machine will show it. The bookkeeper works twice as fast as by hand, with less effort, and is free from the delays and worries of the old-fashioned monthly trial balance.

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Of a Hundred Nations Are Now Fed on Quaker Oats

Every mother, of almost every race, knows something of the value of oatmeal.

She knows that children thrive on it, if she doesn't know just how.

And to "feel one's oats," in every language, indicates vitality.

Science knows the reason.

Science finds that oatmeal is rich in lecithin and phosphorus.

So the leading nations, in this year 1913, agree on oatmeal diet.

Quaker Oats

The Favorite Oat Food
More Than Half the World Over

Among the highly intelligent, oatmeal is now an almost universal food.

But one brand of oatmeal far outsells all the others, because of its flavor and richness.

This is so in America—so half the world over. We ship it for thousands of miles.

Every year a thousand million dishes are consumed.

This Is the Reason

Quaker Oats is made from the cream of the oats. The finest oats that grow are sifted 62 times to pick out the grains for Quaker.

We get only ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains.

The result is a flavor that is never forgotten. And our process keeps that flavor intact.

Once eat Quaker Oats, and lesser oatmeal seems flat and commonplace.

Yet this finest of oat foods, with all small grains discarded, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Thus, for 25 years, the fame has spread and spread. Quaker Oats is now "The World's Breakfast." It is supper, too, for millions.

Don't serve to your folks any lesser grade of oatmeal. This food is too important.

Regular Size Package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

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The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

while his guide and friend waited at the rendezvous, where the horses of the three had been tied on a logging grade. His case was easy to explain. We all thought the logging road crossed the swamp where we were hunting, but it stopped short within half a mile. The hunter, who started in at the south side of the trail, at length swung north to find the logging grade. He did not find it, for the good reason that it was not there, and so passed on deep into the worst swamp of the entire country. He struck a creek that he reasoned must head in a marsh to the west, but the going was unspeakably hard and darkness at length approached. He had not the slightest idea where his friends and the horses were at that time. He was just preparing to stop and build a fire when he heard a rifle-shot, which he supposed was fired by his friends, though really by some one else. He answered, and we supposed the shot came from our friend. So we started signaling by rifle-fire and at last got him out. It was then dark, and we rode five miles to camp, getting lost twice in the process. We had a fine opportunity to see how different a country looks after darkness has changed all its contours and wiped out all its landmarks.

Now this man was not really lost at all. Within a couple of miles he knew where he was, though much confused by the bogholes and thickets of the swamp. He had hunted the country for years and knew perfectly the direction in which camp lay. Simply he had got into a country on which he had not planned. Supposing that he could find the horses without difficulty, he had left his coat and lunchbag on his saddle. He had no ax, but did have matches and a compass. Best of all, he had his wits about him; and, being a powerful chap, he would have passed the night without serious hardship. Of course had he blundered out at the head of the creek before dark he would have seen the trail to an old logging camp and would have known where he was. He had merely forgotten one of the rigid camp rules and failed to start home at half past two or three in the afternoon.

Learning the Way Back

What should his friends do in a case like that? Had we not found him we should have waited until dark, built a fire, and fired rifle-signals. In a country where there is much rifle-fire going on no signaling is of value until after dark. Had we got no answer we should have taken his horse, knowing that it would kill itself trying to break loose if left alone, and all of us would have ridden to camp to organize a larger search party. We should have built a beacon fire on a tall hill according to a camp agreement. Had the large party not found him that night the swamp would have been surrounded the next day and he would have been picked up without fail. He was obeying another strict camp rule, which is that if a man is lost he must stop and build a fire, and wait until he is found. That is all he safely can do.

Every country has its own rules and conditions. Sometimes there are few trails that are unsafe to take and follow out; and, again, an unknown trail is risky to follow. A slashed-off country, full of old logging grades leading nowhere in particular, is one of the most troublesome to hunt over. Such a country sometimes is broken by countless choppy hills and hollows, covered with *brûlés* and second growth. Virgin forest with few trails is an easier hunting-ground. Such a region at night is practically impassable.

What ought one to do if he goes, say, on a deer-hunt into wild country? Naturally he will have guides or friends, but he ought not to depend on these too much, else he will never learn to hunt alone; nor, on the other hand, should he be too keen about starting out alone at first. He ought, first, to get the large map features of the country in his mind—to know where the nearest railroad line or the nearest large river is to be found, or some prominent road leading to a town or camp. If possible he ought to have a map made of the locality, showing landmarks or spots easily recognized. Especially ought he to get in his mind some landmark near the camp. When going out from camp he ought to turn round and look back, remembering that it is this reverse of the country he will see when he is coming home in the evening.

For instance, near our camp last fall there was a hardwood ridge cut into a knife-like edge, which ran down to a notch in the skyline of other timber-growth. In this notch lay our camp on the shore of a lake, and over the notch could be seen the tops of a few pines, the only ones thereabout—one pine with a forked top. That notch was an excellent landmark, even in the dusk. A better one for long range existed in three forty-acre tracts of tall green pine, the only uncut pine for miles about. This timber lay two miles north of camp. The use of these two landmarks would give any intelligent hunter a north-and-south baseline of more than three miles; so that, after learning which were camp-trails and which were abandoned logging roads, he could feel pretty safe—at least in clear weather. A lake, a long valley, a tall mountain peak, will serve equally well in a country of bolder topography.

Yet the hunter, excitedly following a deer-trail, is often led into the most dangerous part of his sport—that of passing landmarks without noting them. At this same camp a deer-hunter of thirty years' standing passed entirely to the west of the green timber above mentioned, crossed the only road on which there was any steel, and wandered on to the west and north. Suddenly he heard a locomotive whistle back of him, when he knew it ought to be west of him. He had no recollection whatever of passing the railroad track that had been established as a deadline for him. Happily about this time an Indian came by who was willing, for a five-dollar bill, to show him the way home by a short cut. This man was heading straight north toward Lake Superior, entirely out of his hunting country; and yet he was an old hunter, fully acquainted for miles about. So much for trailing a deer too closely.

It is apparent to any one that one good landmark is worth a dozen compasses—so long as he can see the landmark. The man who becomes confused and wanders about vaguely is living in a world entirely strange to him. His subconscious mind has control of him, and not his conscious, reasoning mind. When by accident he catches sight of a familiar landmark instant correlation of his two minds takes place. The world swings entirely about and falls into its ancient order. The compass rarely will do so much for him; yet the compass is the only reliance in storm, darkness or fog.

Any man who goes into the wild regions ought to know how to use a compass. A study of it will introduce him to the psychology of getting lost. The truth is that we are made up largely of a subconscious survival—a bundle of doubts, fears, superstitions and terrors handed down to us from the Stone Age. Given certain conditions, we dread the dark; we anticipate dinosaurs and dragons; we cry aloud before the saber-toothed tiger. The subconscious mind governs us. We are indeed as a reed shaken with the wind.

Two Compasses Better Than One

What will serve to restore the control of reason in such a case as this? In our deer-camp above mentioned all these questions were well discussed by many men experienced in the woods.

"One compass is of no use," said one gentleman. "For that reason I always carry two." At once all eyes were turned on him, for here indeed was an idea. He went on to explain: "I know of this being tried," said he. "When a man has the panic of being lost fully upon him he never believes his compass; but when he takes out his second compass and sees it pointing just the way his first one does, somehow his reason gets a sudden jolt and he concludes that the majority must be right. That starts him to reasoning again, and then he is usually safe."

I consider that chance advice to be the safest I have ever heard for the man who is in danger of getting lost. Take two compasses. You are sure to believe both, though you might believe neither but for the other.

Of course a compass cannot take you home unless you know in what direction home lies. Hence you must have a map, either in your pocket or in your mind; and you must know where you are on that map. The general lay of the country must be fixed mentally. Of course the average hunter knows enough to hunt out some eminence from which he can look for a familiar landmark, such as a valley, peak, motte or irregular feature of the skyline. At night the compass must be followed implicitly if one is to travel at all. The stars are not of much use in timber country where the going is difficult and where the course if often changed. I have traveled on

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These coats have the double advantage of serving as an overcoat and a raincoat; two coats in one. Their long loose attractive styles and showerproof qualities make them very popular as an all-around serviceable garment.

These coats are made of wool materials which have been Kenreign rainproofed, positively the most satisfactory process for making the cloth rain-repellent without the use of rubber. This process not only improves the appearance and finish, but it adds greatly to the wearing qualities of the cloth.

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The Kenreign Label

Every yard of cloth used in these coats is guaranteed for long wear and showerproof qualities.

Kenreign Showerproof coats are made in all suitable shades and styles for men and women. Prices range from $5.00 to $45.00.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Pour a Teaspoonful on a Steak before Serving.

It adds that final touch of rare flavor to so many dishes!

A perfect seasoning for Roasts, Chops, Fish, Rarebits, Gravies, and Chafing Dish Cooking. *Sold by Grocers Everywhere.*

the plains fifty miles at night by using the stars, and lesser distances on the prairies. In both of these countries all the contours are changed by darkness; but sometimes the going is good, so that a starline can be held.

If you have a good compass you do not need to look at the sun, or attempt the foolish process of finding the north by looking for the heaviest moss on treetrunks. Suppose there is no moss or suppose there are no treetrunks—or even suppose there are both—you are not much better off. In most of Michigan and Wisconsin the hemlock tips point northeast; but suppose you have no hemlock! You can find north by the use of your watch in the sun, or by the use of a pencil point and the reflection on your thumbnail if there is no sun; but it is a great deal simpler to find north by a good compass, and you never ought to go into the woods without one. And you should remember that the compass without a map, in either your pocket or your mind, is worthless. Never hunt in any strange country without knowing the big trails and the big streams and the big valleys. Locate your camp by some very prominent landmark.

If you do get lost, which may happen very quickly even to a good man, remember the psychology of getting lost, and try to let the reasoning, civilized man overcome the terrified cave man. There are no dinosaurs today. Sit down and think it over. Light a pipe if you smoke. Build a fire in any case. Look at your compass and then think of something else. If it is nearly dark and you must lie out, do not wait too long. Darkness comes at four o'clock in winter and it becomes light at six the next morning—and it takes a lot of wood to burn fourteen or sixteen hours. Get behind some windbreak and have plenty of heavy wood for your fire. You can build two smaller fires, and so keep warm on both sides. If it is bitter cold you should not sleep very much, but remain sitting up. Always have some wood close at hand to throw on the fire should you wake up chilled and shivering. Don't eat snow, and drink hot water rather than cold if you have any way of boiling it. If it is very cold build a fire; then rake it away and lie on the warmed ground. Do not brood or think, but keep busy. Whistle once in a while. If you have two compasses look at both of them. When in doubt get some more wood, for it certainly will take a lot.

Dangers of Deer-Hunting

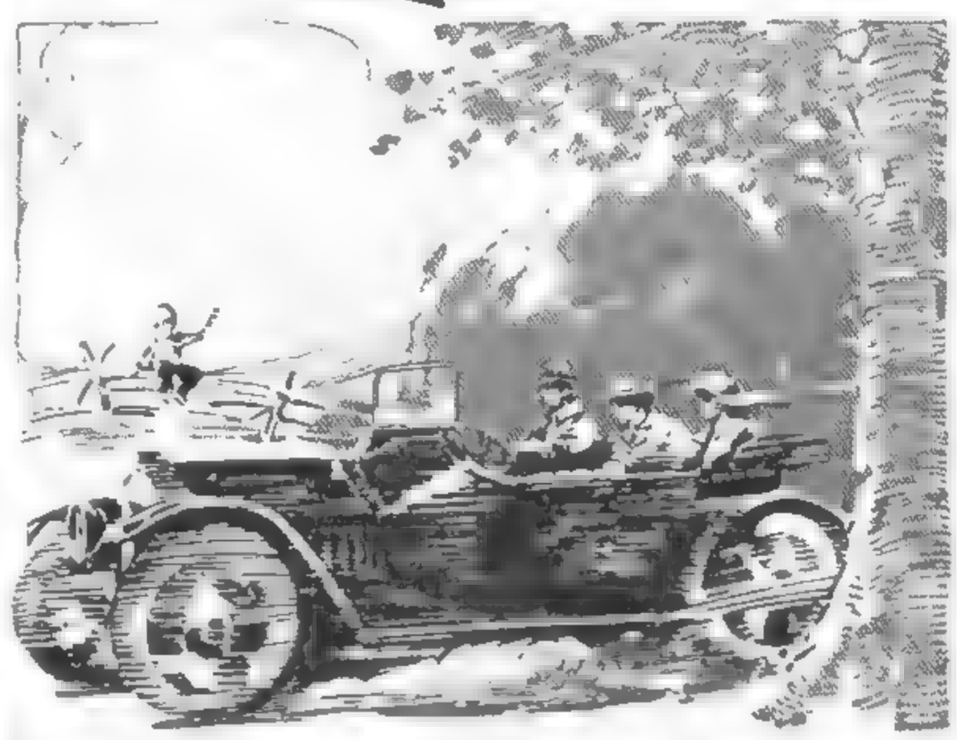
Deer-hunters are more apt to get lost than any one else, as they go into wilder country. In the fall one wears rather heavy clothing, and the temptation is to cut down all else as light as possible. These things, however, you ought to have with you if you are in a strange country: two compasses—not one; two matchboxes, one absolutely waterproof and held in reserve; an ax with a good edge; a knife with a good, strong blade; a lunch of some sort—or, better still, some raisins and cakes of chocolate.

This equipment will do you no good if you do not keep it on your person; so, though it may make you seem a marked man in a party of old hunters who are familiar with the country, it is just as well to stick to the full outfit. Then if you are caught out at night you can make yourself pretty comfortable.

The man who has lain out overnight, and who is found comfortable and in possession of his self-control the next day by his friends, is usually looked on with respect rather than ridicule. If that same man, however, goes crazy and starts what may be a march of death, driven blindly through the wilderness ahead of his own ancient superstitions, he is apt to lose a certain part of his own self-respect. He will always fear again that panic-stricken man hidden within his own soul.

When first you feel the panic, therefore, pull yourself together strongly. Do all you can to whip that subconscious man. Light your fire and your pipe, whistle, and make up some story to tell your grandchildren about the bogyman who stalks abroad at night and the banshee that howls dismally aloft among the pines; but, for yourself, do not believe in the saber-toothed tiger, the dinosaur, the bogyman or the banshee. They belong to that dangerous subconscious mind that is the source of so many of our evils. Shorn of these, a night alone in the wilderness is a wonderful and valuable experience. It gives a fellow time to think of a lot of things of which few fellows stop to think.

Mitchell



YOU know that when it comes right down to the final perfection of motor car designing, the French lead the world. Other engineers have not worked out such a combination of strength with beauty of design; such perfect distribution of weight and wearing parts; such ease of operation.

Because the Mitchell car has been designed in our own plant by one of the leading automobile engineers of France, and built under the direction of our American engineer—to assure its being perfectly adapted to American road conditions and uses—it is called

The American Built French Car

The result of this combination of French and American ideas is the finest automobile offered to buyers this year at anywhere near the price. It is equipped with the most powerful and efficient motor yet developed—the new long stroke T-head type. It is operated by left drive with center control; it has electric lights and electric self starter, each independent of the other; it has every 1913 improvement offered by other 1913 cars *at anywhere near the price.*

Further: throughout the manufacture of every Mitchell automobile are found the same high standards of material and workmanship that have prevailed in Mitchell vehicle plants for the past 78 years.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

	Motor	Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4¼ x 7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x 6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4¼ x 7 in.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Mitchell

Measure

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

ON the radiator of every Chalmers motor car appears in blue and white enamel the monogram shown here. This is the Chalmers trade mark.

The wording beneath the monogram is the Chalmers business slogan. This is not merely a catch phrase adopted because it "sounds well." It is the well considered statement of a firmly established, reliable company that has six millions of dollars invested in the automobile business; and a reputation staked on its product and its claims.

The wording under the monogram is a pledge. The car back of the monogram is a fulfillment.

For we make the statement squarely: A Chalmers is all you can ask in a motor car.

To which class of buyers do you belong?

NOW there are just two classes of motor car buyers who may question the foregoing statement and ask to have it explained. First, those who have definitely made up their minds to have the very best there is in a motor car, but who doubt that any company can turn out the very best to sell at the medium prices at which Chalmers cars sell.

Second, those who are inclined to buy cars on "specifications" and price alone—who feel that a low-priced car is "good enough."

For the benefit of both classes of buyers we give below some valuable motor car facts. These facts show why you are really money in pocket by paying the Chalmers price rather than the lower prices. These same facts also show why it is unnecessary to pay more than the Chalmers price to get the maximum in satisfaction and service.

THE crankshaft in a Chalmers car costs us $6 more than a crankshaft that "would do." Multiply $6 by 8000 and you get an idea of how much we could save by using a crankshaft that is just "good enough." Chalmers crankshafts are identical in material and workmanship with shafts used on the highest priced cars built in America.

We think a crankshaft too important to skimp. It's the thing which the Giant called Gasoline, who lives in your motor, grips hold of when he makes your car go. He lays on the shaft a tremendous force. That he has never broken a single crankshaft in a Chalmers car, is a fact of which we are proud.

The hand the Giant uses to grip the shaft is called a connecting rod; and the shoulder where the "punch" starts is called a piston. In a Chalmers this hand is as strong and as sinewy as in any car in the world; and so is the shoulder. Why, one of the special Chalmers-style piston rings costs as much as a full set of the ordinary sort of piston rings used in nearly all other motors. These rings help give the Giant power, and they prevent either the Giant in the motor or the people in the street being annoyed by smoke.

The dignified monogram on the Chalmers radiator stands for these important things.

Skimping on material never produced a work of art

WE could "save" $15 in the cost of each body if we used what is known as a straight-sided instead of a flush-sided design. An equal

a motor car by what is behind it as well as by what is in it

(Continued from preceding page)

amount we could skimp from the finishing process. But if we did a Chalmers would not be so beautiful, so satisfying to the eye, as it is now. It would resemble some of the "good enough" cars.

The good looking monogram on the radiator stands for the "good looks" of a Chalmers car.

BECAUSE we use on the Chalmers drive shaft a double universal joint of finest material, instead of a single one as we might use, it costs us $5.50 more.

Our radiator costs $5 more than we need pay to get a radiator that will keep the motor cool at all times. But the one we *do* use looks much better and it wears much longer than the one we *might* use. The radiator is not designed merely to last through the guarantee period, but for years.

Our rims cost $4.50 more than another sort which would be "satisfactory."

The particular looking monogram on the radiator stands for all these things about which Chalmers standards are so particular.

"Little things" combined make a big total—Chalmers value

THE running boards on Chalmers cars have aluminum mouldings, whereas running boards on most other cars, both high and low priced, have thin brass or simply sheet iron mouldings. The drop forgings which hold the running board to the frame cost three times as much as the ordinary stamped running board irons.

A Chalmers steering wheel has a mahogany rim with a black enameled aluminum spider. This wheel costs $1.50 more than the usual construction of maple and cast iron.

The mohair in a Chalmers top is the very highest grade procurable. For $10 less per top we could buy material which, when new, could not be told from ours except by an expert.

If we used a "split" leather instead of No. 1 grade real leather for upholstery, we could save $10 per car. The Turkish type springs in our cushions make each car cost $3.50 more than if we used the ordinary spiral upholstery springs which are commonly used—under the leather where you can't see them.

The same principle applies all through the car. Everywhere we have used better material than would be required to "get by" for the present. But if we used any other kind we could not continue permanently—and we are in the business to stay.

The little monogram on the radiator stands for all these "little things" that go to make so big a whole.

A CHALMERS rear axle, where the mighty shove of the Giant in the motor fetches up and takes final action, has a welded steel stamped housing and nickel steel drive shafts. A big lot of money could be "saved" if we used cast iron housings and ordinary open hearth steel drive shafts, as many other makers do. The bearings in Chalmers axles are Timken—the very best.

The enduring monogram on the radiator stands for endurance and strength in Chalmers axles and every other part of the Chalmers mechanism.

Equipment worthy of the car makes the Chalmers complete

CHALMERS cars are sold fully equipped—with the finest equipment available. The Chalmers self-starter (air-pressure type) is the simplest and most efficient yet designed. Gray & Davis electric lighting system—none better. Continental Demountable rims have no superiors. Chalmers tops, tailor-made in our own shops, are the equal of the tops on any $5000 cars. Detachable ball handle lamps, rain-vision windshield, horn, tools, air pressure tire-pump—all are of the highest class.

The elegant monogram on the radiator stands for this completeness and elegance of equipment.

By making our own parts we make them better

CHALMERS cars are manufactured by the Chalmers Company in the Chalmers shops in Detroit. The factory comprises 18 buildings with 1,250,000 square feet of floor space. Buildings, equipment and materials represent an investment of $6,000,000. We are in the automobile business to stay.

In this factory we build our motors complete; cut and grind our own gears; heat-treat our own steel parts; cast our cylinders and crank cases in our own foundry; make our own axles, fenders, steering gears, tops and many other parts which other makers have made outside.

The individual monogram on the radiator stands for the buildings, the equipment, the materials—it stands for permanence.

Team work in factory builds Chalmers quality into cars

IN this factory is an organization of 4,000 men—executives with wide experience and proved ability; engineers who have done and are doing the best work in their profession; factory managers whose experience in many lines has taught them how to "make things" the best way; workmen who are as good as top wages, good working conditions and thoughtful management can secure.

Our inspection is most rigid. We have an average of one capable Chalmers-trained inspector to every thirteen workmen all through the shops, and the decision of the inspector is final. In maintaining our organization we work on the theory that brains are the cheapest commodity we buy, no matter what they cost.

The true blue Chalmers monogram stands for this organization—for its ability, its honesty and its loyalty.

This six-year record means a lot to you as a buyer

CHALMERS cars have proved themselves. We have put them to the test in the hardest motor contests. In two years of racing on road, track and hill Chalmers stock cars won 93 firsts, 32 seconds and 21 thirds, and no other cars ever won so many events or made so good an average from so many "starts."

In addition to this, Chalmers cars have been giving satisfactory service in the hands of owners for more than five years. Our earliest models, some of them with records of 125,000 to 150,000 miles, are still in daily service. We have a list of 12 Chalmers cars with a total mileage of 1,020,436 miles; and there are many others with records of 40,000 to 75,000 miles. These thousands of cars have been used in daily service under all sorts of road and climatic conditions in all parts of the world—and their owners are *satisfied*.

The jaunty monogram on the Chalmers radiator stands for successful performance, for confidence, for pride in making good.

"Thirty-Six" (4 cyl. 36 h. p.) $1950

Price includes full equipment and is f. o. b. Detroit

ON the radiator of the 1913 "Thirty-Six," the Chalmers monogram stands for the greatest four-cylinder value on the market. It stands for all that could be put into a car of this type. It stands for such advanced features as long stroke motor, four forward speed transmission, self-starter, large wheels and tires, electric lights, for quietness, for power, for comfort, for good looks.

No car at any price contains better material, better design, better workmanship. In every vital quality you could not ask for more than the "Thirty-Six" gives.

The sturdy monogram on the "Thirty-Six" stands for the maximum four-cylinder value.

"Six" (6 cyl. 54 h. p.) $2400

Price includes full equipment and is f. o. b. Detroit

ON the Chalmers "Six" the monogram stands for the utmost that can be put into a six-cylinder car. For power, smoothness, speed, flexibility, comfort, convenience and good looks, this car is not surpassed by any automobile—no matter what its price or name. The "Six" is not merely a great automobile for $2400—it is one of the greatest automobiles ever built. It does not lower its colors for any car—on road or hill, in the country or on the boulevards.

The splendid monogram on the "Six" insures the utmost in service, comfort and elegance.

SO these are the things for which the Chalmers monogram stands. These are the things that make it worth while to pay the Chalmers price. At a lower price no one can build a car that offers so much. At a higher price you cannot secure any greater service value. These are the things that make the Chalmers, at a medium price, "all you can ask in a motor car."

Mail this coupon for an interesting motor car story.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of Chalmers Car" and catalog.

Name

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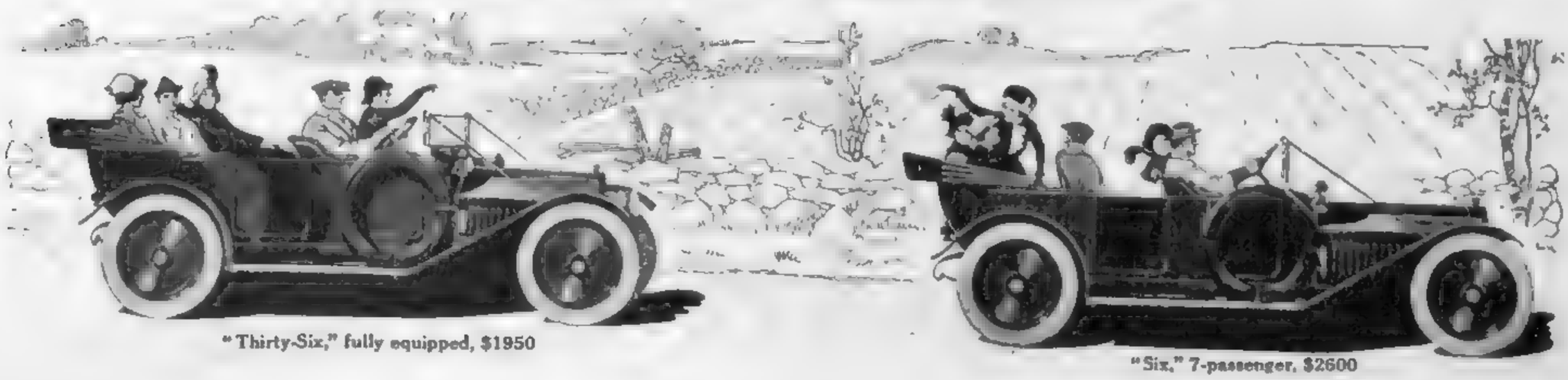
Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



"Thirty-Six," fully equipped, $1950

"Six," 7-passenger, $2600

Swoboda

The Originator of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

If I could meet you face to face, and bring you in

contact with my wonderfully developed physical and mental energy, and show you what I have done and am doing daily for others, I know that I could easily and quickly prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

Why lead an inferior life when the Swoboda System quickly and positively strengthens the heart, lungs and all internal organs and thus promotes ideal health?

The Swoboda System with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no Inconveniences Builds vigorous brains, superb, energetic bodies, develops great reserve force, strong muscles, creates a perfect circulation, by revitalizing and developing the body, brain and nerves to their highest power.

The Reason the Swoboda System is in Advance of any other form of exercise is because it energizes, develops and vibrates at a higher rate the cells, which are the units of every tissue and organ, internal and external, and thus fundamentally builds up the body as no other form of superficial exercise can. No other form of culture acts upon the cells so directly, consciously and positively. The improvement is noticeable from the first day.

When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational, effective and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I have been giving it successfully to pupils, all over the world, for the past [illegible] years. I have among my pupils hundreds [illegible] and almost an equal number of women.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

Cannot describe the satisfaction I feel [illegible] to me in increased mental and physical [illegible] enabled by your system to do work of [illegible]

I was very glad to know and be associated with results [illegible]

The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, "Try Swoboda."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country.

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

Your system develops the will, as much as the muscle."

I thank you, Mr. Swoboda, very sincerely for your kindness and courtesy; you have always done what you said you would.

I believe it will do all you claim for it. It has certainly made me feel [illegible] years younger.

I consider [illegible] the best thing a man can take and should not take anything for the benefit I may receive.

Your system developed me most wonderfully.

I [illegible] equal to value to [illegible]

After [illegible] days [illegible]

[illegible] in [illegible] days.

All your promises have been [illegible]

Swoboda [illegible]

My [illegible] to a remarkable degree [illegible]

Did not expect such wonderful results.

Thought it impossible to get such results.

Best system I ever tried.

In just 16 days I am a [illegible]

[illegible] pounds of [illegible] larger.

Your system [illegible]

Cannot speak too highly of your system."

Considers it a great discovery.

Five minutes of your system better than hours of any other.

Very first lesson worked magically."

"Reduced excessive waist measure 3 inches."

Join the Army of the Vigorous, Strong and Happy

You can be physically just what you wish to be. You can have reserve vitality for every emergency. *I guarantee it.*

Every intelligent person develops his physical resources fully as carefully as he does his financial resources, for he needs both to succeed.

All I ask is the opportunity to explain to you, free of all cost, how the Swoboda System is making vigorous and strong men and women out of weak and poorly developed individuals and thus putting new life, energy and ambition into those who do not possess it. I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. *My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.*

I also offer you a surprising and most convincing evidence [illegible] offered [illegible] *The Dangers* [illegible] I send one will be a revelation and an education to you. *Write a card and my Complete Guarantee today, before it slips your mind.* Address

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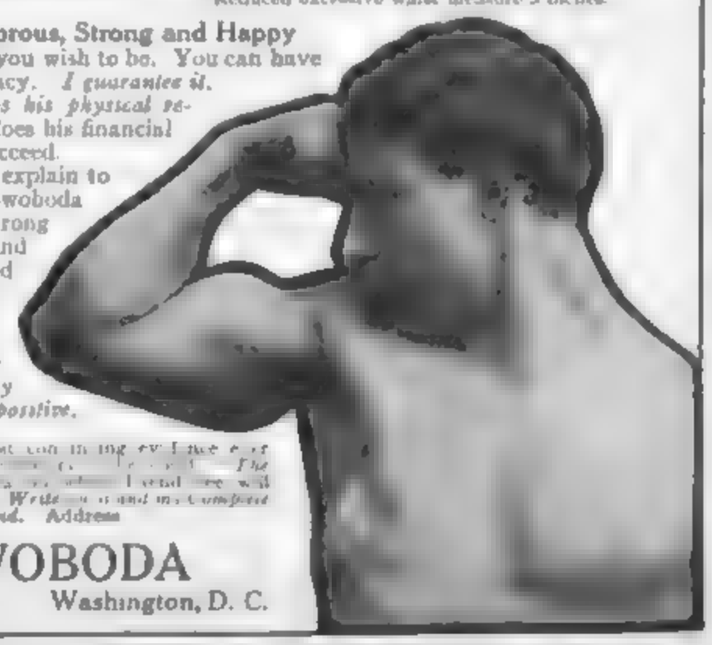

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Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube. A. S. HINDS, 39 West St., Portland, Maine

ROMANCE IN RAGTIME

(Continued from Page 20)

"Jump right into Alimony Rag and you've got 'em laughing again. Or I'll write you whatever you do want."

"I couldn't settle nothin' till I saw my agent."

"You'll regret taking up with a snide firm. They haven't our staff of writers."

"Will I?" She clanked her bags and anklets.

Finding it easier not to meet his hostile gaze, hers roved over the water, discovering two other boats. In one Reynolds rowed Dollie. Sammy Martin and the Strong Woman were in the second—Sandowlina rowing, Sammy lolling in the stern. Benny removed his coat; then, feathering his oars neatly, he said:

"I'll give you fifty a week and restricted territory."

"Fifty? That ain't nothin' short of an insult! It'll have to be a hundred!"

"Why, by George, our songs took you out of the three-a-day class!"

"Oh, they did? Well, nothin' doin', Mr. Von Linden. That's my answer!"

The boat rowed by Sandowlina neared them, and Sammy's trained ears caught the singer's reply. His brow wrinkled.

"Row close to 'em, Sandy," said he; then: "Say, Ben, here's the address of that party."

He wrote hastily on a bit of paper, stuck it to the wet oar Sandowlina offered, and delivered it to Benny who, puzzled, read:

"If you save her life she's got to sing our stuff. Wait!"

Sandowlina rowed away. Benny threw Sammy's message into the water, resuming patiently:

"My dear Miss Sullivan, listen to reason!"

"I ain't to be won by a few glasses of fizz!"

"But you're quite mistaken. If I hadn't a sincere regard for ——" He paused to shout: "Look where you're going! Look out!"

Sammy's boat again approached, Sandowlina rowing furiously. Benny pulled with his left oar—too late! The boats met with a smash, and The Belle turned over.

La Belle Yvonne shrieked. With one terrified yawp she took in a large gulp of lake water, struggled, snorted and went under. Unimpeded by his lightweight clothes, Benny swam after her, clutching the purple plume, which gave way; then—horrible!—a group of blond curls! Lastly his fingers found a goodly tail of hair—black—that remained fast to her scalp. He righted her—at which she yawped once and kicked him. Shrieks that he did not try to identify brought people running to the lake. Yells of: "He's all right, I tell you! He's got her—he's bringing her in! Sit down or we'll be in too!"

Benny thanked fate for the tight skirts that restricted his heavy burden's kicks, which grew feebler as he progressed. He swam strongly for the dock.

On the bank Sammy, who had basely deserted his chief, informed the throng as they panted past:

"That there's Benny Von Linden, the guy who wrote Monkey Weddin' Day an' Let Me Be Your Romeo; an' the skirt he's savin's La Belle Yvonne. She use' to be the Newsgal Melber. He run into me and turned his boat over an' he says: 'Git away! None but me shall save this gal!' He's got a swimmin' medal. You d'need to worry over him gittin' ashore!"

Dollie was on the bank, pale and scared, clinging to a strange fat lady who—enjoying the romantic scene immensely—kept bidding her not to mind at all.

It was intermission, and Shultz' orchestra came, shouting advice. The performers, including the Lady Fire Defier and Scorner of Steel and McNulty the High Diver—appearing positively both afternoon and evening—charged excitedly for the dock. Sammy had to fight McNulty to keep him from a heroic rescue; and, while they wrestled, Sandowlina poheed the waterfront. When Benny's hand appeared on the edge of the dock, Sammy unhanded the baffled McNulty. A dozen hands pulled Benny and La Belle Yvonne to land.

"For the love o' Mike, where am I?" faintly demanded the latter.

"Now, Gertie, you'll need all your strength, dearie! Don't talk till I rustle dry things," begged Sandowlina—Sandowlina, whilom scorned, yet seemingly risen above spite.

"I'm awfully, awfully sorry; and I'll get her the two swellest bags in town, unless we can recover those she dropped," said Benny, dripping toward La Belle Yvonne, who sighed:

"My hero! Ain't he grand?"

"She's grabbed!" breathed Sammy joyously, and Sandowlina nodded.

Benny looked for Dollie and found her beside Sandowlina, to whom she said, blushing, that if a silk petticoat whose owner's outer skirt was so very thick and well stiffened, and who had a coat down in the motor boat—if it would? Sandowlina said of course it would. She had an extra dress of her own in her theater trunk; the ladies on the bill would help, and Dollie must please come into number four dressing room.

A bell rang, and the orchestra hurried to duty. La Belle Yvonne, heroine of the day, was aided from the dock, carrying her blond transformation carelessly.

"You saved my life! An' if singin' them songs'll show I'm grateful, you'll be showed!" she told Benny.

"Forget the songs! I wouldn't have had anything happen to you for the world!" he said honestly. "You poor girl, I hope you can forgive me!"

Dollie's head bent lower. Yes, it was all over! Not a word for her!

Half an hour afterward Benny, in McNulty the High Diver's prune-colored suit, and Shultz of the Gardens' patent-leather shoes, and his own recovered hat, sat with Reynolds at a table on the outer rim of the audience, in a silence colder than the iced mineral water between them.

"Say, Ben, they want you up in number four dressin' room," announced Sammy, reappearing.

"Tell her it's no matter about the songs."

"But it ain't her. It's the little missus!" said Sammy, and was nearly knocked over by Benny leaping out of his chair. He rapped boldly at number four. A voice outside instead of inside said:

"Gwan in! Whyn't you explain you was engaged?—breakin' that poor kid's heart by never lookin' oncet at her all day! I'd 'a' canned you for good if I was her!"

Was this smiling, genial creature La Belle Yvonne? She was fully behaired and in the Strong Woman's makeup kimono. The grease-paint smell of it struck his nostrils, but it was the perfumed Scilly Isles he whiffed as he said, below his breath:

"I'll write you the biggest song that ever was for squaring this!"

He went in and shut the door.

At five o'clock Mr. Shultz of the Gardens—he was Sandowlina's father—and Mrs. Shultz stood in the doorway of their residence, from which both audience and stage could be viewed. A short, perspiring man came up the walk.

"Here he is, mother! This way, Mr. Mendenhall. They're all in the parlor," said Shultz. The short man was escorted inside.

At five-thirty the team of Flip, Flap and Nippup concluded a rousing comedy acrobatic number. The orchestra hurriedly played Tessie Flip off and the audience regretfully put on its collective hat. The music ceased in the middle of a bar.

"Attention!" cried Proprietor Shultz through a megaphone. The audience obligingly sat down. "Ladies an' gentlemen, with your kin' permission, I have the pleasure to announce that each an' every person here present is invited to take supper, with champagne, with the compliments of Mr. Benny Von Linden, the music publisher, who wrote Let Me Be Your Romeo, an' who just got married to Miss Dorothy Murray in my house, by Mr. Theodore Mendenhall, justice of the peace! There will be absolutely no charge. Waiters will now take your orders. I thank you!"

When that vast audience understood that he meant it they cheered like mad. Some of them moved to places in a more direct line with a long table, round which grinning waiters were excessively busy. La Belle Yvonne was superintending the decorations, her mineral wealth greatly awing the waiters and quite hiding the defects of Sandowlina's blue serge gown.

"Kin you beat it? She's a good fellow again ever since she got that duckin'!" Sammy marveled.

With the reddest and most becoming of blushes, Mrs. Benjamin Von Linden was

This ¼-Pound Box For You Without Charge

That you may taste these unusual dollar-a-pound chocolates, we want to send you this delightful "Satisfaction Box." When you try them you will say they are superior in quality and flavor to any chocolates you ever tasted.

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227 Washington Street, North, Boston, Mass.

50 WORDS ABOUT ODD LOTS

No. 39

LET the income from your securities pay your life insurance premiums.

As you save money, put it into investment stocks and bonds. Take on as much insurance as the dividends will take care of. Add to your investments—and to your insurance—whenever you can.

Your estate will benefit doubly.

Send for Booklet 9 A—"Odd Lot Investment"

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WARD FENCE CO., 203 Main St., DECATUR, IND.

brought to her seat beside Benny at the table's head.

"We'll simply have to ask these few professionals to our house, Benny," she whispered. "They've been so lovely. And, so long as we're not starting as quietly as we were going to—but of course that's up to you."

"Why, I was only going to cut out stage people on your account, dearest."

"Mine? When I've been with 'em all my life!"

The table filled, with Mr. and Mrs. Shultz—she an ex-queen of burlesque—at the far end, flanked by Fred Flap and Tessie Flip. The Defier of Flame declining to carve chickens, in fear of cutting herself, Lem Smith, of Smith Brothers and Whack, accepted that office. McNulty the High Diver was quite surrounded with various condiments, which he mixed with gravity and care into a dressing for the salad that Will Leedem, director of the orchestra, was piling upon plates. Jones, the engineer, was there, and some small Shultzes to fill in.

"Who wants cold tongue?" demanded Mr. Shultz. "I know Von Linden don't. He'll get plenty of that later—ha-ha!"

"Now, father, behave!" rebuked his wife.

McNulty the High Diver unexpectedly restored the lost gold bag to La Belle Yvonne. His search had been entirely private, but he was paid by her look.

"It's keepin' me broke—givin' presents like that to her!" he declared humorously. La Belle Yvonne burst into happy tears.

"All it took was a wettin' to make her a good fella," said Sammy to Benny. "I guess that was a bad hunch of mine?"

Champagne was circulated for the second time.

"Heaven bless the bride and groom!" cried La Belle Yvonne.

Sandowlina led a noisy cheer.

"Other people wouldn't be as dear as show-people," said Dollie. "They've got hearts!"

Benny publicly kissed his little bride Benny the exclusive, the dignified! There was another cheer and he kissed her again. Then Sandowlina ran round the table and kissed her. La Belle Yvonne kissed Sammy Martin and, sobbing with pleasure, ran in her turn to Dollie—and they kissed; and everybody cheered, and all the women wept and all the men laughed. Cyril Reynolds had come gloomily to the bridal feast, but at the third glass of champagne he seemed to see the future in a brighter spirit. She was a nice, sweet girl, though it would have been a little kinder to have shown less receptiveness, he thought; and Benny might have given a hint to him. There were plenty of other nice, sweet girls. The affair would hardly have gone far. She was too immature for his taste! He drank another glass and smiled amusedly. Lucky to be so well out of it, when a married leading man was only a constant source of worriment to his managers. The wife was always interfering and getting jealous.

Being an actor and emotional, he assumed the gentle melancholy with which he played the deserted husband in Her Choice, and discussed weight-lifting with Sandowlina. A little later he put up his monocle, observing Dollie tolerantly and enjoying himself very much.

"A toast to our generous friend, Von Linden!" shouted McNulty the High Diver.

"Oh, you marrying kiddo!" cried La Belle Yvonne.

The orchestra, revivified by supper, went into their seats and began to play the introduction to Monkey Wedding Day. The six Germans rose and sang it correctly. Other diners sang. The orchestra changed to the ragtime introduction to Let Me Be Your Romeo! And at the better-known tune an impressive volume of song went upward. The sunlight faded and a cool night-breeze blew through Palisades Gardens. In all the throng no one was silent. A few whistled; most of them sang; and these hundreds would go out into the workaday world to whistle and sing and hum Let Me Be Your Romeo! Sammy was thrilled. He looked with shining eyes at Benny and Dollie; at La Belle Yvonne, who was her natural Newsgirl-Melba self once more; at Smith Brothers and Whack, who were coming to the office to rehearse Alimony Rag at ten o'clock next morning; at the mighty Hudson, far below, moving toward the sea; at the pink-and-orange west—and he sighed:

"Believe me—this is some popularizin'!"

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I feel this way, because I figure that I saved at least six and a half dollars on the $13.50 suit you just made for me.
This was my first order, and it was in the nature of a venture, but now that same has been filled, my regrets are that I did not patronize you long before." *Signed J. R. McCormick.*

THIS is a sincere, unsolicited letter from one of our many thousands of customers. We reproduce it here because it expresses so frankly the experience of the majority of men who try our made to measure clothes for the first time.

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Our catalog is our one salesman. We have no agents or dealers of any kind to share in the profits of your purchase. If we had we would have to pay them a commission and charge you more. We deal direct and give you what we'd pay a salesman to take your orders. We send you a simple outfit with which any member of your family can take your measurements as expertly as a custom tailor can.

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Our great Special is a beautiful tailored suit, made to your individual order and measure for $13.50. Of course, the garment is worth many dollars more than this price, and it is only due to our system of direct selling that we are able to quote this low price. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us. There is no speculation in buying from us. You are protected by the most liberal guarantee that could possibly be given. The guarantee says that the suit must live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligations to keep it.

No matter in what size town you live, no matter how well you think you are pleased with your present clothier or tailor, send for our Style Book. It is free for the asking, but will certainly show you how to save dollars of your clothes money.

Do not let the fact that you never bought clothes by mail stop you from sending for it. Some of our most enthusiastic customers are men who never thought it possible to get such masterful style and such perfect fit as we guarantee.

Send today and get your suit in time for Easter. You have nothing to lose and much to gain.

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119-125 Walker Street
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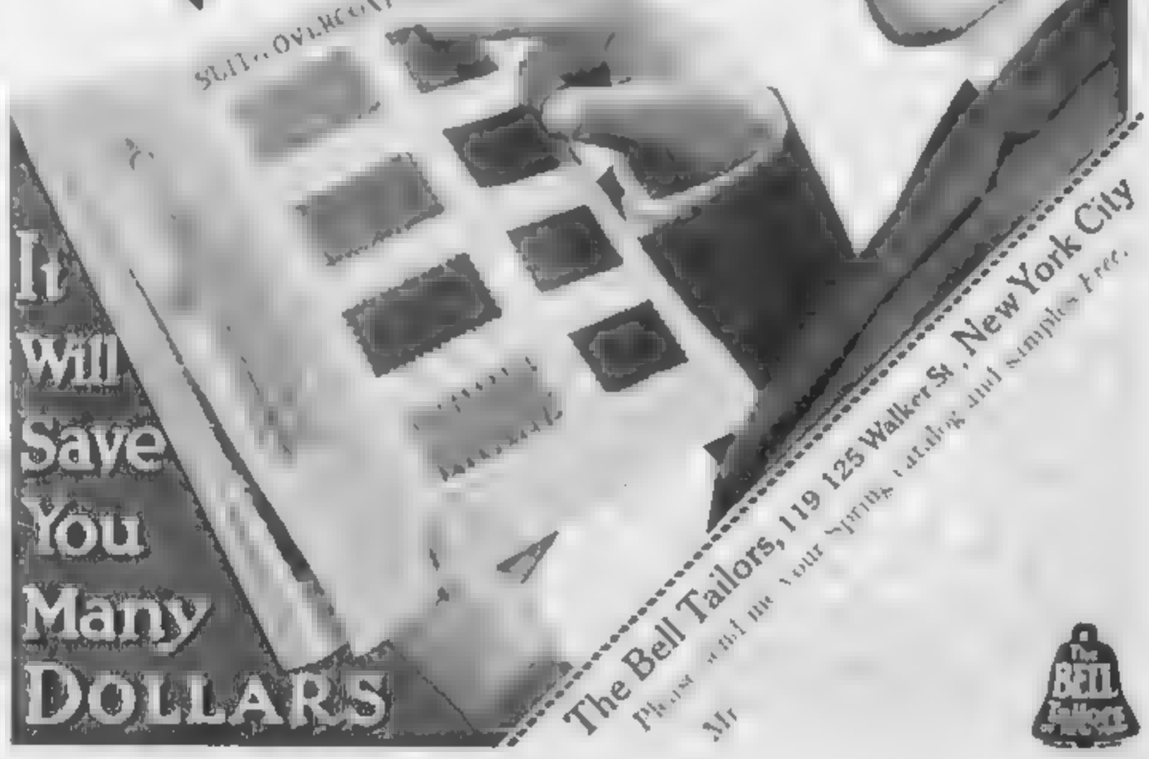
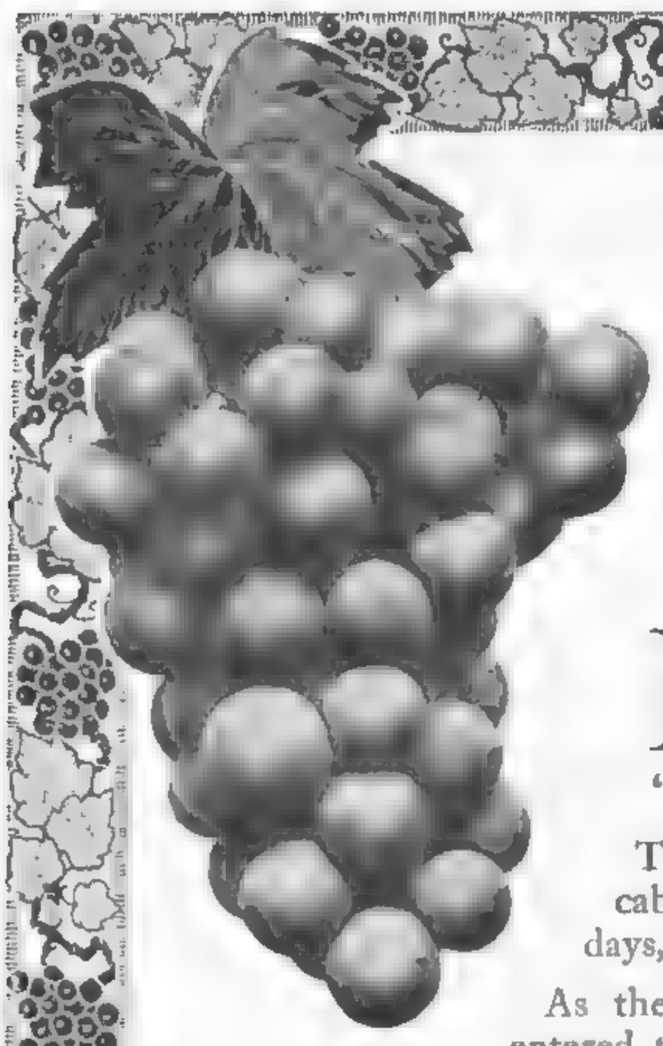




"Do more than ask for Grape Juice—say *WELCH'S* and *GET IT!*"

FROM a dozen bottles in 1869 the present grape juice industry has grown. The first grape juice offered for sale was "put up" by Dr. Welch, and was then called "unfermented wine."

The Welch ideals that were back of the original idea have proven practicable. Dr. C. E. Welch, who was associated with his father in those first days, shares with his sons the ownership and management of the business today.

As the pioneer work and advertising of WELCH'S brought results, others entered the field, and to many of the "others" grape juice is a side line. With us it is everything. We study, think and work to one end—the production of

Welch's

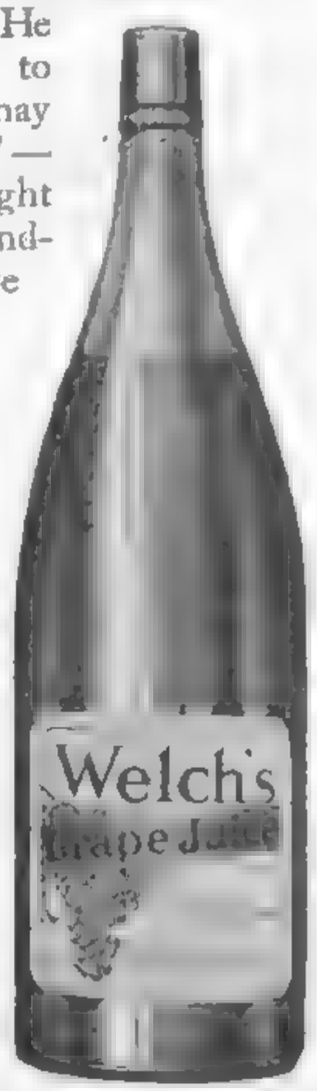
"The National Drink"

Our advertising had to be educational. We had to create the market. Because of this, and because the ideal of our business has been adhered to, "grape juice" and "*Welch's* Grape Juice" are synonymous to a large number of people.

The increasing popularity of grape juice for household use and as a beverage requires that you discriminate. We say: "Do more than ask for grape juice—say WELCH'S and get it!" We no longer say "Welch's Grape Juice, the National Drink," but "Welch's, the National Drink."

Perhaps, like many others, you have gone to a dealer, *thinking* "Welch's," but in *ordering* have said "grape juice," with disappointing results when you opened the package.

Your dealer, if he is worthy of confidence, will give you what you ask for. He may have some "grape juice" to "work off," or a larger profit may cause him to push "grape juice"—but if you *say* "WELCH'S" you ought to get it. It is hard to find a dependable dealer who does not have Welch's. So we say:



"Do more than ask for Grape Juice—say *Welch's* and *GET IT!*"

The Concords for Welch's must pass as particular a test as you would make in selecting them for table use. Our inspection begins with the vineyards, and we pay a bonus for grapes that meet our quality standard, rejecting all others. We wash our grapes and go to other extremes to secure cleanliness. No one could be more careful.

The Welch process is a development. By experience and by experiments in our laboratory we know that through improved methods (many of them exclusive with us) Welch's supplies the pure, fresh juice of the choicest Concords. From cluster to bottle the process is clean, quick and sanitary at every step.

Buy Welch's by the case and keep a supply in the house. Make it your first thought when you entertain.

If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N.Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods.

THE LAND-BABIES

(Continued from Page 13

he has gone into churches, associations, societies and clubs, teaching these powerful organizations to look after their young people, and how he has awakened latent power in many a drifting youngster's life, can be told only in the golden book of deeds!

The same spirit of after-care is in the work of another schoolman—Jesse B. Davis, of Grand Rapids; but more significant is his plan of using English composition as a means of inducing children while yet in school to think seriously about a life occupation. In his courses in oral and written English he boldly dropped the conventional landscape themes, the literary criticisms, the fictitious story, the learned treatises cribbed mainly from books, and those mock debates about the pen being mightier than the sword. Every piece of English writing is made personal.

In the eighth grade the first topic is Ambition. The object is to arouse a desire to be somebody; to look forward and not live for the present. As a help the lives of good men and women are made the subjects of brief talks. This is followed by the Value of an Education, where the aim is to encourage these twelve-year-old and thirteen-year-old children to take steps beyond the requirements of the compulsory education laws. Here catalogues of high schools and trade schools are closely examined and explained, and the industrial pitfalls for the unskilled are specifically pointed out.

In the next year confidential themes are written on personal experiences, environment, association, tastes and ideas—all aimed to reveal to the teacher the qualities of the student. This is followed by a study of the elements of character that have made for success in the lives of strong men and notable women.

In the tenth grade the topic is The World's Work: A Call to Service. The occupations of Grand Rapids are listed, and many of them are written up from inspection at first hand. Toward the end of this term—the children are concluding their second year in the high school—there is a definite choosing of a vocation. Individual conferences are held with the teacher of English—who has already prepared a chart of the abilities of each child—with the principal of the school and with the parents.

Aided by a special reference library, the student is brought face to face with the personal qualities needed for his chosen lifework—the special equipment of education and skill—and is made acquainted with the limitations of the calling and the conditions of success in it. College catalogues, the prospectuses of professional and technical schools, trade journals, vocation bulletins, labor reports—these are the textbooks.

By this time the students are ready to discuss business and professional ethics. Able men and women of affairs are brought into a class symposium; and in that open court there is frank discussion of questionable transactions—from the methods of the quack doctor to those of the unscrupulous advertiser and the army of sellers back of him.

The Handling of Sam

We have made omissions in this story. This is not the place to tell of the other accessories of the English department, particularly the school theater, with complete stage equipment—a scenery gridiron fifty-two feet in air; a switchboard, with twenty-four lighting combinations; an auditorium seating nearly two thousand. When the students are presenting She Stoops to Conquer and As You Like It, one realizes that the emphasis is rightly put on other living matters than making a living.

The same thought recurs as one looks over the six-acre playground with its cinder track, diamond and football field, with concrete bleachers. Our concern here is to watch the good fairies that ever guard the land-babies. Here are two illustrations of the way they have to do it sometimes:

Samuel H—— was dropping behind in three subjects, one of which was geometry. The mother was invited to call and talk it over with Mr. Davis.

"What does Sam do at home?" was the first question.

"Absolutely nothing!" complained the mother. "He won't work; he won't help; he is a lazy boy and good for nothing. Spends all his time in the barn working on an old boat, morning, noon and night! He won't study; is surly; won't do as he's told! What can I do with a boy like that?"

Some time later Mr. Davis sent word for Sam to drop in for a chat on his way home.

"What sort of a boat are you making, Sam?" was the surprising opener from the principal.

"Clinker," said Sam grimly.

"How long is she?" with mild interest.

"Twenty-two feet," pride badly concealed.

"What! Twenty-two feet! Why, that's a real boat!" The principal began to warm up.

"That's the only kind I want to make," said Sam, catching some of the spirit of his questioner. "Going to have an engine in it too—mebbe! Been looking 'em over."

Then they talked clinker boats—Davis had lived near the Lakes most of his life. The job had taken six months, but the boy believed he was getting somewhere; said he would rather build boats than do anything else. Davis suggested a helpful book on marine engineering that Sam could get out of the public library.

"That book ain't in the library," said Sam.

The interview ended with a discussion of Russell Conwell's The New Day, which Sam took away in his pocket. Other books followed and other chats on boats and things, until one day the boy was ready to say:

"Well, Mr. Davis, I think I see the point. I came in here the first time expecting to catch it for flunking in geometry—and you never said a word about geometry. But if I want to get anywhere in boatbuilding I see I've got to get that geometry."

"You get me!" said Davis grimly.

A Nice Mountain That Blew Up

Samuel H——, whose parents believed him good for nothing and whose teacher knew him to be a failure, is at this moment a student in the University of Michigan, enrolled in the department of marine engineering.

Every day in the last fifteen years some youngster's case has been undergoing diagnosis in Mr. Davis' school. Let us tell one more of the many stories of children whose lives have been wholly reshaped by personal guidance:

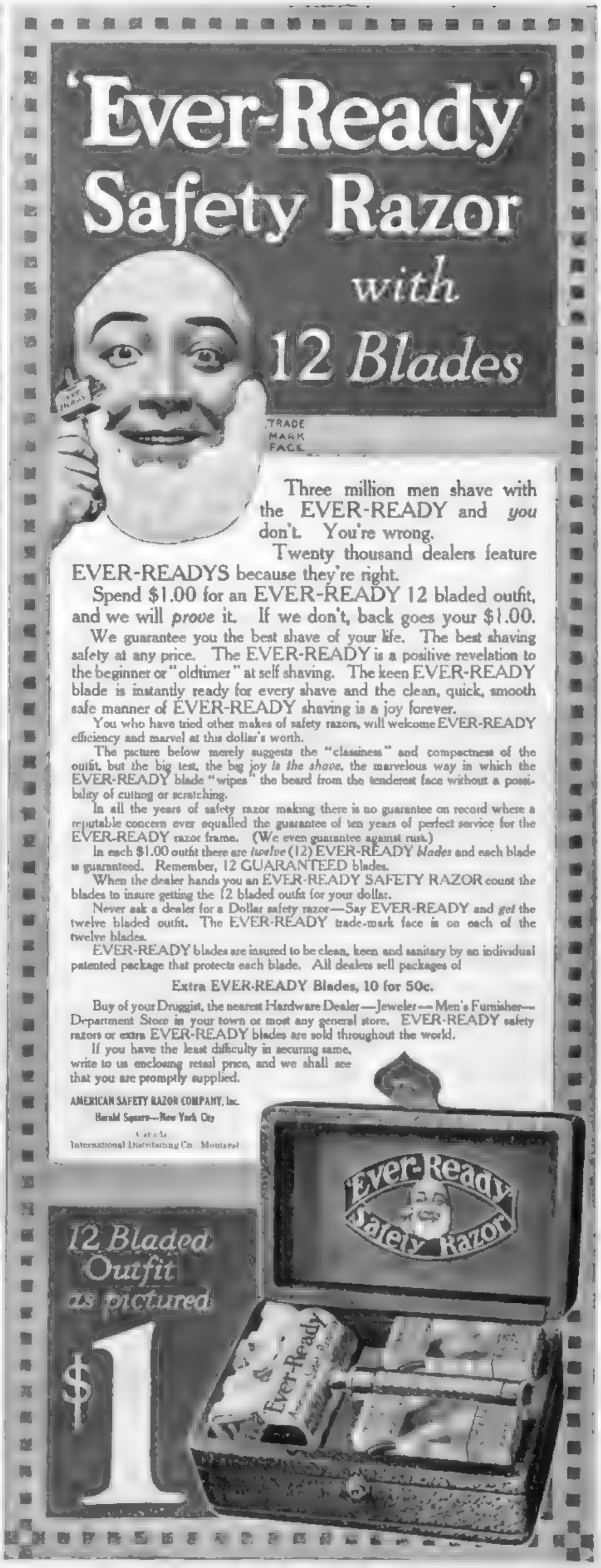
One afternoon two troubled parents came into the principal's office. Their boy, Joe, had left home. There had been a family quarrel. The boy had said he "wasn't going to be bossed round like a kid!" The crisis came over the hour for coming in at night. The father—a spirited, determined German—had told Joe distinctly in two languages that, so long as he remained under that roof, he would have to obey without question. There was a scene—German speeches, American denunciations and German-American ultimatums—two determined men matching their wills. As there seemed no hope of surrender, protocol or truce, the boy walked out of the house and did not come back.

Davis knew that Joe was a good boy. To be sure he had been failing in his lessons, had been strangely rude to his teachers, and had threatened to leave school and get a job in the Blank Electric Works. This case had been under observation for some time and a plan of rescue had been already mapped out. The untactful father did not understand his own son. It took all Sunday afternoon to make the belligerent gentleman comprehend what was taking place in that boy's life.

On Monday morning Davis went down to the Blank Electric Works and had an oldtime school chat with Joe.

"I'm not going to blame you, Joe," he began. "I just want to tell you why you did it. You're just a natural, growing boy. You've jumped up eight inches in height this year and you've put on about two dozen pounds. Why, it's just as natural for you to rebel as it is to breathe! There is absolutely nothing bad about you, Joe. It's just this—your manhood and your male qualities are forcing your independence to the top. You're trying this independence out—just as you try your growing muscles out.

"And there's something else: you are going through the most critical period of your life. Boys at your age are young volcanoes—they don't know whether to be just nice mountains or blow up. You are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Three million men shave with the EVER-READY and *you* don't. You're wrong.
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Spend $1.00 for an EVER-READY 12 bladed outfit, and we will *prove* it. If we don't, back goes your $1.00.
We guarantee you the best shave of your life. The best shaving safety at any price. The EVER-READY is a positive revelation to the beginner or "oldtimer" at self shaving. The keen EVER-READY blade is instantly ready for every shave and the clean, quick, smooth safe manner of EVER-READY shaving is a joy forever.
You who have tried other makes of safety razors, will welcome EVER-READY efficiency and marvel at this dollar's worth.
The picture below merely suggests the "classiness" and compactness of the outfit, but the big test, the big *joy is the shave*, the marvelous way in which the EVER-READY blade "wipes" the beard from the tenderest face without a possibility of cutting or scratching.
In all the years of safety razor making there is no guarantee on record where a reputable concern ever equalled the guarantee of ten years of perfect service for the EVER-READY razor frame. (We even guarantee against rust.)
In each $1.00 outfit there are *twelve* (12) EVER-READY *blades* and each blade is guaranteed. Remember, 12 GUARANTEED blades.
When the dealer hands you an EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR count the blades to insure getting the 12 bladed outfit for your dollar.
Never ask a dealer for a Dollar safety razor—Say EVER-READY and *get* the twelve bladed outfit. The EVER-READY trade-mark face is on each of the twelve blades.
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Buy of your Druggist, the nearest Hardware Dealer—Jeweler—Men's Furnisher—Department Store in your town or most any general store. EVER-READY safety razors or extra EVER-READY blades are sold throughout the world.
If you have the least difficulty in securing same, write to us enclosing retail price, and we shall see that you are promptly supplied.
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¶ The Havers Motor Car Company has been and is financially successful. Its success is based upon a well defined policy—a policy that is understood by every employee in the busy Havers factory—a policy reflected in every part of the Havers Six.

¶ "To get the most you must give the most"—this is the Havers creed. This is the underlying secret of Havers success in the past—your strongest guarantee for the future.

¶ "To get the most you must give the most"—that's why the product of this Havers policy has always given complete satisfaction to both owner and dealer. That's why the Havers Motor Car Company has always built a Six exclusively.

¶ "To get the most you must give the most." To give the most in a six cylinder car you must do more than merely give it a motor with six cylinders. You must endow it with a unity of design, a harmonious co-ordination of part with part, a nice division of stress and strain to make a perfect working whole—and there must be the final test of years of steady grind.

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¶ Long stroke motor, quiet, powerful. Multiple disc clutch. Three speed, selective transmission. Full floating rear axle. Big brakes and tires. Platform rear spring. Long wheel base. Deep, soft upholstery. Equipment, including electric lights and starter, complete in every detail.

Write for our booklet, "The Trail Toward the Setting Sun," and the new Havers Catalog.

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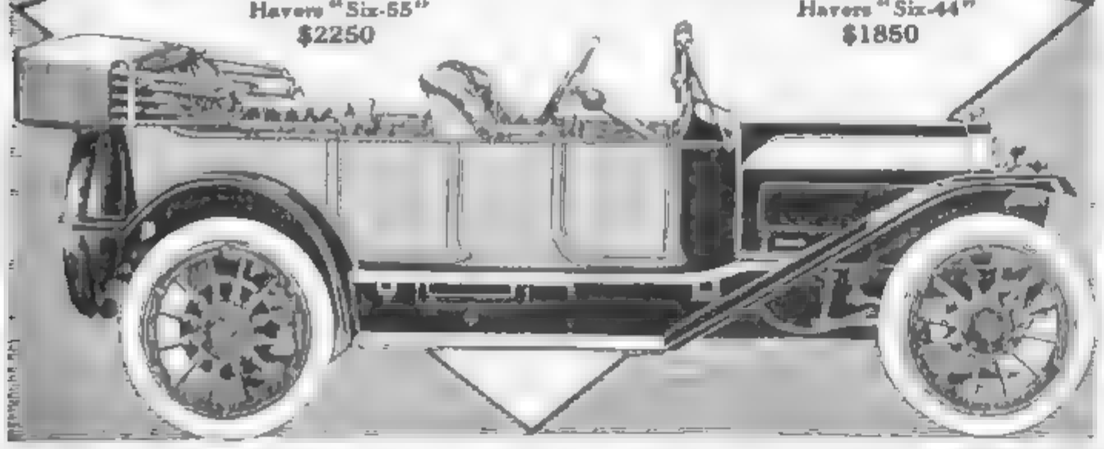
Havers "Six-55" $2250 — Havers "Six-44" $1850



restless and impatient, aren't you! Want to jump and run and yell! Can't study! You flared up at good little Miss Muffit when she invited you to make up some twopenny lesson. You didn't mean it—you just saw a chance to try out that new independence of yours. Wasn't that it?"

"Don't know why I did it—just felt ugly and mean."

"Of course you did. Now, after all, what your father asked you to do was reasonable, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"I know why you want to go to work. It's just to be free, isn't it?"

"Perhaps that's it."

"Well, Joe, you can't afford it. Now is the time you've got to hang on to yourself. If you can hold yourself back for six months or a year you'll be all right. It isn't the father or the teacher, Joe—it's you. And it's not really you. It's a lot of new machinery inside of you—new blood, bone, sinew, muscle, tissue, cells, glands, gray matter, and what not. You've got to get hold, conquer, control, guide that thing in you called man!"

Well, Joe came back, made up the lost lessons, surrendered unconditionally to the father, and strictly obeyed all the house rules. You see fathers and mothers do not always understand their land-babies the way the good fairies do. Among the archives of one good fairy is a beautiful letter from Joe's mother breathing heartfelt thanks for saving the boy she thought was lost.

This new thing, technically called vocational guidance, leads to just this sort of personal care. Davis and Weaver are notable instances of schoolmen of national repute who are giving their time to it; but thousands of less-known teachers are performing a similar service. And, of course, it is no new thing; it was not new even on that memorable day when the Levite passed by on the other side. In ten states and in over fifty school systems the quiet work of the vocational counselor is telling mightily for a better citizenry.

Vocational Guidance in Boston

Vocational guidance originated in Boston under the inspiration of Meyer Bloomfield, and there it has reached a fine state of organization. The vocational counselor is a specially gifted teacher who volunteers to talk over with children the possibilities of making a living. She—though it is often a he—gets acquainted with the demands of local occupations; finds out about wages and advancement; seeks to know the employment managers; and makes a special study of the character, habits and equipment of the boys and girls who come to her for advice.

Sometimes she finds places for those who must go to work immediately, but more frequently she puts in the hands of the pupils specially prepared leaflets full of exact information about local trades, and encourages them to get themselves better prepared for some genuinely self-sustaining calling.

The vocational counselor is ever sturdily at work in shop, factory, counting house, mill and store. She is necessarily the advocate of the child; therefore she has an eye for unfavorable working conditions, for dangers in occupations, for blind alleys, and for industries that numb and enervate, or—through evil associations—corrupt good manners.

In one of the regular meetings of the vocational counselors of Boston—there is a counselor in each schoolhouse—a member of the firm of one of the largest shoe manufactories in New England was pleasantly on the rack. He was quite willing to be, for he had a pride in showing the good points of his business—and at the same time he had a heart for the young workpeople. Before he was through he had to meet the crossfire of the counselors. They wanted to know, as they say in New England, about the death-rate; about the age of the oldest workers; about the hygienic conditions of the shops; the dangers from machine handling; the strain of the work; the chance for promotion; the loss through layoffs; the possibilities of further education; and so on. Unless the answers were favorable to their clients, the manufacturer knew that these counselors would decline to recommend the shoe trade as a possible calling.

Mr. Bloomfield's pamphlets, giving concise information on the occupations of Boston and vicinity, have been the models for

"Why, They're My *Favorite* Chocolates!"

The man who sends Johnston's guesses *right* every time. Every girl knows they are the chocolates *delicious*. She has learned to appreciate the dainty centers, the luscious fruits and nuts in cream, the thick coating that is always so rich and crispy. That is why men buy Johnston's Chocolates for their sweethearts. Johnston makes

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80 page monthly magazine for a year, with your choice of any one of Keith's famous

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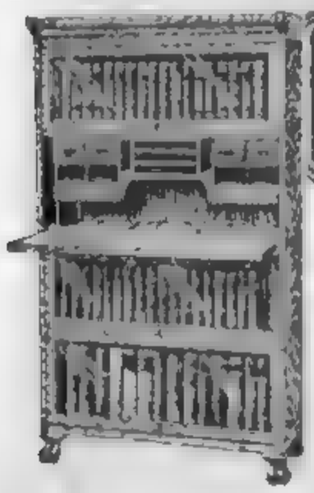

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BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in colors *(mailed free)*, showing our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission, Colonial and Standard bookcases and how you will save money by placing them in your home. The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old-fashioned kind.

Our Prices are Lower than Others

and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. M

GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

TRIAL MODEL MAILED FREE

Made of inexpensive metal and sent free to prove Larter features.

Shirt Stud Troubles Ended

No need to put up with the old-fashioned studs—Larter Studs "Save Time and Worry for Men in a Hurry." Send for the trial model and prove it.

LARTER SHIRT STUDS
LARTER VEST BUTTONS

Larter Vest Buttons are equally convenient in any kind of vest. If your jeweler cannot show you Larter Studs and Buttons, write us for the name of one who can.

Look for this trade mark on the back. It is your guarantee that if an accident ever happens to the back of a Larter Stud or Button, a new one will be given in exchange.

LARTER & SONS
Manufacturing Jewelers
21 Maiden Lane
New York

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage [illegible] we recommend after [illegible] personal investigation. [illegible] Certificates of Deposit [illegible] for saving investors. No. 715. $35

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

a whole crop of such material now appearing everywhere. They are the painstaking labor of dozens of experts. A single leaflet has cost the work of one man for an uninterrupted year. The call for the Boston booklets has come from every part of the country. The demand for knowledge in this new field of youth conservation has been most significant. Boards of trade, school committees, philanthropic, religious and civic organizations, teachers' associations and kindred social groups have fairly swamped the Boston bureau with Macedonian cries. As a result Mr. Bloomfield has been summoned from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf to organize local vocational guidance bureaus.

In some cities the vocational guidance bureau retains the services of men eminent in their business or profession, who agree to talk over with promising young persons the opportunities of their callings. This is the practice of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A. and of the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York. In the latter association there is a vocational analyst who, it is claimed, has marvelous power of sensing the physical and mental types that come before him, and of selecting for them the occupations for which they are naturally best qualified.

In Cleveland a study is being made of vocational guidance by a newly formed Vocational Guidance Institute, composed of employment managers, teachers, superintendents of schools, heads of firms, members of the Chamber of Commerce, and representatives of every civic and social effort put forth in Cleveland. They are investigating local work conditions; the supply and demand for employment; the opportunities for education for workers; practices of other communities; aids to vocational guidance, such as the public library and the school; and even the work of the psychological laboratory.

The Schoolmasters' Association, of Buffalo, and the Consumers' League, of Philadelphia, are making similar studies. The latest attempt to bridge the gulf between the worker and his work is Mr. Bloomfield's organization of Boston employment managers into an association for the study of the whole problem.

We have the spectacle of the whole country suddenly awakened to the care of the millions of land-babies that somehow have lost their balance—as did that first water-baby, Tom, the chimney-sweep—and have tumbled into the suffocating waters of industry. Kind hearts and willing hands have beaten and reached forth respectively.

Unfit Work for Children

Less spectacular, but in the long run equally effective, is the work of quiet bodies of investigators who will have no jobs to offer until they know more about the whole job business. They are patiently studying industry—and industry is on trial. They are studying public education—and public education is on trial.

Work, we human children must; but let us first see if that work is fit for human children. And if it is not fit, then we neither train nor guide children into it; and we pledge our good heart and hand that the conditions of that labor must change or that labor must cease. If matches cannot be made without rotting the flesh of our workers we will make no matches; if lead paint cannot be mixed without poisoning the laborers we will mix no lead paint; if the night messenger service cannot exist without forcing into the way of temptation every young boy that enters it we will have no night messenger service. And if special preparation is needed to set the child free from the blind-alley job then the state must provide the needful educational apparatus.

Alice Prentice Barrows, director of the Vocational Guidance Survey, of New York, has expressed this side of the whole matter of industrial guidance and industrial training in a pamphlet, An Interpretation of Vocational Guidance, that deserves to be brought out of its obscurity among the publications of the New York Academy of Political Science. She sketches the town life of fifty years ago, when a boy worked at a dozen healthful occupations, learned something fine in every one, and had a good chance to work his way up to prosperity. Then she turns to the modern city. Can the city boy work his way up through a dozen healthful occupations, learning something fine in every one, until he graduates into prosperity?

"A walk down Sullivan Street to West Third, along West Broadway, Prince and MacDougal to the city boy's home," says Miss Barrows, "is sufficient to answer those questions. The factory is the dominant reality. The vibration of its whirring machinery is ever present. You get a sudden gust of it as a door is unexpectedly opened. You feel the reverberation of it as you ascend the stairs of an old dwelling turned into a sweatshop. The dust from it blinds and chokes you. It has entered into the spirit of the small shop; so that, though to all appearances it is the oldtime village shop, it has been fundamentally changed and no longer has time to offer anything to the boy in the way of education. The machine has entered into the nerves of the people. It pervades everything! The whole place is speeded up. The taint of the factory and the drive of the factory are in the homework; and they change the home into a place where father and mother and small children speed up far into the night on the making of flower after flower at three cents a gross!"

A Typical Experience

Vividly she pictures the typical experience of a city boy trying job after job.

"For three weeks he 'walked round' and looked in the paper for jobs. He tried five or six places, 'but they didn't need a boy, and there were always twenty ahead of me.' At last he 'got into a human-hair place,' but left at the end of fifteen days because he didn't like the trade. 'I didn't have no patience with it! I'd rather be something like a plumber's helper or a carpenter's helper—something where you could use your arms and not just your fingers.' He worked there nine hours a day and got the same wages as in the first position.

"When last heard from he was in a 'novelty place.' He works on a copper buckle or badge. He cuts out the sheet copper in a proper pattern with heavy scissors. Then he pounds the metal upon a mold made of 'like it was heavy lead.' He stands all day, for nine hours, doing this. When asked whether he liked it he said hesitatingly: 'Yes, I like it; but the work is too heavy. I got five blisters the first day from using the scissors to cut some brass. And you stand up from morning till night. You never get a rest. It's a man's work. I think he ought to pay me more.' He was receiving five dollars."

"Vocational guidance must face the fact," is Miss Barrows' conclusion, "that it must be, in justice to the child, a problem in education. Since the school does not really educate, and since the community no longer educates, one or the other must be made to educate. It is impossible to simplify the complexity or stay the heedless rush of New York industrial life. It is the school which we must grapple with. It must be given an opportunity to take the place of that simple village life which, in its variety and in its demand for personal service, instructed a generation for whom there was no need of vocational guidance."

All signs point to a verification of Miss Barrows' analysis. The schools are changing to meet conditions of real life. The elementary industrial school; the coöperative high school; the apprentice part-time schools; the agricultural high school; the trade and craft schools; the work of the vocational counselors and the modified school conditions their work has brought about—these are significant of the new education. And a glance at the humane legislation of a score of years will satisfy any one that reform in industrial conditions is almost the mark of our times, and its continuance a sure hope of the future.

And it is all due to the fairies. One set of fairies—sensitive, large-hearted—is busily taking care of the immediate needs of the eight million land-babies; another set—keen of vision, scientific—is fixing and adjusting things so cozily that one of these days we shall have not a single land-baby left to take care of.

Gimbel Brothers here announce the closing of the "O. Henry" Club. Only a few days more. Last splendid offer to *The Saturday Evening Post* readers.

GIVEN AWAY
This set of KIPLING

Beautifully Bound in Cloth, to Those Who Send the Coupon at Once for the Only Complete Subscription Edition of

O. HENRY

12 Volumes. 18,000 sets already sold

Here offered at a bargain as irresistible as it is extraordinary.

One edition of "O. Henry's" complete works was published at $125 and every set was sold on the bare announcement.

If you paid this much for one of them, this announcement will interest you—otherwise you cannot afford to miss it—for you are here given the chance of a lifetime not only to get a set of Kipling FREE but also to have sent *free for your examination* the only other subscription edition of "O. Henry" in existence and secure it, if satisfactory, for only a small fraction of $125— and pay for it at the low rate of only $1 a month for a few months.

Not to know "O. Henry" is to confess oneself unfamiliar with the best of American fiction, for "O. Henry" is "The American Kipling," "The American De Maupassant," the American master of the short story—the founder of a new style

Just Join the "O. Henry" Club

It costs you nothing to investigate. But you must be prompt.

Then you will understand

why other nations are going wild over him. Why memorials to him are being prepared. Why the text-books of English literature are including his stories; colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories.

Each story—vivid, human, real—may lay bare some cruel social wrong, or just a quaint, dear glimpse of good and happiness and fun. "The Arabian Nights of New York"—his tales of the big city—catch the glamour, the romance, the elusive, seething spirit of the "Four Million."

Each story may spring a surprise, or lead you gently along, only to turn and laugh at you in the end.

The American world meets in "O. Henry's" pages and gets to know itself better. His books are inimitable—human as the clasp of a friend's hand and as alive as the laughter of a child.

428 Stories

O. HENRY	KIPLING
12 volumes bound in green silk cloth and gold. Gold tops; illustrated; 249 complete stories.	6 volumes, 179 stories and poems, red silk cloth, gold tops.

How Gimbel Brothers can Make You this Low-Priced Offer

The "O. HENRY" CLUB is Closing—Only a few days more and the most popular book club in the history of publishing will be a thing of the past.

Therefore, in this last announcement to *The Saturday Evening Post* readers—in order to make our offer in these last few days as irresistible as it is extraordinary, we give you the opportunity, if you sign the coupon below at once, not only to have a complete set of "O. Henry" sent you on approval, but to get the beautiful 6 volume set of KIPLING FREE.

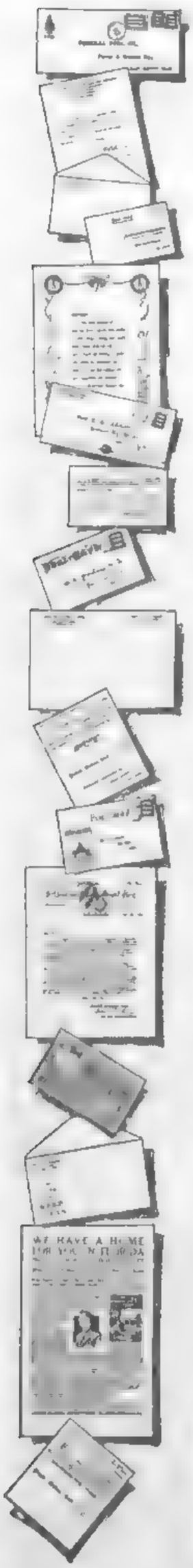
Send Back Both Sets If You Like

Send the coupon without money today. It will bring the 12 complete volumes of "O. Henry" and the 6 complete volumes of Kipling—all charges prepaid.

When you get the sets examine them carefully. Look for flaws. Then read and read. If you don't think them the most interesting books you ever saw, if you don't think them the best [illegible] you ever saw, if you don't think them the most wonderful bargain you ever saw, if you don't think them the most [illegible] you ever saw, if you don't think them the most [illegible] you ever saw, if you don't think them the most [illegible]

Let Uncle Sam be Your Salesman

THE MULTIGRAPH
Advertising and Printing



THE Multigraph System embraces many means and methods of aiding business. It would probably help *your* business in one or more of the following ways:

Producing your own direct-mail advertising, including perfect typewritten form-letters and real printing;

Printing your own office and factory stationery and system-forms;

Saving 25% to 75% of the price you are now paying your printer;

Saving time, space, waste;

Contributing a free advisory service in connection with advertising, selling and other business problems;

Preparing your advertising and correspondence for the mails.

It would seem that these benefits would help your business; but whether they would help enough to pay for the investment can be determined only by investigation. Read the following hints, that touch only the high points. Then if you wish further information, or desire one of our representatives to call, you have only to ask. We pledge our word that you can't buy a Multigraph, or any feature of the Multigraph System, unless you need it.

Fix This In Your Mind

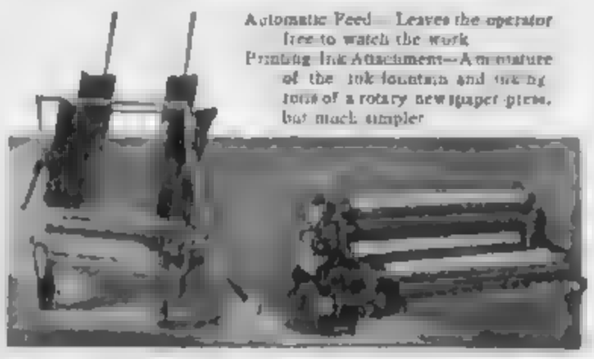
TO have a complete understanding of what follows, get this one thing firmly fixed in your mind:

The Multigraph now does real printing as well as the form-typewriting it was originally designed for.

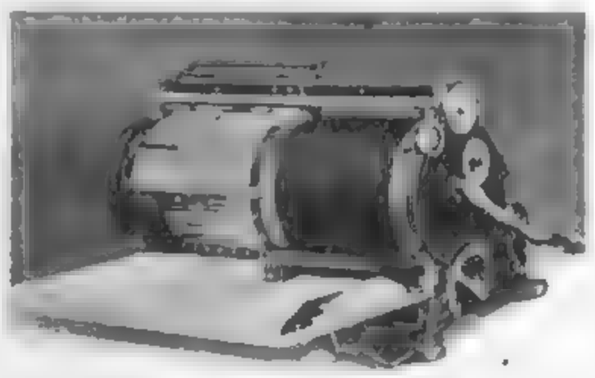
When we mention Multigraph printing we don't refer to makeshifts or imitations of any kind. We mean the kind of printing you order from your printer, waiting longer and paying more than if you had it done in your own office on the Multigraph.

Multigraph Printing

THE original Multigraph was simply the best means for the rapid production of form-typewriting, a whole sheet at one revolution of the operating drum.



Automatic Feed—Leaves the operator free to watch the work
Printing Ink Attachment—A miniature of the ink fountain and inking rolls of a rotary newspaper press, but much simpler

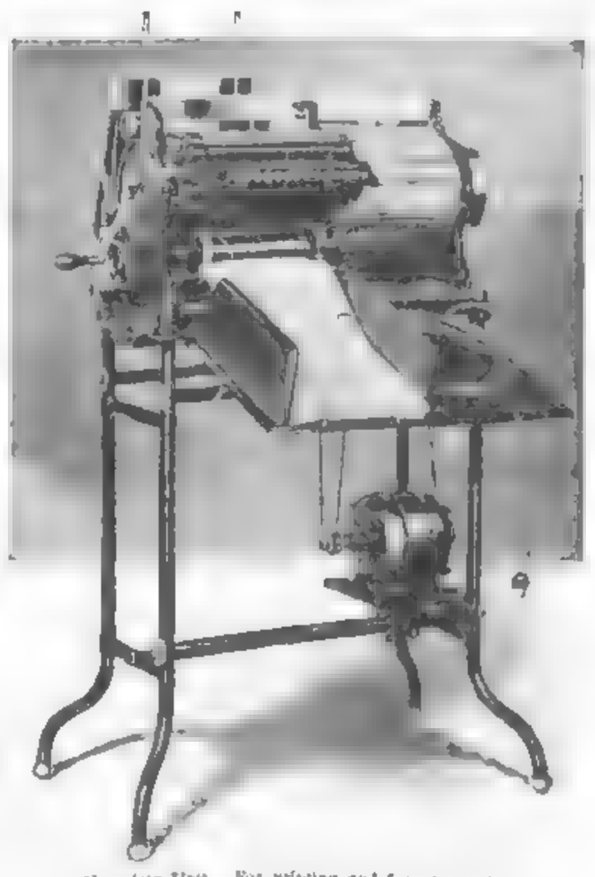


The Basic Multigraph—With self-contained type—set semi-automatically; for form-letter typewriting and general form-typewriting only

Later it was discovered that the accurate contact produced by the Multigraph took the place of the heavy pressure exerted by the ordinary printing-press; so we perfected a simple but effective printing-ink attachment.

Now the Multigraph does real printing—printer's printing—using curved electrotypes that reproduce any size or style of type desired, as well as cuts, borders and ornaments; using your choice of ninety sizes and styles of hand-set type; or using the machine's self-contained equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, set semi-automatically.

Thus, with this handy machine, which takes up no more space than



Complete Unit—For printing and form-typewriting; with electric drive, automatic feed, and printing-ink attachment

the average typewriter desk, and is operated by your own employees in the privacy of your own office, you can probably produce 90% of the printing you now send to your printer—and at 25% to 75% of his charges.

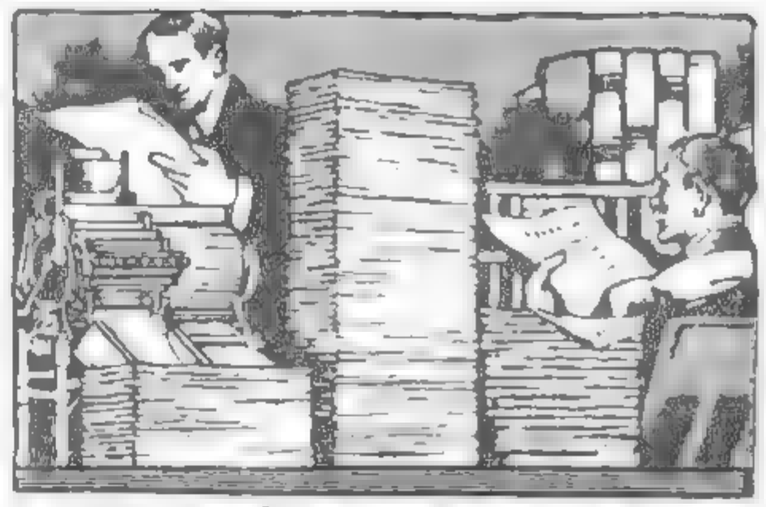
Driven by electric power taken from any incandescent lamp socket, and fed automatically or by hand, the Multigraph turns out 1,200 to 5,000 sheets an hour. The printer's limit on most work is 1,500 to 2,000 an hour; so you see the Multigraph is a time-saver in actual production as well as in its constant readiness.

Multigraphed Advertising

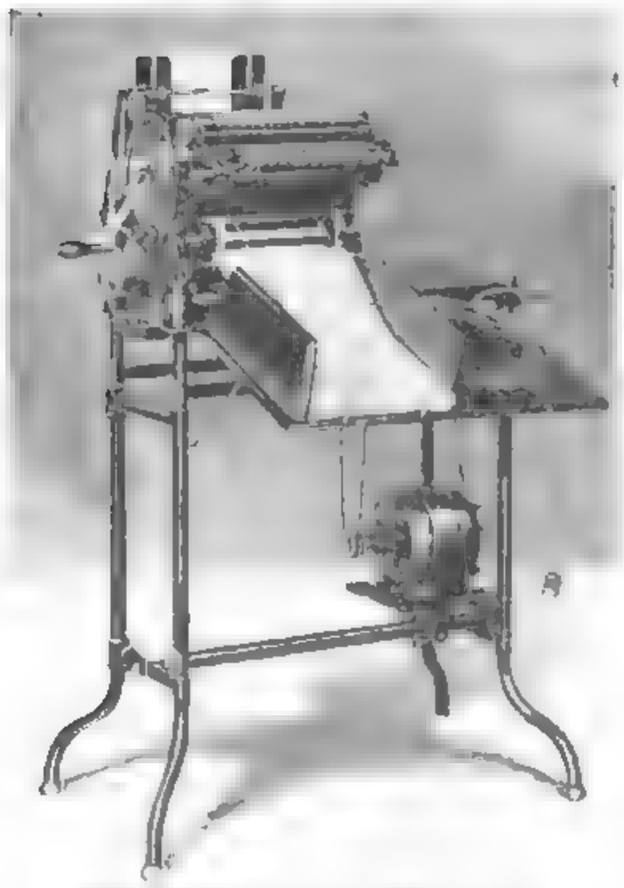
BY means of typewritten form-letters, and printed booklets, circulars and mailing-cards turned out on the Multigraph, you can carry on a complete direct-mail advertising campaign, and conduct an effective follow-up for magazine and trade-paper advertising.

One particular advantage of the Multigraph is its ability to produce printing in small quantities at nominal cost. Thus you can try out an experimental campaign on a few hundred or a few thousand prospects

SYSTEM EFFICIENCY METHODS: Folding and Sealing



Let Your Office-Help do Your Printing



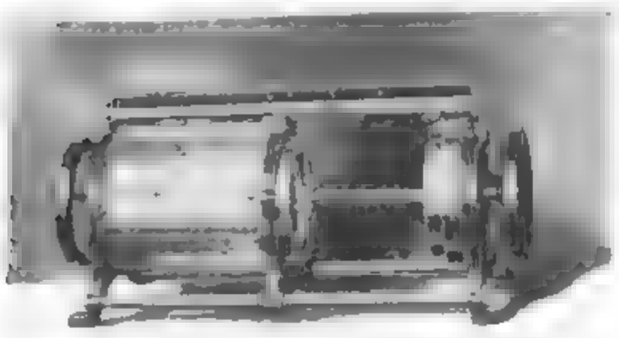
The Multigraph Printer—The printing end of the Multigraph. The typesetting end, used where printing largely exceeds typesetting

until you have found just the right literature to produce results: then you can be sure of results from your complete mailing-list.

Stationery and Forms

MOST of your stationery and system-forms can be produced at a saving on the Multigraph.

Much of the work will, of course, be printed from electrotypes; but many forms for inter-office use can be printed from the machine's self-contained type, at little expense beyond the cost of the paper.



The Multigraph Composype—The type-setting end of the Multigraph without the printing end

This latter feature is especially valuable in producing experimental forms whose cost would prohibit a trial if you had to send to the printer for them.

Multigraph Saving

THE Multigraph saves 25% to 75% of the printer's charge.

It saves time—is quick, and always ready to do your bidding.

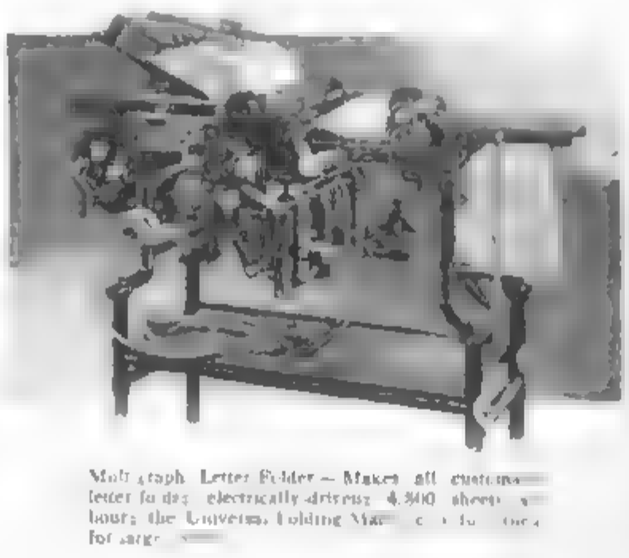
It saves space—you don't have to carry a big stock of printing to get low prices.

It saves waste—smaller stock, fewer soiled and out-of-date forms.

The Multigraph System

THE machines that make the Multigraph System possible are illustrated on these two pages. The cut-lines explain them.

The system is so elastic that it adapts itself to many needs—to a small business or a large one.



Multigraph Letter Folder—Makes all customary letter folds; electrically-driven; 4,500 sheets per hour; the Universal Folding Machine, for use in offices of large volume

Our representatives are skilled in determining just what equipment is necessary for your purposes, and schooled to refuse the sale of equipment you don't need.

Multigraph Service to Users

WHEN you buy the Multigraph, you get Multigraph Service free—and it alone is often worth the full price of the equipment.

Multigraph service deals with the brain-work that the machine translates into printing and typewriting—becomes in a measure an advertising service for small concerns, and an advisory service for large ones.

It aids users with their problems in advertising, selling, and business-system. It consists of construction, criticism and consultation.

The Service Department prepares (within reasonable limits) copy for form-letters, blotters, mailing-cards, post-cards, announcements and enclosures. It gives suggestions for copy and layout of booklets and house-organs

Users' copy for form-letters and advertising literature is given constructive criticism, with suggestions for improvement. Monthly bulletins, in loose-leaf form treat exhaustively of important subjects

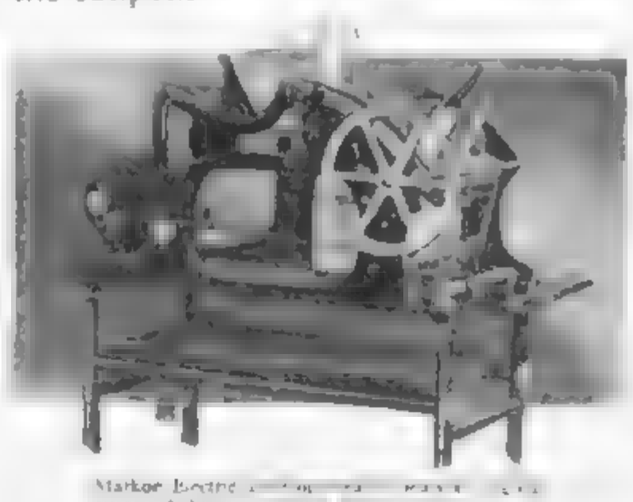
Advice on efficiency systems, cost [illegible] systems, sales management, hiring men, factory-problems and advertising-campaigns, selling-prices, etc., is prepared with the aid of a comprehensive business library and consultation with leaders in many lines

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

You need have no fear that a show of interest will lead to importunity upon our part. We will not sell you a Multigraph until we are satisfied it will stay sold. We must be sure that you can use it to your own profit.

Your business must furnish the facts; but we will gladly send a representative to help you ascertain them.

Begin your investigation today. Get in touch with our nearest branch office, or write us direct, on your business stationery, for interesting information. Use the coupon.



Markoe Routing [illegible] sizes and shapes. [illegible]

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery*. We'll show you what others are doing.

American Multigraph Sales Co., 1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Printing:
- Booklets
- Folders
- Envelope Stuffers
- House-Organ
- Dealers Imprints
- Label Imprints
- Specialtone
- Letter Heads
- Bill Heads and Statements
- Receipts, Checks, etc.
- Envelopes

Typewriting:
- Circular Letters
- Booklets
- Envelope Stuffers
- Price-lists
- Reports
- Notices
- Salesmen's Bulletins
- Inside System Forms

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices, 1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland (Sixth City)

BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Akron, O., Atlanta, Ga., Baltimore, Md., Birmingham, Ala., Boston, Mass., Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O., Cleveland, O., Columbus, O., Dallas, Tex., Davenport, Ia., Denver, Colo., Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Harrisburg, Pa., Hartford, Conn., Houston, Tex., Indianapolis, Ind.; Jackson, Mich., Kansas City, Mo., Los Angeles, Cal., Memphis, Tenn., Milwaukee, Wis., Montgomery, Minn., Moline, Ill., Montreal, Que., Newark, N. J., New Orleans, La., New York, N. Y., Oakland, Cal., Okla., Omaha, Neb., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Portland, Ore., Providence, R. I., Richmond, Va., Rochester, N. Y., Salt Lake City, Utah, San Francisco, Cal., San Antonio, Tex., Seattle, Wash., Sioux Falls, S. D., Springfield, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., Syracuse, N. Y., Tacoma, Wash., Toledo, O., Toronto, Ont., Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D. C., Worcester, Mass., Yonkers, N. Y.

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES: The International Multigraph Company, 39 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 9, Potsdamerstrasse 123b, Haus Potsdamerhof; Paris, 24 Boulevard des Italiens

Don't Start Anything You Can't Finish

Don't light a big, fat cigar—when all you want, all you've got time for, is just a few whiffs of something good. You try

Between-the-Acts
LITTLE CIGARS

Each one is like the first few perfect puffs of a fine Havana.
They fit into a hundred different "between times."
They're great for the man who's smoking too much.
They're great for the man who's spending too much money on cigars. 10 for 10 Cents.

Send 50 cents for box of 50 and pocket box of 10, free

Between-the-Acts Dept., Drawer A, Hudson City Sta., Jersey City, N. J.

PATENTS EXPERIENCED INVENTORS ... Free ... W. T. Jones, 301 G Street Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send ... free books, inventions wanted ... Richard B. Owen 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD ... Catalog just out. Free to COLLECTORS ... WM. HESSLEIN, Malley Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

PLAYS Large List. Vaudeville Sketches, Dialogs, Monologs, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas, etc. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 20, Chicago, Ill.

BUNGALOWS SLEEPING PORCHES

Perhaps your ideal bungalow seems slightly beyond your means. The high cost of building may discourage you. You will promptly alter your ideas after receiving the Aladdin catalog of bungalows and dwellings. It speaks the plainest language—tells in plain figures the Aladdin price for the complete material for your home. It pierces the usual mystery of the building business.

ALADDIN PRODUCTS FOR THE MODERN HOME

Aladdin mills work in raw material from the forest to the finished product. We pay no tax, no profit, no fee to any man for handling the goods we ship to you. We pick the choicest for *our* goods; the rest goes to the open market. The price you pay carries but a single profit. Good common sense forbids paying more when less will buy the goods. The Aladdin catalog shows photographs of cottages, bungalows and dwellings, shows floor plans, quotes complete specifications, states prices for each house—$125 up to $2000—representing and superior to houses costing ordinarily $500 to $5000. It tells a wonderful story of science applied to home building—to eliminate waste in handling labor and material, and to lower costs. Our mills are scattered from Florida to Oregon. Quick shipment from these mills saves time and your money.

Catalog "A" will bring the facts you want to know about our houses—Catalog No. 99 describes our summer cottages, garages, sleeping porches, pergolas, trellises and sun rooms. Send stamps for either or both.

North American Construction Co.
263 Aladdin Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Mills in Michigan, Florida, Texas, Missouri, Oregon and California

PERGOLAS SUMMER COTTAGES

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 16

conventional and proper Christmas Eve, in so far as that snow was falling—heavy enough to make slanting lines through the air and put a sugary-white rime on the furs of the women and the hatbrims of the men, but so light as to be obliterated by the feet of the multitude as fast as it fell. Half a mile south, in the main shop district, the eleventh-hour purchasers by the frenzied thousands contended viciously with one another and with tired-out clerks, buying gifts that were unsuitable, for people they didn't care for, because these people in return were going to do the same for them—turning the Christmas Eve into the Christmas evil. Up above, where the hotels, the cafés and the theaters packed in together, in the best-lighted and worst-paved spot upon the habitable globe, the crowds were not quite so thick or quite so maniacal.

This particular district would be at its maddest and its gladdest one week hence, on New Year's Eve, when celebrants, overdressed and underdressed, would unite, with wine, women and song—but not much song—to make a pagan's revel out of a Christian's night. Still, though, the cafés were reasonably well filled—there are always a few score thousands to be stayed with food and plied with drink in New York of an evening; and the wide street was a screen for a shuttling succession of those endlessly shifted moving pictures that make a winter's night on Broadway a thing to remember afterward.

Not even the Broadway spirit could altogether lull out the Christmas spirit. Above the roar of the traffic rose the insistent tinkle of a bell, where at every corner stood a modern Christian martyr in the person of a Santa Claus in a red flannel tunic and cotton-batting whiskers, shivering beside his canvas chimney into which the charitable dropped their contributions for the holiday dinners of the poor. Through the gasoline reek that was everywhere there seeped smells of spicy evergreens; and there were sprigs of holly on the coat lapels of some of the men and on the fur boas of some of the women. Had there been a few children about, the illusion of Christmas might almost have been complete, but of course there weren't any children. On Broadway, upon the night before Christmas, you can find almost any kind of a human being except a young child. Newsboys don't count, they being worldwise, world-wary little old men who emerged from the cradle, or its tenement substitute, into an acute and violent maturity.

Up beyond and down below, where natural darkness contended with artificial illumination for the mastery of the night, the sirens of countless automobiles bleated and blatted unendingly, like the voices of lost souls adrift in a yellowish gray sheol.

One of these banshee voices belonged to the vehicle that was swiftly bearing to the appointed place Johnny Greek and his brace of picked co-workers. Neither of these gentry was particularly large, but both of them were particularly strong and particularly bad. One, known as Scranton Dutch, was a yeggman of ability and repute in his profession, spending his summers on the road professionally and his winters in the city. The other, a swarthy person answering to the name of Tony simply, had in those bright and profitable recent days of bombthrowing and throatcutting activities, served in the triple rôle of corresponding secretary, walking delegate and subscription collector for a close corporation of Mulberry Bend Black Hand experts; and both of them were tried and proved wolves of the Manhattan bad lands.

The oldtime gangman of New York—the gangman of fifteen or even ten years ago—might have felt abashed and out of his proper element in the Broadway environs. He would have hesitated long and figured out the chances well before he undertook a contract to maim a rich young man in these parts. But he was of a different blood and breed, less cruel, perhaps, certainly less subtle—a carnal fighter merely, fond of red liquor and mixed ale and of beating up policemen and sailors; in short, a person given over to the rawer and cruder forms of lawless indulgence.

These three, however, were of a newer generation, diverging widely from their vanished predecessors, not only in look and in race but in habit and thought. They were habitual users in one form or another of drugs; they added to their crimes a certain orientalized refinement and finish of brutality and, thanks to the introduction into their social system of those products of modern civilization—the hypodermic syringe, the automatic revolver and the high-powered touring car—they were not in the least afraid to conduct their operations within earshot and eyeshot of the city's main thoroughfare, as the newspaper files of the period might abundantly attest.

They came now, riding in state in a taxicab, and Johnny Greek was coiled upon the back seat and made a small, dark, inert bundle there. He blinked his long silken lashes as the lights flittered by. His skin was grayer than ever, as if an extra coat of the cold suet had been poured over it, and his gorged eyes seemed fairly to drown in their thick fluid, which was like pot liquor. His companions themselves, well primed with gin and cocaine, knew these symptoms well, and with them were well content. It was when Johnny Greek saw things through the haze of the pipe that he turned from harmless to deadly. They were prepared to tag after him blindly and do his bidding unquestioningly—hungry pythons following a puff-adder to the kill.

According to instructions already given, their driver, himself a thief and the partner of thieves, stopped his machine alongside the curbing, half a block east of where the lights of the Olympian Temple of Classy Vaudeville made a yellow sunburst in the night. At once his three passengers were out of the car and making off in single file along the sidewalk, muffled and silent, with their hats drawn well down on their faces, but in nowise to be distinguished at a casual glance from any other three pedestrians to be found in the length and breadth of the Tenderloin at that same hour.

To explain more fully and make clear the situation that now impended, we might diagram it after the fashion followed by a newspaper artist platting out a picture. Let A and B represent respectively Gramercy Jones and Max Furst, waiting just outside the stage door; let C be Issy the Egg, on watch from a vantage place forty feet away. D, E and F are the three musketeers from Chatham Square, now afoot and drawing momentarily nearer to the chosen spot. The point marked X, we will say, represents the stage door itself, it being set into a blank wall under the protecting shadow of an outside iron stairway, some twoscore yards to the westward of the brilliantly lighted archway of the main entrance, from which the evening audience is pouring forth in a thick torrent to the accompaniment of automobiles honking and wheeling at the curb, and a carriage starter bellowing cabalistic numbers through a megaphone, and one pestered policeman doing his best to herd the crowd away by proper and orderly channels.

Led by their poisonous little pilot-snake, the two strongarms came on cautiously, holding to the outer edge of the pavement. As they emerged out of the murk into the brighter patch made by the one sputtering arc light above the stage door, Issy the Egg saw the leader and, forgetting in his eagerness the inborn caution of his craft, he stole out into the open. He came up so close to his unsuspecting quarries that from behind he could almost touch them, and he made the signal that had been agreed upon—made it once, twice, three times. In that same instant Max Furst's guardian angel nudged him on the arm and bade him turn round and be quick about it. He pivoted on his heel and in one sliding glance he took in Issy the Egg and his beckoning arm; and then, just on beyond Issy, he saw the looming figures of Johnny Greek, Scranton Dutch and Brother Tony of the Black Hand brotherhood. He had time only to snatch at Gramercy Jones warningly and to throw himself back, bracing his shoulders against the wall in anticipation of the coming shock.

Then the blow fell. But before it fell there was a delay so brief as to be measured only in split seconds.

The cause for this fractionally fleet stoppage in the rushing course of events was Johnny Greek. Three of the little gummy black pills smoked, or even four, and Johnny Greek would have been as keen as a rat-dog. But, honing up his nerves for the work in hand, he had, in the privacy of Mow Gow's place, smoked five, and that

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was exactly one too many. His stupefied brain rolled and waggled in a poppy haze and his thoughts fought together.

Some things, now, were clear enough to him. He had the place right—that was sure enough—and there was somebody to be beaten up into fit shape for surgery. There was to be a signal for the beginning. He was to make the gunplay while those two trusty subcontractors of his, Scranton and Tony, did the rough work.

The brimming black eyes fell on a face. This face he placed dimly—it belonged to an oldtime Central Office bull whom he had known somewhere, hundreds or thousands of years before. Was the bull to be the recipient of the slugging? No, that was not it. The bull would be somewhere near the chosen victim—that was it. Seeking for that victim, his rolling, brimming stare shifted from Furst to one who hovered almost alongside Furst. And, clear through the mists that fogged his intellect, he beheld a hairless puckered face and a bald round head and a hand frantically motioning. He knew that face too. Had he seen it before? Or had it been described to him minutely? No matter—it was fixedly associated in his memory with this lucrative and congenial enterprise!

Out of his overcoat pocket came the automatic. Making a circling sweep of the gun to hold off interference from whatever quarter, Johnny Greek gave the order:

"Take him you—the guy with the cap!"

Max Furst barely did yank his startled employer backward into the protection of the stage door as the two subcontractors bore past them. Just beyond there was a jolt of contact—a mingling together of three thrashing bodies—a squeak of terror from somebody—and then a newsboy was yelling: "Fight!" The steady currentlike movement of the crowd broke into confused eddyings, and then rolled forward in an excited groundswell, packing closely, as is the habit of a crowd, and delaying the one lone policeman who came at a run, diving through the intervening human surf. He made good time, considering, but then Scranton and Tony were fast workers too.

They came bounding back now and left behind them a silent black heap on the sidewalk against the theater wall. It looked for a moment like an overcoat, crumpled and dropped there. Johnny Greek's waving gunbarrel cleared an amply wide path for them through the scrambling pack; and, with him ahead setting the pace, they jumped the curb, crossed the asphalt, and while the bewildered policeman made abortive starts this way and that, misled by conflicting shouted advice, they tumbled into their taxicab and were presently gone, streaking away without regard for the speed law. They had made one mistake which, however, gave them no worry, because they didn't know yet they had made it.

As Max Furst drew Gramercy Jones out of the confusion into a quieter and less excited spot round the corner of Broadway, they heard the clang of the gong as the ambulance wormed its way through the Christmas Eve crowds. Already Mr. Furst had fully diagnosed the state of the case.

"Boss," he was saying, "I've got it figured out: Issy the Egg frames up a beating for you or me—you, I guess—and the dope goes wrong and he gets it himself. You had all the luck this time. You had your nerve with you too. I seen the look on your face when the play came off and that little hop-fighter was poking his gat your way. I guess you're the White Hope, all right, chief!"

From this occasion dated the period when Max Furst quit calling the young man boss and began calling him chief.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Not That Channel

NOT long ago Colonel T. W. McCullough, managing editor of the Omaha Bee, limped into the editorial rooms saying rude things about the slippery pavements. He had had a fall.

A new reporter, thinking to mollify the colonel, said:

"Well, colonel, you ought to get consolation out of the fact that George Ade fell down yesterday too. You know the old saw about great minds running in the same channels."

"Say, you," snorted the colonel, "where the deuce do you think my mind is?"

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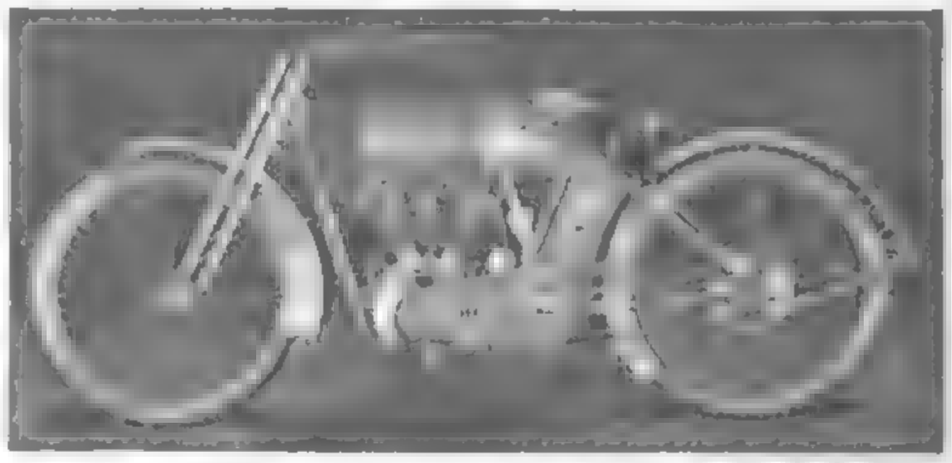

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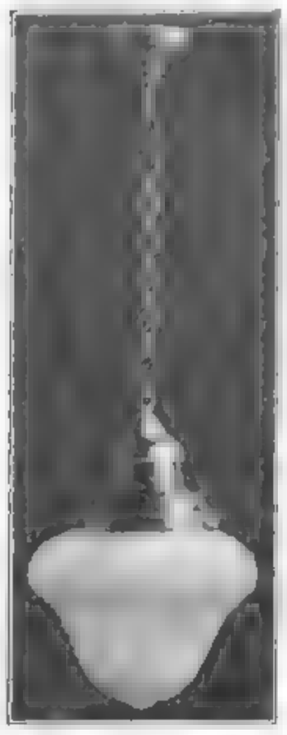

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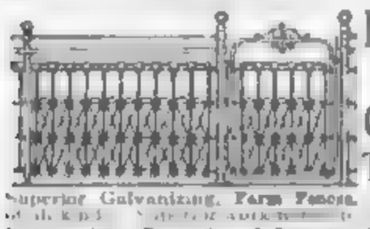

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OUR NEW PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4

His ability to keep his own counsel is marvelous. No person, however expert or influential, has been able to get any information from Mr. Wilson that Mr. Wilson was not ready to impart. During the ante-inauguration period he was subjected to the heaviest pressure about appointments and policies, and he never told anybody anything. Man after man hurled himself against that smiling exterior in the effort to draw him out, and fell back without a shred of knowledge. All sorts of subterfuges were tried, but none succeeded. He was questioned and cross-questioned and requestioned; and he smiled and made no comment. He was attacked and cajoled and besought and urged; but he said nothing. He was perfectly willing to talk policies and did with those who had the position that entitled them to his confidence, but the personal side of his Administration remained his until he saw fit to disclose it.

Mr. Wilson is an extraordinary listener, and he has the faculty of getting all the useful information a visitor has without giving anything in return unless he thinks it advisable to say something himself. At that, he is perfectly frank when he does talk, and makes no secret of his intentions. His course concerning his Cabinet was typical. There were probably two hundred candidates for place in that body. Mr. Wilson listened to the claims of all of them without giving a sign. If he had made up his mind about any particular man no person knew it until Mr. Wilson was ready to tell it himself. Men who thought they were under consideration saw him and came away not knowing whether they were on the list, out of it, or whether they ever had been in either position. Moreover he was so skillful that no inferences were possible. He took everything and gave back nothing. It was his business and it remained his business until the end.

Naturally this tendency created a good deal of uneasiness among the Democrats in Congress and throughout the country, but Wilson knew why. The men who were uneasy were uneasy because their vanity had been hurt. They all considered themselves as entitled to the full and free confidences of this new Democratic president, and when they could learn nothing they feared for the fate of the party. This did not disturb Mr. Wilson at all. It merely emphasized the fact that he is going to be the President of the United States. There is no reason, save for purposes of gossip, why a president-elect should tell all comers—or any comer—who is to be in his Cabinet—a purely personal body of advisers. Indeed they could not force him to appoint a Cabinet if he felt no need of one. The business of the country runs on very well with "acting" heads most of the time.

That Mona Lisa Smile

They fussed and fumed, and Wilson smiled. That is one of the best things he does—smile. It is a calm little smile, a quizzical little smile, a polite little smile, an intellectual little smile. It seems to say: "How very interesting! I certainly shall consider that—if I feel like it. How extremely kind of you to tell me this! But do you think I do not know exactly what you are driving at? If so, you are much mistaken."

Many a plotting statesman will study that smile in the next four years and wonder whether it means yes or no.

What it does mean types Wilson's attitude toward his duties and responsibilities. It means: "I am glad to hear this and I will consider what you say. My mind, you understand, is open on this matter; but when it is closed I shall close it myself, taking into account all the circumstances that seem to me important."

Which seem to him important! That is another index. There are many things that seem extremely important to their proponents which will not impress Mr. Wilson that way. His view of the relative values of things is not the conventional view. For example, it seemed much more important to him to have no inaugural ball, and save some twenty-five thousand dollars of the Government's money thereby, than it did to have an inaugural ball and thus enable the contributors in Washington to get back the money they had subscribed for the expenses of the ceremony. The fact that there always had been inaugural balls and that the Washington contributors always had received their money back made no impression on him. So with various other matters. Because a thing always has been done is no reason why it should be done; nor is it a reason a thing should not be done because it never has been done.

When I talked with him late in January Mr. Wilson told me of a plan he has in mind that illustrates this point perfectly. He said he was convinced that such success as he had had in getting legislation he wanted in New Jersey rested largely on the fact that he was in close personal contact with the members of the legislature. His office and the chambers of the Assembly and the Senate are on the same floor in the New Jersey statehouse. His idea was that, being close at hand, he was able to advise, counsel and hear directly from the legislature and in a measure, at least, direct its movements.

He asked me whether there was a president's room at the Capitol. I told him there is a president's ornate room there. Then he said he has it in mind to spend several hours each day in that room, close at hand to Congress, wherein, as he wisely realizes, a large portion of his success or failure will be determined; for he can make no laws himself and Congress must make them. He had concluded, he said, that it is about as far from the Capitol to the White House as it is from the Capitol at Washington to Trenton, and he could obviate a good many of the difficulties that must arise between Congress and the president by being up there each day—close at hand—to see legislators and to be seen by them.

A Shattering of Precedents

Now that is a revolutionary proposition. Ordinarily the only time the president goes to the Capitol is on the last night of a session of Congress, when he goes to sign bills, or on some formal occasion, like a funeral or an inaugural or some big public ceremony. The moment he does that Mr. Wilson will be bitterly attacked as trying to interfere in the work of a coördinate branch of the Government. He will be accused of lobbying and will be criticised savagely. Still, he had discounted all that. There is a president's room at the Capitol and he is going to be president. It seems logical to him to occupy that room when he wants to. There is no reason why he should not be up there if he likes. He is president and there is no law against it—and why not?

Why not? Because no president ever did it before—that is the only reason; but that sort of reasoning does not appeal to this man. Nor does the historic reason that the White House was built a mile from the Capitol to prevent this very thing appeal to him. There are other views and practices that will make precedent-bound Washington gasp. For example, he does not consider the president of the United States to be a sacrosanct person, who must not be quoted directly. That is one of the unwritten laws of official Washington. He does not care a snap of his finger about unwritten laws. If a president talks, why not quote him—provided you quote him correctly? He knows he is talking for publication unless he says he is not, and why not put what he says in direct quotation instead of hedging it with the usual "From a person of high authority" and similar piffle?

Mr. Wilson looks with amused contempt at the dreary Cabinet dinners, when a president must go, according to precedent, trotting round to dine with each member of his Cabinet at a set time and in a set way. He is not favorably impressed with the routine receptions and the rest of the social stuff that has hitherto seemed inseparable from and indispensable to the office; in fact the embroidery and upholstery of the job appear to have no attractions for him—and he is not a recluse by any manner of means. His mind works with essentials, and these are non-essentials.

He gave the Democrats of the country a series of frightful chills when he said he saw no reason for removing a faithful public servant from office merely because he happened to be a Republican and not a Democrat; and saw no reason why a faithful public servant should not be given an opportunity to continue in his faithful service

at the end of a term, provided his faithfulness was combined with efficiency. This sane but non-partisan view of the patronage situation caused the Democrats to hop up and down. What good does it do, they asked, to elect a Democratic president if the Democrats are not to have the pie? That sort of inquiry will be greeted with one of those Wilson smiles.

At the same time, this new president of ours is a complex person. If you will take the trouble to examine the constitution of the state of New Jersey you will find the governor of that state has a far greater appointing power than any other governor in the Union. He appoints about everybody who holds office—not all, but a very large number. Now, then, if you will go further and have a look at the men he has appointed since he began his term as governor you will discover that he has appointed only a very few—not half a dozen—who were not entirely acceptable to his personal wing of the Democratic party in New Jersey. He is a good organization man—when the organization is a Wilson organization; as safe and sane in that regard as can be desired.

The commonest political criticism of Mr. Wilson is that his knowledge of politics and of political government, such as ours is, is largely theoretical and not practical. It is very true he has no wide knowledge of the actual mechanics of Congress or of the Government itself, and he will have much trouble because of that; but it will not do to call him an impractical and theoretical politician. If you are inclined to that view study his record in New Jersey. He has never failed to come to the front when his partisans needed him at the front. He undertook the anti-Jim Smith fight without hesitation when his faction demanded it and his political fortunes needed it, and he carried it through without batting an eye. All this makes that poor-politician talk seem rather inconsequential. Still, it is likely Mr. Wilson does not object if they do hold him as a poor politician. It is much easier to be a good politician when others think you are a poor one, and it does not hurt any to have people think you are a total stranger to political procedure.

Mr. Wilson is affable and agreeable. He enjoys the society of his fellowmen, and is simple in his tastes and requirements. He walks moderately, exercises a little, reads for recreation, likes the theater and a good, clean story—and can tell plenty. He does not affect society in the "society" sense, and is entirely democratic and unassuming. He has a frank manner of speaking, and talks clearly and interestingly. His mind is well ordered, well controlled and highly developed. He has a wide knowledge of history and of literature, and a most lucid style of writing. He is bored by details, and trusts implicitly those he trusts at all. He is extremely chary of confidences, lets few into his secrets, acts only after mature deliberation, and has great confidence in personal influence.

The Chief Handicap

There has been a tendency to consider Mr. Wilson a dry, scholastic, academic sort of person—but he is not. When it is necessary he can unbend, come out of the scholasticism, and be as social as could be desired! Soon after he went into office as governor of New Jersey he had a bill he wanted to pass. A certain state senator held it up—principally because he did not like Wilson. One night there was a dinner at a country club near Trenton and the governor and the senator attended. It was a persuasive dinner of fried chicken and waffles. After dinner the governor and the senator did a cakewalk together, and that made the senator so certain there were elements of good fellowship in the governor that he let the bill go through.

As I have said, Mr. Wilson can be expedient if the occasion requires.

The president-elect's principal difficulty when he goes to Washington will be his lack of detailed knowledge of the men in the country and of the local political necessities of the country itself. He has not been in National politics long enough to know the ins and outs of the various localities, and he will have a good deal of trouble until he learns them. This lack of knowledge undoubtedly is one of the causes for the extreme caution he used in making his early selections for office. He knew they would impose on him if they could, and he tried to prevent as much of that imposition as possible. He has been inclined to regard a man presented to him on his record or the position he has held—that is, if a man has been governor he has held him to be a man of consequence, without inquiring specifically into the reasons that made him governor and the forces behind him. However he is getting out of that frame of mind; and it will not be long before he has a comprehensive knowledge of the entire situation.

Mr. Wilson thinks the first legislative acts of his Administration should be the revision of the tariff and the reform of the currency laws. It is his opinion that these two subjects are interlocked, and he was of the mind to present currency reform first. However, when I saw him, it was his idea to call the Congress in extra session as soon after March fourth as Mr. Underwood had his tariff bills ready, or the first of them ready, and send in a message outlining the kind of tariff revision he thinks the country should have. There need be no lack of knowledge on the part of the country as to the character of tariff revision Mr. Wilson will recommend to Congress, or the character of tariff legislation the House, at least, will pass.

The series of bills presented at the last special session by the Democrats and passed by them embody substantially the new president's ideas of tariff revision, supplemented, of course, by other bills that will revise every schedule as necessities demand. He is a believer in a series of bills, and has insisted that bills for each schedule shall be presented separately.

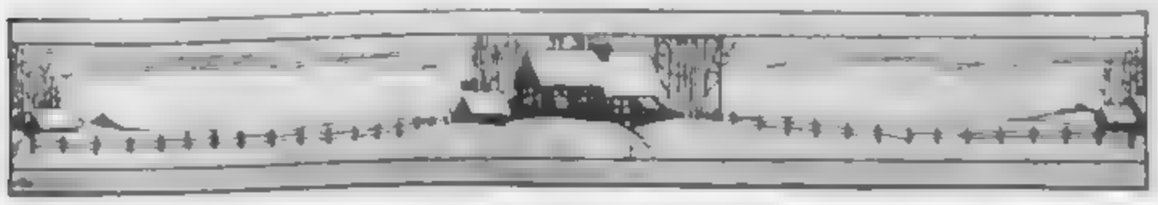
The Wilson Kind of President

At the end of this message there will be a paragraph informing Congress that at a later time a message will be sent in dealing with the subject of currency reform. It is Mr. Wilson's idea to send in that message during the special session, not necessarily expecting action thereon at the time or during the special session, but to prepare the people and inform them and the Congress as to his ideas on the subject, and in order that the matter may be ready for consideration when Congress meets in regular session early in December. He elaborated his ideas to some extent in his Chicago speech, especially as concerned bankers and banking and their relation to the financial situation.

He favors the strengthening of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, especially as regards the control of raw materials by any combination or corporation engaged in the manufacturing of finished products from those raw materials; and his ideas concerning trusts are embodied in the series of seven bills presented to the New Jersey legislature late in January.

When Mr. Wilson has accomplished tariff revision and the reform of the currency laws he will go ahead on his general program, which broadly may be said to coincide to a reasonable degree with the last Democratic platform. He has certain definite ideas on conservation and believes in the broadest measure of popular government. It would not be surprising to see him advocating some very advanced measures along the lines of government by the people; but these policies are of the future. But before everything else he will try to attain tariff reform and a reformed currency system.

And he is going about it all calmly, deliberately, methodically, systematically. He is not excited about being president. He is taking the office as a trust given to him by the people and he intends to be his own kind of president in his own way, and take all the responsibilities. But—and this is the basis of it—his kind of president is a progressive president, who shall have a decent regard for the political necessities of the party that nominated him, but who shall, first of all, have a much higher regard for the welfare of the whole people.



PRINCE ALBERT
makes men
want to
smoke a
jimmy pipe!

1st. Prince Albert won't bite *your* tongue, or any other man's. Can't! Bite's cut out by the patented process that makes P. A. different from any tobacco ever produced. No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert.

2d. Prince Albert is crimp cut—*ready* to be tucked away in your old jimmy pipe.

3d. Prince Albert is fresh and clean—just as it leaves our factory. In the 5c toppy red bag the tobacco is wrapped in waxed paper, then snugly fitted into the bag. Outside there's still another transparent glassine paper jacket—to keep the good *within* and the soil *without*. In the 10c tidy red tin P. A. is wrapped in transparent glassine paper, then sealed. Dust-proof—weather-proof—and freshness and fragrance and sweetness assured! You *compare*

PRINCE ALBERT
"the national joy smoke"

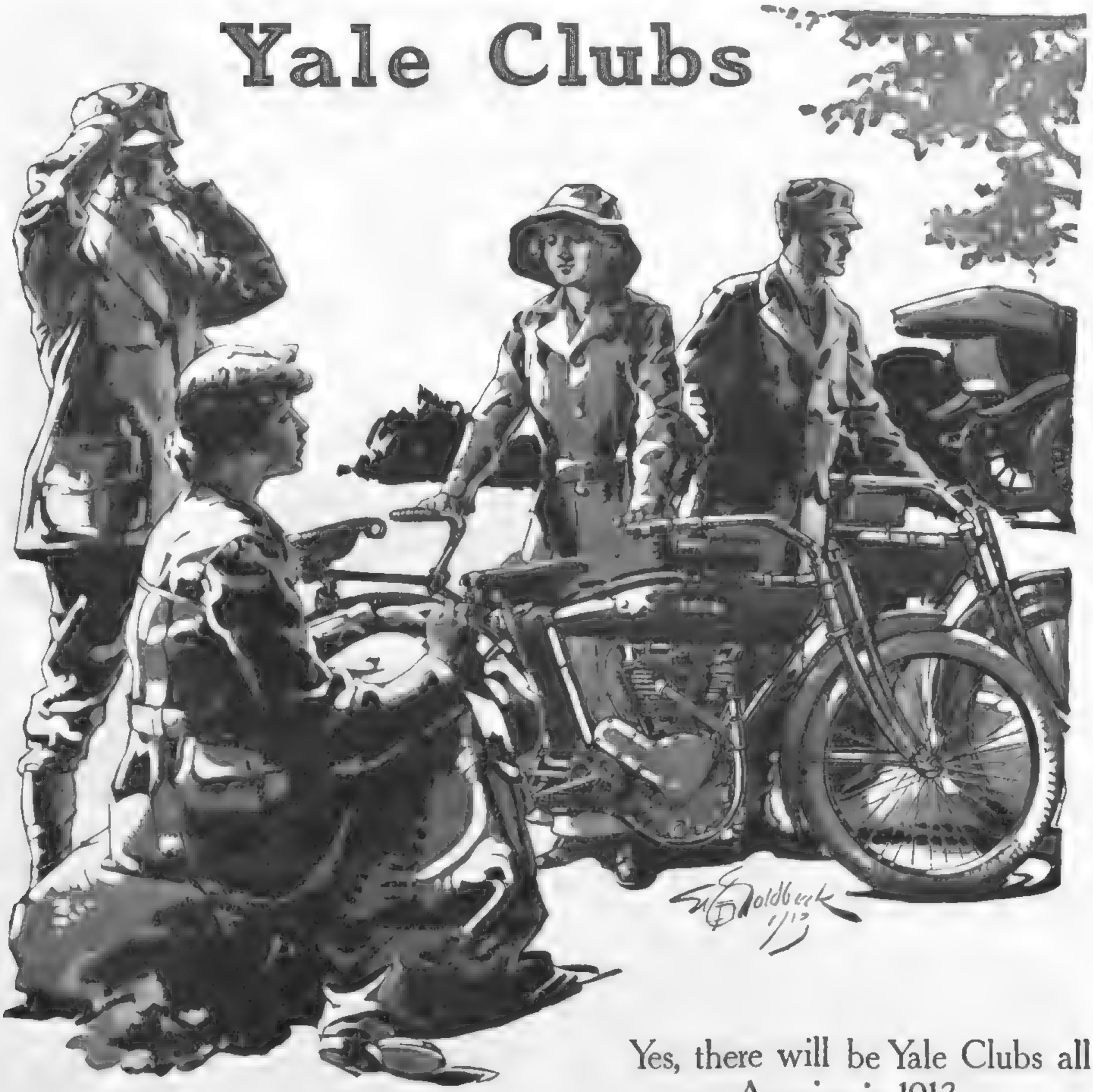
P. A. in the toppy red bag 5c

with any other tobacco you ever smoked, *no matter what it cost!* The answer is: P. A.'s "the goods"—delicious from the first fire-up down to the sweetest "heel" you ever took a pull on! Men, get alive to real pipe joy! You certainly are not getting what is coming to you by smoking brands that never did and never can give you satisfaction.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Yale Clubs



Yes, there will be Yale Clubs all over America in 1913.

More than a hundred thousand new motorcycle riders — due in no small measure to the wonderful advance of the Yale.

City and country alike are uniting to welcome the new Yale — and the enthusiasm of that welcome is the most notable thing in the motorcycle industry.

You'll want to join the Yale family with your friends; but you can't afford to wait a day in ordering your Yale.

There are so many thousands who are demanding 1913 Yales for use at work and at play that Yale dealers won't be able to supply the latecomers.

We want you to investigate, to make comparisons; and we want you to do it thoroughly — but we warn you to *do it now.*

Everywhere

Yale 7-8 H. P. Twin (illustrated), $275
f. o. b. Toledo

Two cylinder Yale, rated 7-8 h. p. (actually develops 9.2 h. p. on block test). Horizontal cylinder flanges cooling both cylinders perfectly. "Y-A" Shock Absorber. Yale cushion fork. Special Heitger carburetor. Bosch waterproof magneto. Belt or chain drive, with clutch—starts like an automobile. *Big, generous, over-sized 3-inch tires.* Wheelbase, 57½ in. Weight, 185 pounds. Speed, 60-65 miles per hour. Yale 6-7 h.p. Single, $225 f. o. b. Toledo. Send postal card for booklet and catalog.

And when you investigate be careful to keep in mind the things that are *vital,* especially if you have not yet learned *how* to buy a motorcycle.

Learn, first of all, just how painstaking and scrupulous are the manufacturing methods employed in the building of a motorcycle. No price consideration can make up for standards less rigorous than those of the Yale.

Then beware the motorcycle too lightly built. Superfluous weight, of course, you don't want; but there must be strength and durability in a motorcycle to insure safety and its handmaiden, economy.

Insist on getting a man-sized machine like the Yale, because a motorcycle must stand a strain greater even than that encountered by a motor car.

Find out if past records prove the motorcycle superior to this terrific strain. (Not a single Yale fork broke in 1912.)

Find out if past records prove that upkeep cost is low. (All Yale riders in America averaged 29c for one year.)

Only long and faithful manufacturing experience can build these qualities into a motorcycle. Less than Yale experience you shouldn't accept. (The first Yales made good in 1904.)

Find out if the frame-head is made of the finest and most expensive crude stock—not flimsy sheet metal; if *strength-giving drop forgings* are used everywhere *as in the Yale.* (The Yale is the only motorcycle factory operating its own drop forging plant.)

Find out if the fork is of the vibrationless cushion type; if the shock absorber has been perfected by a dozen years of research; if the cooling flanges are *horizontal* to allow air to cool the back cylinder perfectly.

Find out if the motor is long-stroke, with mechanically operated valves, the product of European and American genius; if it gives steady power and great speed when needed.

Find out if the wheelbase is 57½ inches—the comfort length; if the tires are *big, generous, over-sized 3-inch tires;* if the rear mud-guard is hinged.

These are *all* factors vital to *safety, comfort* and *economy* of operation. You will find them exemplified in the highest degree in the 1913 Yale.

Start your investigation by calling on your Yale dealer to-day (write us for his name, if necessary). There is no time to lose if you want a Yale.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Drop Forgings

California Distributer, Los Angeles Motorcycle Co., 843 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles

TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings on the spindle of a Timken-Detroit Front Axle for Pleasure Car.

THROUGH how many miles of road service will the bearings in your car stand up—and give *full* efficiency?

How long will they carry the weight of car and load, meet the hammer blows from jolts over rough city pavements and car tracks, from deep-rutted country roads?

How long will they keep shafts in alignment, keep gears in correct mesh, hold friction down to near nothing—save power?

These questions strike the root of the economy, the satisfaction and the safety of year after year operation of your motor-car.

IT would be ridiculous to claim that any bearings, or any other moving parts, will not wear in time. The best steels, the most careful heat-treatment can only minimize wear and postpone it.

The great question to the car owner is, can the inevitable wear be neutralized by adjustment so that the bearing will continue to perform all its functions with *full efficiency* during the life of the car?

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the one anti-friction bearing whose principles of design enable the effect of wear to be wholly eliminated by adjustment without the least sacrifice of its efficiency.

The two ribs on the Timken cone keep the tapered rollers always in perfect alignment—therefore the diminutive wear is uniform over the surfaces of cone, rollers and cup.

When the cone is moved just a trifle farther into the cup all the parts are brought into the same identical relation to each other that existed when the bearing was first made.

No grooves can wear in the races. The rollers, though microscopically smaller, have still the same taper and, after adjustment, are just as snugly in perfect rolling contact with cup and cone as they were at the start.

Because it is adjustable perfectly for wear; because the line contact of its rollers enables it to support greater load and stand greater shocks; because its tapered construction enables it to meet end-pressure as well as vertical load—The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is found in the wheels of the great majority of American motor-cars, both pleasure and commercial, and in many leading foreign cars as well.

The life-time efficiency of the Timken Roller Bearing is also one of the fundamental reasons for the success and wide adoption of Timken-Detroit Axles.

It will pay you to learn more about these essential parts of the car—bearings and axles. You can do so by sending for the Timken Primers A-5, on Bearings; A-6, on Axles. Sent free postpaid on request to either address below. Write today.

R B CO

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

D A CO

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

(Concluded from Page 11)

"We're cleaning them up," the mayor cheerfully explained, now thoroughly imbued with the Jameson idea. "We're going to have this town so safe that the burglar-alarm companies will shut up shop."

"But what'll we do for amusement?" Waldubbel worried. "Look here, mayor! What about my place?"

"You're protected," laughed the mayor, who held a mortgage on this alderman's saloon. "What's your objection, Waldubbel?"

"Well, I don't know," puzzled the slow-witted alderman. "I'm in the saloon business and it's just general principles, I guess."

"You're not a good business man," the mayor pointed out. "Satterly has closed up four cheap saloons in your neighborhood in the past week. Isn't your trade better?"

"It's great!" boasted Waldubbel.

"Then go home and think about it," advised Birchland. "I'll promise you one thing if it will make you feel any easier—we're not going to make a dry town of this."

"Then I'm all right?" queried the worried city law-maker.

"Just so long as you vote right," smiled Birchland, who was beginning to like politics. He was quite promising material, in fact.

Adolph Sauersauf followed Waldubbel. He wore a new yellow waistcoat and a confident air.

"Some shake-up!" he exulted.

"A grand disturbance," Birchland pleasantly agreed.

"It's a wonder these tin horns wouldn't square themselves," comfortably chatted Sauersauf, opening the top righthand drawer of the mayor's desk and reaching for a cigarette. "Now, me; regular as the meter on a taxi. Every little old Saturday night, me, down to see the chief, with my little old thousand in my little old envelope, even if I have to stand off the bank."

"Standing off the bank is a dangerous process," insinuated the mayor. "You deal with the First National quite a bit—don't you?"

"I can fuss with any of them," stated Sauersauf, resting a foot on one of the mayor's pet chairs. "I got notes right now in the First National, the Traders' Market, the Teller Street and the Germania. It's a snap for me. Why, besides my brewery, I own the property where I have over fifty of the saloons my brewery controls. Say, I was just down to see the chief. He took the thousand all right."

"So long as he does that, you're safe," soberly advised the mayor; and, taking a little notepad in his hand, he wrote: "Traders' Market Bank."

Jimmy Franey called. Jimmy was a gray pompadour, with an attenuated sliver of distress under it, and he had lost a saloon on Birch Street.

"I don't know what's the trouble between me and the chief, Mr. Birchland," he said, "but I think I'd ought to have some consideration. I swung my precinct for you in the last election."

"Where was your place?" asked Birchland, producing a city map.

"Right there," answered Jimmy, pointing out the spot on the map with a fingernail like a bird's claw.

The spot indicated was two blocks and a half from John Klender's former saloon.

"I'll see what I can do," promised Birchland. "If I can get the chief to give you a license to open in some other location, would you mind?"

"Just so it's in my precinct," begged Jimmy. "If you'll do that for me, mayor, I'll plug for you as long as I'm in the game!"

"You're on, Jimmy," agreed the mayor, who was beginning to talk the language of his people; and he shook hands on it. "This is a business administration!"

After Jimmy had gone Alderman Waldubbel paused to insert his head somewhere near the top of the door, and the head was smiling cheerfully.

"I'm for it, mayor!" he declared, having thought it all over.

If the mayor's office was a busy place that day Chief Satterly's was a maelstrom.

Saloons were falling on the right of him and on the left of him, to the fore of him and to the rear of him; and the temperance people acclaimed him as their own.

It had been generally proclaimed that the chief wished information which would enable him to drive out of business all the undesirable groggeries, and the information came so fast that it took a special police detail working in shifts to keep the informers in line. By the end of the first week he had evidence enough to indict every saloon in town for murder, arson and grand larceny; but he calmly sorted this evidence and took his pick. A careful geographer might have discovered that most of the saloons the chief was closing just now were located within two blocks of some one of the original sixty-four.

VI

"WELL, we're ready for the grand slam," decided Jameson, sitting with the mayor and the chief behind drawn blinds in the corner of the place that had once been John Klender's saloon.

"Just about, I think," agreed Birchland, looking up at the painters who were putting the finishing touches on the back bar. They had enameled all the fixtures, woodwork and furniture a clean and shiny white, and it was very pretty indeed. "Did you secure that note of Sauersauf's at the Traders' Market?"

"Yesterday," reported Satterly. "It was for three thousand and I saved Sauersauf's payments for three weeks to take it up."

"Don't accept his money, then, next time," directed the mayor. "We're ready for Sauersauf now, I think."

"He's the last," agreed Satterly easily, his deep blue eyes roving about the ceiling. "Say, you!" he called to one of the workmen. "Can't you close up the crack in that moulding? The city will be proud of this job," he went on to his partners of the business administration. "We had close to a thousand saloons in the beginning and, after Sauersauf quits, there won't be over four hundred in town—mostly of the good, quiet class."

Jameson was visibly exalted.

"We've been doing a great work for Bricktown," he stated. "How are the decorators getting along in the other places, chief?"

"Fifty out of the sixty-four are ready to open," replied Satterly, rising. "I think I'll have to go, boys. I want to take another look at Sauersauf's brewery."

VII

LIKE a falling ceiling, limitless catastrophe dropped on Adolph Sauersauf! In one dire swoop Chief Satterly revoked the licenses of all the hundred saloons the Sauersauf Brewery controlled. The results of this were manifold: It stopped instanter the sale of Sauersauf beer; it rendered more or less valueless the fifty-odd Sauersauf saloon properties; and it destroyed utterly and absolutely the Sauersauf credit at the banks.

It was then—on the day when Bricktown was rid of its most unhygienic beer and its most harmful grogshops—that purified Bricktown heard of a new corporation. The corporation was known as the Colonial Inn Company and its first act was to foreclose on the Sauersauf Brewery, rename it the Colonial Brewery, order new machinery and fixtures, and hire a new brewmaster.

Following this the new corporation opened a number of houses of refreshment, all uniform in decoration, service and prime quality of goods. It was the chain-grocery-store idea applied to the liquor business, which thus became standardized. All the Colonial Inns were opened on the same day and they numbered exactly sixty-four.

"Well, how much did they cost us?" Mayor Birchland wanted to know, as they took their first drink in Colonial Inn Number Seven, which had formerly been John Klender's saloon.

"That is, not counting the good-will," chuckled Satterly.

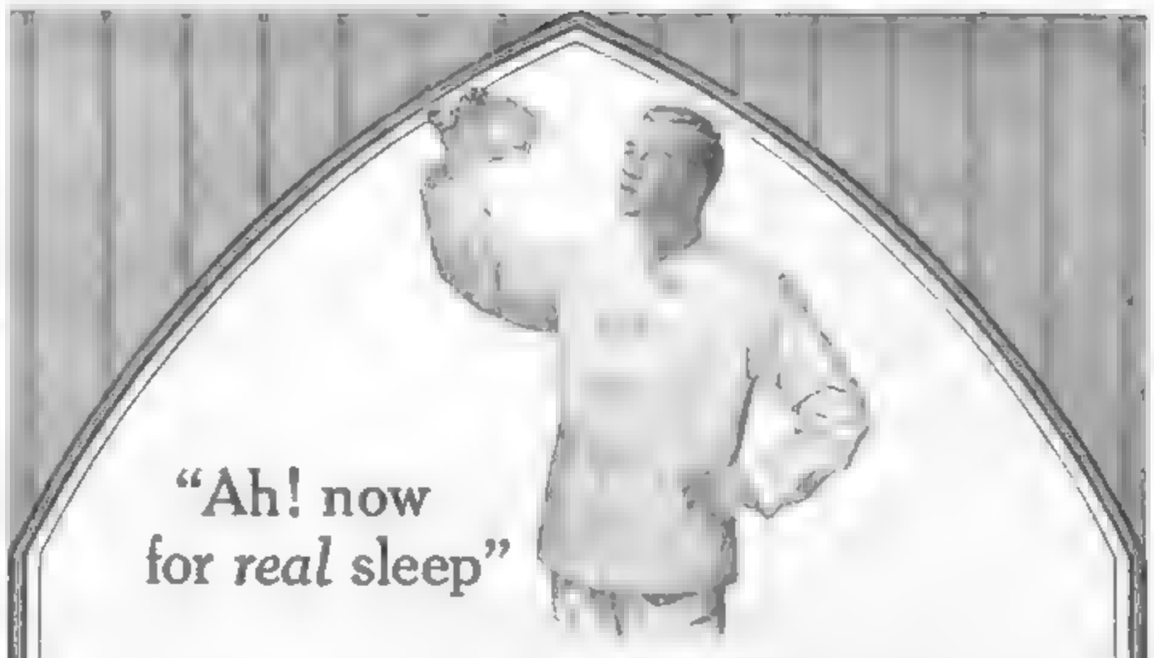
Deacon Jameson laid a condensed statement before them.

"The brewery is separate," he explained. "For the sixty-four saloons, one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, including the paint and the athletics."

Satterly pondered the matter seriously a while.

"Well, when we get these sixty-four saloons running right it'll beat any piker shakedown graft in the world." Then, as an afterthought, he added: "And it's been a grand good thing for the city!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of six stories by George Randolph Chester. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



"Ah! now for *real* sleep"

The supreme effort of our life has been to get more sleep-inducing quality into men's nightwear than they've ever had before.

Through more than thirty years' experience we have evolved accurate loose-fitting garments that don't bind or pull or bunch up anywhere, soft seasonable materials, and we pay particular attention to the little details which nobody ever took pains with, to insure correct style, solid comfort, and absolute rest.

Faultless

Pajamas Night Shirts

SINCE 1881

Here are but a few suggestions—mere hints—of the many hundred Faultless styles and fabrics that every Faultless dealer will be glad to show you:

Faultless Pajamas—with silk like looks but longer wear than silk, neck low-cut or military-band frog-trimmed buttonholes in choice of styles, with or without cuffs, convenient handkerchief pocket. Solid colors (now so much in demand): White, blue, tan, gray, pink, and heliotrope. $1.50, $2, $2.50 a suit and more. In nainsook finish, all colors as above. $1 a suit.

Faultless Night Shirts—silk, muslin, cambric, nainsook—all materials at all prices.

There's a Faultless dealer near you. If you don't know who he is, write us, and we'll tell you his name and send you "The Bed-Time Book."

E. ROSENFELD & CO., DEPT. A, BALTIMORE—NEW YORK

Makers of "Faultless" Day Shirts with patent neck band.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

"WHAT ARE YOU MAKING THAT TERRIBLE NOISE FOR?"
"I'M KEEPING THE BABY QUIET."
"WHERE IS THE BABY?"
"UNDER THE DISH PAN."

This picture was in *Life*

The Miniature Life

LIFE, 70 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR $5.00 (CANADIAN $5.52, FOREIGN $6.04)

Overland

A simple way of judging values

You get all of the following features in an Overland for $985

Showing that in the Overland, for $985, you get many similar features, practical improvements and the mechanical fineness that you do in other cars that cost from $1200 to $4000. Here are the facts.

The following clippings were taken from current advertising. These only further establish and emphasize the fact that in the Overland you get more car for less money. Read, compare and be convinced.

From the description of a $2250 car.

—Twenty-one coats paint

No cars are more carefully finished. Each body receives twenty-one coats of paint and rubbing varnishes. Colors deep and durable. Fenders, motor bonnet and cowl receive four coats of baked on enamel.

From the description of a $1650 car.

2 passenger, 4 cylinder 18 H. P., wheel base, 100", tires 32 x 3½" front, 32 x 4" rear. Equipment includes top and windshield. Price $[illegible]

From the description of a $1450 car.

Frames are made of cold pressed, high carbon steel, channel section, corners are braced with gusset plates, giving added strength.

From the description of a $1875 car.

—Magneto—New Remy type, Model R D X—Condenser across points, eliminating point adjusting.

—Fuel Economy—One quart oil to 100 miles, one gallon gasoline to 18 miles, average road travel.

From the description of a $4000 car.

VALVES

Nickel steel, silent, mechanically operated and interchangeable.

From the description of a $2100 car.

All crank and cam shafts, pistons, piston rings, piston pins, cylinders, valve lifters, valve lifter rollers, cams, and such parts are ground to a finish on special grinding machines, within a limit of less than one one-thousandth of an inch.

From the description of a $2250 car.

The crank shaft is of chrome nickel steel of very large dimensions, supported on three bearings of proportionate size running in bushings of Raymond's Genuine Babbitt. Experience has proven the value of large shafts and bearings, as they lengthen the life and help materially toward silence in operation.

From the description of a $1095 car.

Center Control

Timken Bearings

Speed 45 Miles Per Hour

Chrome Nickel and Vanadium Steel

From the description of a $2750 car.

Center Control.

From the description of a $1285 car.

CARBURETER [illegible]

IGNITION [illegible] magneto

From the description of a $2000 car.

5 passenger touring car, 25 H. P., wheel base, 110"; tires, 32 x 4" front and rear. Equipment includes top and windshield. Price $2000

From the description of a $3500 car.

TRANSMISSION—Cone type in flywheel, cotton faced, spring backed aluminum shoes to take hold gradually.

GEARS—Sliding gears, direct drive on high gear. Annular ball bearings.

SPEEDS—Selective, three forward and one reverse.

From the description of a $3500 car.

The front axle is "I" beam section forged without welding

From the description of a $1095 car.

Mohair Top with Full Side Curtains, Mohair Slip Cover, Windshield, Ventilator, Speedometer [illegible] Gas Tank and Self Starter.

From the description of a $1850 car.

Ground gears, bearings and steel parts

From the description of a $1875 car.

[illegible]

From the description of a $1285 car.

WHEEL BASE [illegible] inches

From the description of a $1850 car.

The [illegible] has 356.6 square inches of braking surface. A fully equipped [illegible] Touring car, filled with gasoline and oil, weighs 3517 pounds.

That's one square inch of braking surface for every 9.86 pounds of weight.

From the description of a $1850 car.

In addition to the careful balancing of parts, motors are given a block test of ten hours, running under load. Each motor is placed on a dynamometer and made to develop its full rated horse power.

From the description of a $2100 car.

The unit power plant is hung from three points on the main frame and in such a way as to absolutely relieve it of all strains which may be brought upon the running gear. This means continuous undiminished power on all kinds of roads.

From the description of a $1475 car.

Hyatt Roller bearings
"I" beam front axle, ball bearing
inside control, nickel trimmings
throughout.

From the description of a $1285 car.

CRUCIBLE STEEL [illegible] $1,285, [illegible] touring, $1,285.
CRANKSHAFT [illegible], cast in pairs, 4 x 4 inches, 4 head.

From the description of a $1875 car

COOLING—The motor is cooled by the thermo syphon system.
CARBURETOR—Schebler Model L.

From the description of a $1095 car.

No Possible Flaws

The steel in this car is twice analyzed, to make sure it accords with my costly requirements.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds. This test is usually made with light hammers.

The springs are tested in another machine, to stand 100,000 vibrations.

From the description of a $1475 car.

Three Point Suspension
Self Starter
Buffed Leather Cushions

Increased Wheel Base
Carburetor Dash Adjustment
Nickle Trimmings

From the description of a $1475 car

Self Starter
Prest-O-Lite Tank.
Warner Speedometer
Nickled Trimmings
Tools, Tire Iron.
Center Control.

From the description of a $4000 car.

PRINCIPLE
Two units, the motor unit comprising the motor and clutch and the rear axle unit comprising the transmission, final drive and differential gears.

From the description of a $3250 car.

REAR AXLE ¾ floating type. Differential in pressed steel housings.

Now Draw Your Comparisons

Below are the Overland specifications. Compare these facts with those shown above, then you will clearly understand what a big value the Overland is.

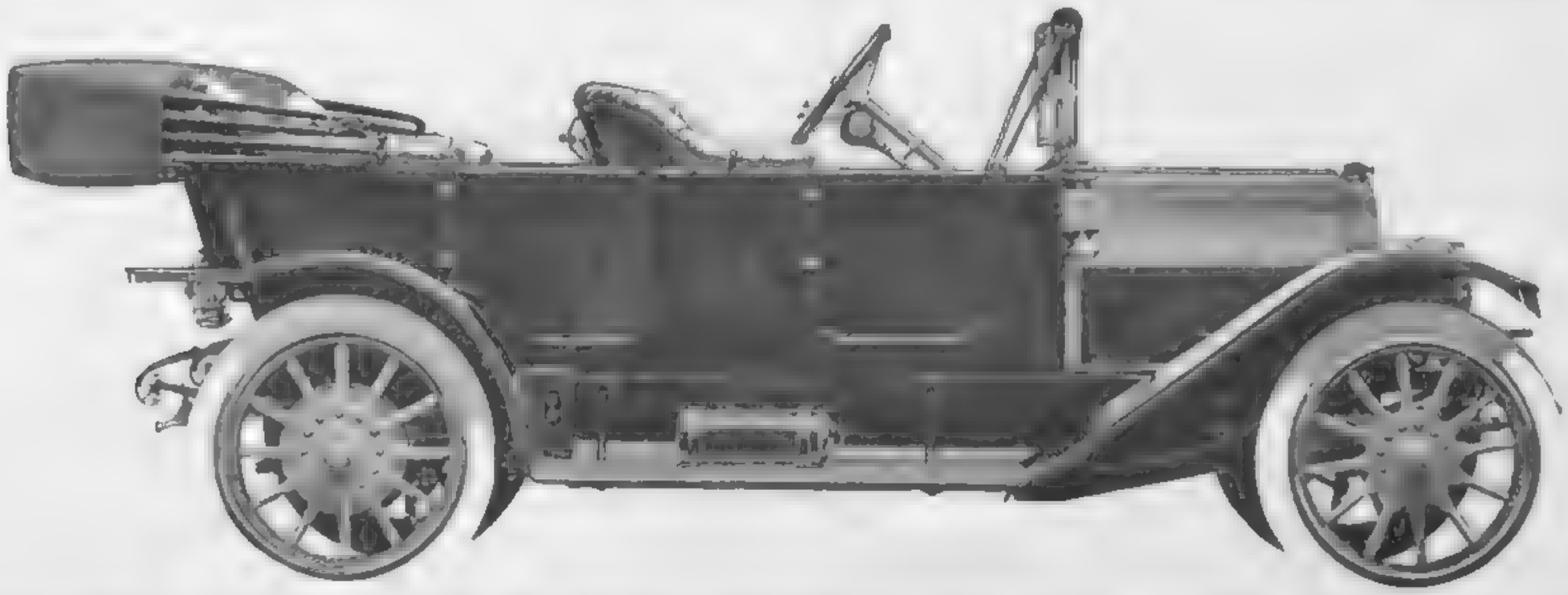
There are over 3000 Overland dealers in all parts of the world. Look up the one in your city and see this car. Write us for a handsome catalogue.

Please address Dept. 26

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

$985 Completely Equipped

CAPACITY—Five-passenger Touring Car.
MOTOR—4 in. x 4½ in.
MAGNETO—Remy.
COOLING—Water cooled. Thermo-syphon cellular radiator.
BRAKES—Contracting and expanding on rear wheels; inside diameter brake drum 13 in.; width of brake shoe 2¼ in.; outside diameter brake drum 13⅜ in.; width brake band 2¼ in.
FRONT WHEEL BEARINGS—Timken roller bearings.
FRONT AXLE—Drop forged.
TRANSMISSION—Selective; three speeds forward and reverse; annular bearings.
TIRES—32 x 3½ Q. D.
FINISH—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim.
BODY—Overland blue; gray wheels.
OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force feed oiler.
CAM SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, three bearings.
CRANK SHAFT—Carbon steel drop forged, five bearings.
REAR AXLE—Three-quarter floating; bearings Hyatt.
EQUIPMENT—Warner Speedometer; Remy Magneto; Clear Vision Rain Vision wind-shield; Mohair top and boot; Prest-O-Lite tank; Five black and nickel lamps; tire irons; robe rail; foot rest; tool kit and jack.
CONNECTING ROD—Carbon steel, drop forged.
MAGNETO SHAFT—Drop forging.
PUSH ROD—Crescent drill rod steel.
CARBURETOR—Model L Schebler.
CENTER CONTROL.
FRAME—Cold rolled steel.
SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic; length, 36 in.; width, 1¾ in.; Rear, three-quarter elliptic; length, 42 in.; width, 1¾ in. All springs have six leaves, steel bushing eyes.



There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Tires

EVERY Goodrich Tire is a demonstration of what forty-three years of manufacturing means to the user. The rubber in your tire is its life. Only experts who know every peculiarity of rubber from the time it drips from the tree, can so compound and cure it as to intensify its durability and give it the resilient life which provides value and service in Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires

Best in the Long Run

Unit Molded Construction decided by experts

There are two ways to make tires. One is the Goodrich way —*unit molded construction*. In our method the whole tire is made complete—tread and body are built up and unified in one curing or vulcanizing. Thus the thick, tough rubber tread, the rubber side-strips, the layers of rubber-impregnated fabric and of pure gum rubber are literally blended into one live, integral product. It is all made at once—a unit. The tread not being applied separately, does not strip.

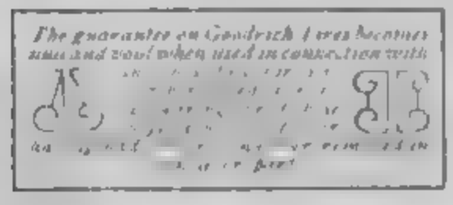
Unit Molded Construction insures unit wear

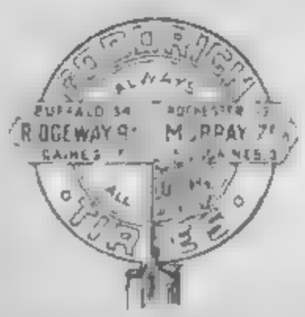
Some tires, because they are not units, strip or peel the tread. Others burst or blow out at any point which is weakened in construction or which is dead because of being vulcanized too many times. Goodrich Tires wear as units. The highest grade rubber, compounded by men who have forty-three years' of active experience behind them, is one reason for the unit wear of Goodrich Tires. Another reason is the construction itself—building and completing the tire understandingly, so that each part of it co-operates with all the rest. And still another reason is the unit molding, which makes tread and carcass *one* and insures long, harmonious service and wear.

No matter what car you buy or own you can have it equipped with Goodrich Tires

Fully half the automobile production of 1913 goes from maker to buyer with Goodrich Tires. There are two reasons for this verdict of the automobile makers. *First*, the tire users know and want Goodrich Tires. *Second*, the manufacturer, whose reputation and success depend upon the service his car gives, knows that Goodrich Tires are an actual advantage to the car owner.

If you have had no tire experience, profit by that of other tire users as well as by the business judgment of automobile makers, and have Goodrich Tires on your new car.





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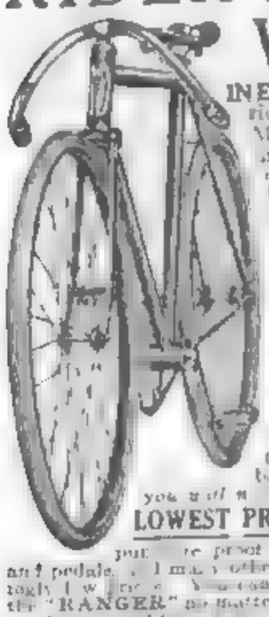
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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from Page 17)

Another case of the same sort occurred at a mission in the city of New York, established as a demonstration of what can be done with an abandoned downtown church. Services were attended almost wholly by poor foreigners, three-fourths being radical Jews. Expenses were met out of general board funds. The mission had an organ, but it needed a piano too. The board would have bought one, but the prime mover in this enterprise thought the people themselves would enjoy buying that piano—and they did when the matter was put before them in terms of value. Five hundred dollars was raised in a couple of weeks, and common interest in the purchase drew the whole organization closer together.

Those who have had experience in putting churches on a solid business basis say that ordinary running expenses—such as the minister's salary, the sexton's wages, the music, missions, upkeep, and so forth—should be met by contributions from all the members by some scheme that automatically provides revenue as needed and does away with spasmodic appeals for cash. Extraordinary outlay for new buildings, furniture, equipment, and the like, can be met by enlisting individual members of means, or by money-raising work of the church organizations.

The first step in providing for current expenses is to give members a clear idea of the cost of running the church. In hardly one church out of fifty does the member know anything about the yearly budget. The trustees read their annual report, but it is as obscure as a bank statement and usually winds up with the amount of the deficit. The member continues to drop his dime or quarter into the plate each Sunday under the impression that he is doing his share to support the church. About once a month, after an urgent appeal from the pulpit, he drops in a dollar. One month his dollar is needed for foreign missions, and next month for interest on the mortgage, and the month after that for home missions or a new roof on the parsonage. The whole financial scheme is such a jumble that he cannot grasp it and sometimes he wonders what the trustees do with all the money.

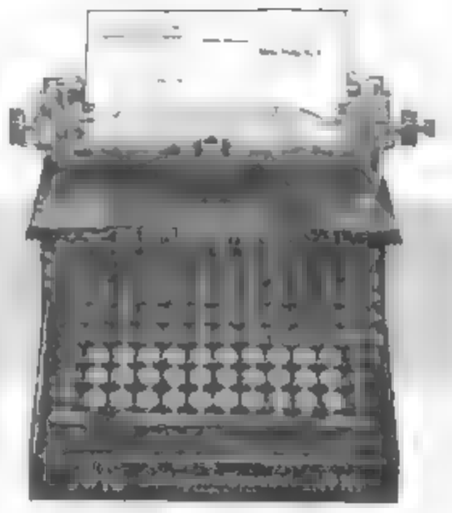
The Duplex System

A representative modern method is that devised by the pastor of a church in Pueblo, Colorado. Before he entered the ministry he was employed by a large drygoods house in Chicago and learned the value of business methods. Money is seldom mentioned from his pulpit, but each Sunday members find a statement of the church budget on a blackboard inside the door, setting forth the regular items of expenditure for the year and showing how much has been given to date.

This minister says there are three general schemes of giving money to the church—the complex, duplex and simplex. The complex is haphazard giving, usually followed, which means a standing deficit and much begging. The duplex is giving by the use of two separate envelopes by means of which contributions for the two main items of regular outgo are kept separate; and the simplex is giving by the single envelope system. His choice is the duplex system. Each person attending the church is given two packets of small envelopes, one printed in black and the other in red, and dated for each Sunday of the year. In the black envelope is put money for church expenses, and in the red that for missions and benevolences. Where a single envelope holds both, he says, the benevolent funds of the church are often skinned to meet running expenses, and worshipers do not have the satisfaction of knowing that they are making direct contributions to benevolent funds.

This church has two treasurers, one for its own funds and another for benevolences. Each gets his own envelopes every Sunday and so funds are always kept apart. If the church begins to fall behind, members are informed promptly. An extra coin in next Sunday's envelope usually wipes out the budding deficit.

Despite impressions to the contrary the average church is run in an economical way, and the actual cost to each member is met easily enough when he knows how much is expected. Probably ninety churches out of every hundred in this country are financed



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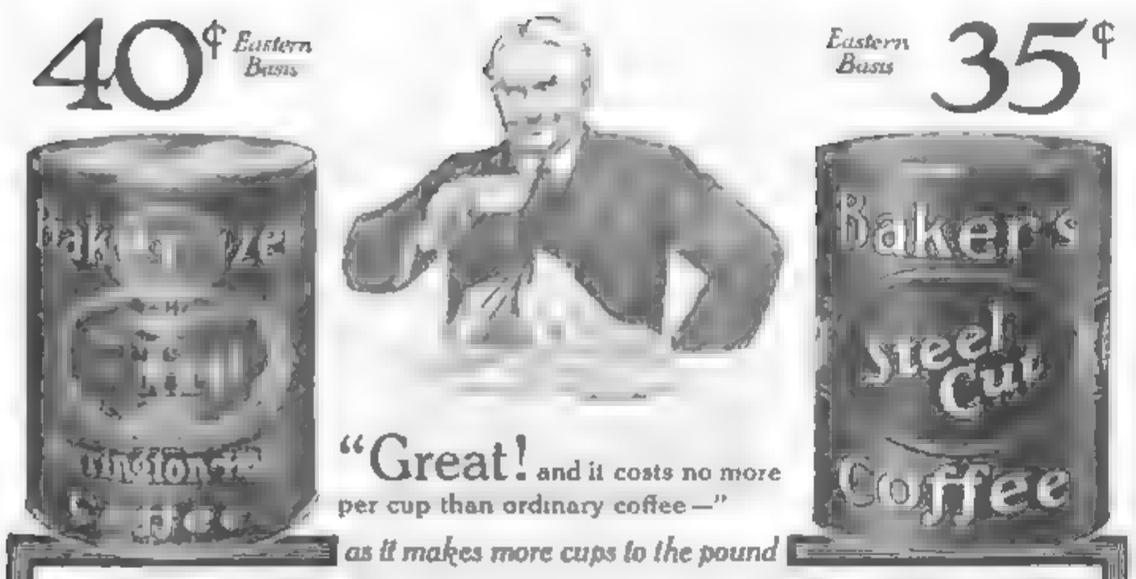

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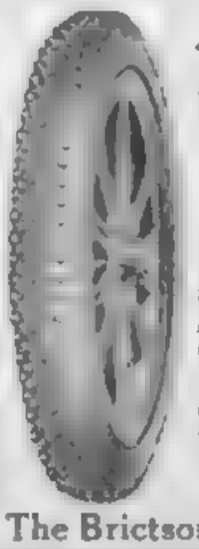

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at less than five thousand dollars a year each for running expenses. That provides the minister's salary, janitor, choir, upkeep and missions—and the last item may be from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. By far the greater number of churches run along on three thousand dollars and a large city church is handsomely financed for ten to fifteen thousand.

If the five-thousand-dollar church has two hundred regular attendants it needs a hundred dollars weekly. Allotted according to individual means by the envelope system, this can be figured thus:

15 members give			$2.00	each	week	.	.	.	.	$30
25	"	"	1.00	"	"	.	.	.	.	25
40	"	"	.50	"	"	.	.	.	.	20
60	"	"	.25	"	"	.	.	.	.	15
60	"	"	.10	"	"	.	.	.	.	6
Loose-change collection						.	.	.	.	4
Total						.	.	.	.	$100

When worshipers understand that this systematic contribution enables the church to meet its obligations promptly, and that the question of money need never be a jarring note in the services or affairs of church societies, they almost invariably rise and meet the budget. That brings peace and, in view of the hit-or-miss financial methods familiar in many churches, peace on the money question is big value to the worshiper. Moreover it forestalls the whirlwind money-raisers who are constantly coming in from the outside with appeals for special funds for special purposes. Where hit-or-miss methods rule and the church gets its revenue by periodic pressure, these campaigners from the outside are often permitted to make their appeals from the pulpit and raise funds, regardless of the fact that whatever they secure by skillful tactics is pretty certain to come out of church revenue somewhere later on.

The Value of System

System is just as effective with extraordinary expenses. Extraordinary expenses include building and repairs, furniture and equipment, funds for special work.

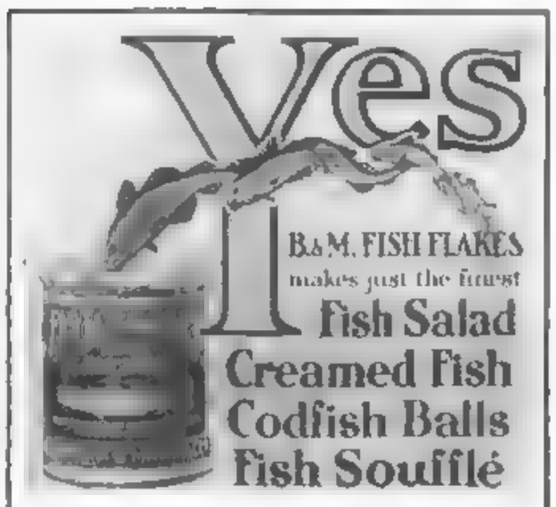
The first step is to look ahead a bit and see what expenses of that nature are likely to arise during the year. The next is to budget them in an orderly way, develop the value to the givers from whom the money is to be raised, and go after money on the basis of that value.

The boys in the Sunday-school need a gymnasium, or the girls instruction in domestic science. The happiness and education of boys and girls are definite values, and a salesman with that sort of goods to dispose of would not lose sight of the advantages to be obtained by showing the goods. Instead of haphazard canvassing for funds among the just and the unjust alike—raising money with little regard for the giver's personal interest in the purpose—it is now becoming the practice to enlist the giver in the work, secure financial backing by some scheme that keeps the cause going from year to year, and thus turn even extraordinary expenses into budget form.

In raising money for institutions it was formerly the custom to wait until a rich man died, expecting a legacy. The rich man was provided with a blank form of bequest to be attached to his will, and encouraged to leave complete directions for the spending of his money. Very often the rich man had no practical ideas as to how his money could be made useful when he got through with it, and so he tied the institution to some freakish or futile scheme. At the best, if he left his money to a church in the form of endowments he helped put the church to sleep by relieving its members of an active part in the management and financing. A college president pointed out not long ago that institutions are tied up to new and unnecessary schemes to meet the whims of people leaving money, and at the same time they find it difficult to finance their ordinary, practical work.

However, in this respect the church, like other institutions, is changing very fast. More vital projects are being developed. Social work of the utmost interest and usefulness is being undertaken. The church looks to the living for support instead of to the dead, goes after the man as well as his money, and fears the giver's indifference as much as his dictation. On this new basis of human service funds for extraordinary expenses are sought with greater justification and obtained with greater facility.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.



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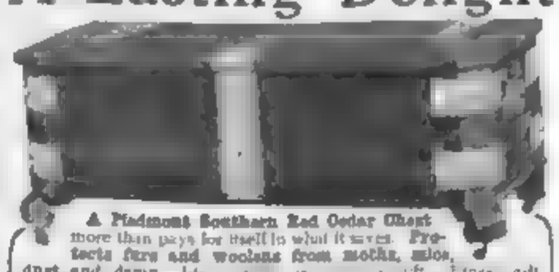

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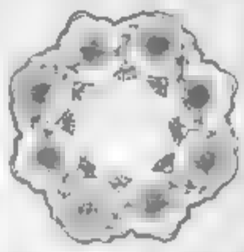

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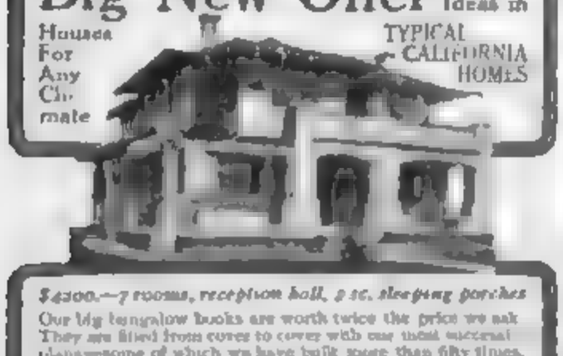

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THE SULTANA

(Continued from Page 23)

"We will not start the motor until we get on the road," said Strelitso, and helped her into the tonneau. He and the chauffeur rolled the car down the gentle grade, through the gate of the farm and out on to the road, where both got in—Strelitso beside Virginia and the chauffeur at the wheel. They rolled silently down the slope, their momentum carrying them through the village and across the bridge, where the chauffeur stopped and got down to light the lamps and searchlights. Then, starting the motor, he climbed up again and they were off.

Strelitso drew Virginia to him and kissed her passionately, murmuring endearments; but Virginia did not respond. Though excited and thrilled with the romance of the elopement, she was beginning to suffer a slight reaction and her conscience was troubling her. The Vilzhovens had been kind and devoted friends, and she wondered what they would say when Basia found the scrap of a note she had left pinned to her pillow! Strelitso felt her lack of response and, being skilled in feminine moods and emotions, contented himself with holding her gloved hand.

"Tell me, sweetheart," said he presently, "what is this mysterious Paris errand?"

Virginia, without answering, drew out the case that contained the tiara and placed it on her knees.

"You are sure that Lucien does not understand English?" she asked in a low voice.

"Not a word. And even if he did he could not hear us."

"Have you a match? I want to show you something."

Strelitso reached into the pocket of his ulster and drew out a pocket electric lamp. Virginia raised the lid.

"Look!" said she.

Strelitso pressed the button of the lamp, and for an instant it seemed as though Virginia's lap were filled with flame. From a thousand centers, as it seemed, there came a burst of shivering, intensely scintillating lights, and from its midst there snapped and blazed and glittered a glory of pale blue effulgence. Then, as Strelitso gasped and instinctively drew back, the button of the pocket lamp was released, and all was dark again.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "What have you there?"

Virginia leaned toward him so that her lips almost brushed his ear.

"It is the Sultana," she whispered—"the tiara stolen today from Kalique's messenger."

Strelitso sat like a man stunned.

"But why—where—how did you get it?" he muttered, and there was a fierce cut in his voice. "Let me look again!"

Once more there came the shower of sparks, like a rocket bursting against the night sky. Strelitso reached out and touched the marvelous creation almost timidly. He turned it upward and the Sultana transfixed him with her blue fire. Virginia released his fingers, pressed the tiara back into its case and snapped shut the lid.

"Isn't it a wonder!" she breathed.

"Tell me—quick!" muttered Strelitso, and his breath was almost a growl.

"I don't know all the facts," said Virginia, "but there was some mad bet of Gustav Vilzhoven's and some of his wild set that they could stop Sautrelle on the road and steal the tiara. They were all half crazy from absinthe; but after they had done the trick Gustav got frightened and brought it to me, and begged me to keep it until he could manage in some way to get it back to Kalique."

"Get it back to Kalique!" echoed Strelitso almost savagely. "Do you mean to say that he is such a blithering fool as to risk deportation and then give it back?"

"But, Michael," gasped Virginia, "they never meant to keep it!"

Strelitso gave a harsh laugh, which for some reason struck jarringly on the girl's ears.

"Nonsense!" said he, and Virginia wondered if the sudden odd timbre of his voice was in the voice itself or from the machinery of the car. It suggested the wear of metal. "Gustav may have been ass enough to have taken the business for a lark, but you may bet the others didn't. No person with the sense of a mouse is going to steal a three-million-franc tiara for the fun of doing it! They might have made this simpleton, Gustav, think so, but you can wager it wasn't their idea by any means. Besides, how about the second robbery—the jewel dealer, Durand?"

Virginia was silent, but her heart was going like a triphammer. She felt as though a cold draft were blowing straight through her body. Strelitso was twisting the waxed end of his mustache.

"What did you plan to do with it?" he asked suddenly.

"Give it to Kalique," she answered.

"Give it to Kalique?" Strelitso's voice was almost shrill. "But, my dear girl, how can you do that? You would be asked questions that would bring out the whole story."

"Nothing of the sort!" said Virginia. "I will say that I went to the grottoes, as I often do, to practice Micaela's song before the brigands' cave. Then, happening to go into the cave, I found this case and brought it home. As soon as I learned of the robbery I naturally recognized what it was I had found, and brought it immediately to Kalique. That story is impossible to disprove, for I did walk over toward the grottoes just before I went out with the geese, and I had my music portfolio, which is square and black, and could easily pass for this case."

Strelitso gave a snort of mingled impatience and irritation; then, as though recovering himself, he said in a soft, almost honeyed voice that jarred on Virginia even more than his former one:

"Listen to me, my dear. You must do nothing of the sort. The truth would be sure to come out and Gustav be ruined for life. So would his friends."

"They could not do anything to Gustav," said Virginia, "because he did what he could to restore the tiara. As for the others, you have just said there is no doubt but that they meant to steal. In that case I don't see that they deserve any pity. What would you do?"

Strelitso hesitated.

"Did Gustav tell you who these friends of his were?" he asked.

"No. There was no time for him to tell me any more than what I've just told you. I was dressing, when old Josef came up and whispered through a crack in the door that Gustav was waiting by the fountain in the rose garden and wanted to see me for a minute on a matter of the greatest importance. I slipped on a coat and went out through the billiard room and found him there. He was terribly upset and said that he and some friends had stopped Sautrelle, from Kalique's, in the tunnel at Arcy, and had stolen a tiara meant for Mademoiselle d'Irancoy. He said that it had been arranged that he was to take the tiara and hide it in one of the caves, but at the last moment he got frightened and wanted me to keep the tiara until he could think up some plan for returning it. When I asked him what had possessed him to do such a crazy thing, he said that it was the result of a bet made during a spree. I took the case and told him to clear out and not do a thing until he had seen me. To tell the truth, I thought myself that it was awfully exciting and interesting; but when I heard of the second holdup I began to have my doubts."

Strelitso had listened—almost impatiently, as it seemed to Virginia.

"Really!" said he, and even in the rush of air and noise of the motor Virginia was able to appreciate the irony of his tone.

"Michael," said she sharply, "you mustn't speak to me in that tone!"

"I beg your pardon, dearest," he answered, and again Virginia wondered whether it was the purr of his voice or the purr of the motor that was so disagreeable. "I didn't mean to be unpleasant. I was merely surprised to learn that so self-confident a girl as my dear bride should have any doubts."

"I'm not your bride yet—by a good many hours," Virginia retorted.

"My bride-elect, I should have said," Strelitso answered; "but it's practically the same thing. It is too late to turn back now."

Virginia did not answer, but she moved a little farther to her own side of the tonneau. Strelitso moved toward her, laying his hand on her knee, and for the first time Virginia found his touch displeasing. As though subtly conscious of the sudden antagonism, he withdrew his hand, but pushed his face closer to hers, trying to

speak directly into her ear, for the noise of the motor appeared to have increased though their speed was perceptibly diminishing. They were mounting a slight grade—so slight, indeed, that the high-powered car should have breasted it easily and without change of gear; but Lucien, the chauffeur, was bending over to listen, when suddenly the action of the motor became spasmodic. The car began to slow down, then stopped.

"What's the matter?" Strelitso asked sharply in French.

"I don't know, monsieur," answered Lucien. "The motor sounds as if there were not enough essence; but that can't be, as I filled the forward tank before starting and I have just turned on the fuel from that."

"Hurry up!" said Strelitso impatiently. "Get down and see what is wrong."

Lucien started to investigate. Strelitso leaned toward Virginia.

"My darling," he said—and now that utter silence surrounded them Virginia's quick ear was able to appreciate a note in his voice such as she had never heard before—"you will surely permit yourself to be guided by me in this affair!"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I shall ask you to give me that tiara and to leave the arrangement of the whole affair to me. You may be quite sure that I shall be able to manage it in a way that will be best for everybody concerned. If you thought me disagreeable a little while ago I am very sorry. It was because I could not bear to think of the future Countess Strelitso being mixed up in any such wretched business. Our family is a very old one and a very proud one, and so far, thank Heaven, there has never been the slightest suspicion of blame ——" But the soft, resonant voice got no further. Virginia had passed through a trying day and her nerves were not in a condition to stand much more strain.

"That will do for you, Michael!" she interrupted none too politely. "So far as I'm concerned, the Strelitso family can romp ahead in its beautiful, blameless career without any hindrance from me. All I've got to say is that this tiara is going back to Kalique's and that I'm going to take it there! Otherwise, this romantic honeymoon is all off."

Strelitso turned and gave her a stare. The old moon was by this time in the zenith; and in the stale, mellow light there was something fierce and aquiline—something that suggested an eagle in the way his head turned on the high collar of his motor coat, while his light-colored eyes regarded her with the scrutiny of a captive bird of prey; for if Virginia had detected a new and jarring note in Strelitso's voice, just so had he found something strangely foreign in hers. As a painstaking student of diction, with ambitions for an operatic or dramatic career, Virginia had formed the habit of modifying the accent of her youth and had cultivated a manner of speaking which when perfected and become natural might be regarded as cultivated, but when incomplete smacks more of affectation. Even in ordinary conversation she was careful of accent and inflection and in the avoidance of her early colloquialisms. Fulton would have described her discourse as "stagy"; and perhaps it was, for Virginia was usually lending herself to some part.

Now, however, in her fatigue and growing disillusionment she had returned abruptly to the language of her youth, with no attempt at modulation, and this struck strangely and disagreeably on Strelitso's ears. Like most singers, Virginia's talking voice was apt to be a little hoarse when she was tired; but at this moment it contained also the suspicion of a quaver, like that of a girl not far from a breakdown. Strelitso was quick to take advantage of what he felt to be an approaching collapse.

"Don't speak like that!" said he almost roughly. "You know quite well that you've got to see the thing through now."

This verbal whip, instead of intimidating Virginia, served rather as a stimulant.

"I don't know anything of the sort," she answered, and her drooping body stiffened. "You make me rather tired, Michael, with your high and mighty airs. If you are not careful you may lose your fiancée at Paris."

"And how about your reputation?"

"I'd rather lose my reputation than my self-respect, but I don't see any need of losing either. Suppose we drop this business of the tiara. I know what I want to do."

"And I know what is best for you to do," said Strelitso harshly.

"What is that?"

Strelitso's eyes burned into hers.

"You will give me that tiara," said he, speaking slowly and with a dominant ring in his voice, "and when we get to Paris I will put it in a safe place. There is no danger of Gustav's part in the affair being found out. Later on we can decide what to do. At any rate, as I see it, Kalique deserves to lose the thing for his carelessness, while the girl for whom it was intended is enormously rich and able to get along quite well without it. When you stop to think, it looks as if fate had put it in our hands ——"

"In my hands," interrupted Virginia, feeling suddenly sick and faint.

"That is the same thing from now on," growled Strelitso. "Give me the case!"

Virginia turned icy cold. In that second some instinct warned her that once the tiara was in Strelitso's hands it might be gone forever, so far as the rightful owners were concerned. She could see the lust for the Sultana fairly blazing out of his eyes in the yellow moonlight. She realized with a shock of dismay that, after all, she scarcely knew this man who had cajoled her into running off to marry him. And here she was alone with him, except for the chauffeur who was in his pay.

"Wait!" said she thickly. "Wait until we get to Paris."

Strelitso was about to answer when Lucien stepped to the side of the tonneau.

"There is something very strange, monsieur," said he. "The spark is good, the forward tank is full and I can find nothing wrong with the carbureter. If monsieur would kindly give a turn or two of the crank ——"

Smothering his impatience, Strelitso opened the door and got down, then strode to the front of the car. In the brilliant glare of the searchlights Virginia saw the expression of his face as he stooped to turn the crank, and that look decided her, for at that moment the usually strong and highbred features suggested nothing so much as the Mephistopheles of Faust. The forehead was gashed with deep lines, slanting upward and outward from the furrow above the root of the fierce, aquiline nose; the eyebrows, black and downward drawn at the center, followed the same scowling lines. Black gashes were cut in each lean cheek, and the upward angle of the waxed mustaches gave a sinister, Satanic expression to the thin lips, now drawn back from the effort of turning over the heavy engine so that the strong white teeth shone evilly between them.

Most demoniac of all were the pale eyes; for the bright light from the lamps contracted their pupils to pinpoints, accentuating their intensity and giving them a weirdly malignant expression.

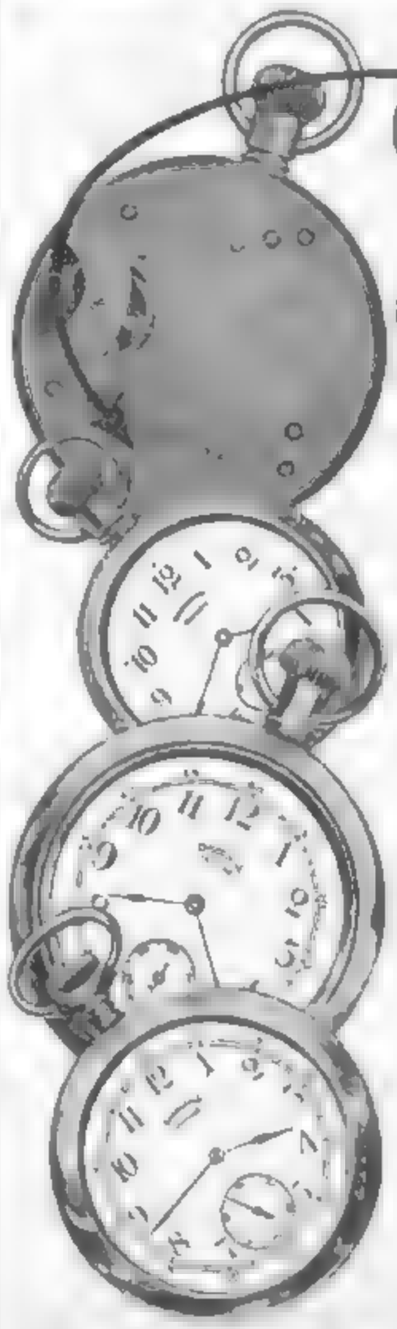
Virginia looked and her heart stood still.

"Heavens!" she gasped to herself. "And that's the devil I'm running off to marry!"

The next instant, however, her strength returned, bringing with it one simple, primitive instinct—that of flight. Strelitso, with the glare in his face, could see nothing beyond the hood. Lucien was half in the motor, examining the exhaust valves as Strelitso slowly turned the crank. Virginia, picking up her little dressing bag and hugging the case of the tiara under her arm, slipped out of the car on the side away from Lucien and ran silently down the road behind the car. On each side the bristling stakes showed that the fields were planted with vines; and afraid of being seen on the moonlit road Virginia turned sharply to her left, scrambled across the ditch and ran into a plowed furrow between the stakes. She chose the left because it seemed to her home lay in that direction, though she judged they must have gone at least fifteen kilometers since leaving the château.

Up she scrambled through the newly broken earth, the ground gradually rising. She reached the end of the patch of vineyard and struck a pebbly farm road. It led round the shoulder of a low hill and Virginia followed it, not caring particularly which way she went so long as she increased the distance between herself and Strelitso. The path led upward through a sort of meadowed gully, and she saw at some distance above her a dark patch she thought must be one of those growths of pines the French farmers plant, and which some day furnish a dot for the daughter of the house.

There was a good deal of panic about Virginia's flight; but the air was bracing, she was strong of lungs and legs, and in



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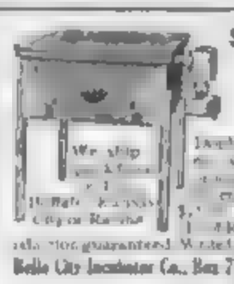

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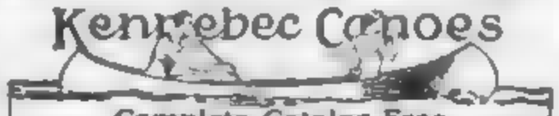

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momentary dread of hearing Strelitso's voice behind her clamoring for her to stop. On rounding the hill she lost sight of the road, and presently the pines closed in round her and she paused for breath. At the same instant there came from a distance the repeated blasts of a motor horn, and looking back she saw a brilliant glare of light sweep the base of the hill.

"Mercy!" gasped Virginia. "He'll take one of the lights and follow my trail through the vineyard!" She sped on again, presently to come out on a low plateau, where the turf was short and crisp. The trail stopped here at one of the little stone huts used by the winegrowers during the vintage. There were vineyards all about, with strips of meadowland between, and in the distance a dark band on the crest of the hill showed a wood.

"The woods for mine!" said Virginia, forgetting her European culture. She hurried across the strip of open ground, occasionally pausing to look behind her. She was very tired by this time, but not at all frightened, though there was not a light to be seen or any habitation. Virginia had spent a good part of her early life on a California ranch, however, and mere open country had no terrors for her.

On the edge of the woods—a low growth of birch, maple and scrub oaks—she dropped down on the damp, sweet-smelling sward to rest. She felt that, at least, she was safe from pursuit. Strelitso could never get her now! She thought of his fury at finding her gone—and gave a nervous little giggle. Now that she stopped to think, she had hated her elopement from the moment she had agreed to it. She began to wonder how she could ever have been such a fool. The more she thought about the fascinating count, the less she cared for him and the greater became her wonder that she ever could have cared for him.

"He must have hypnotized me!" thought Virginia. "It was a lucky thing for me that crazy Gustav held up Sautrelle. I might have ——" And she stopped with a little shudder.

Presently her ideas began to get vague. She was sitting with her back against an oak, and before long her head began to bob forward. Strange fancies wove themselves into her half-waking thought. At one moment she thought she was lurching and swaying with the motion of the car and that Strelitso was crowding his arm behind her—and awoke with a gasp of dread to find that she had tottered over against a bristling young shoot.

"This won't do!" thought Virginia. "I must find some snug little place and curl up for a nap." She stretched out her arms and yawned, then struggled to her feet. "I don't think I was ever so tired and sleepy in all my life. Hang eloping, anyway!—especially with titled adventurers. Ooooh, but I'm sleepy!"

She rubbed her eyes, then shook her head and took a few long breaths. Her vision cleared and she looked back across the moonlit stretch of meadowland. Some dark, moving object halfway across caught her eye. Virginia shrank back against her tree and watched it. Presently the somber, swaying shape reached the crest of a little rise of ground and loomed against the hazy moonlit sky. Virginia's knees tottered. It was the figure of a man and he was coming straight for where she stood!

Without stopping to ask herself how Strelitso could possibly have followed her trail at night over the pebbly road and across the scrubby turf, Virginia snatched up her valise and the tiara and bolted into the woods like a frightened rabbit. Fortunately for her, the growth was open, with patches of underbrush that she was able to avoid; for it was not very dark, as the foliage had not yet appeared on the higher ground. The woodcutters had been at work, and presently she came out on a hillside that had been semidenuded of trees, but in the French system of forestry, which leaves the strongest and healthiest of the trees a few yards apart as a nucleus for the new woods to follow the axmen.

Virginia slipped and scrambled down the side of the slope, darting between the corded stacks of firewood and without looking back until she reached the bottom of the hill. Here she struck a woodroad and paused, panting, on the edge of the bushes to watch the crest of the slope, which was cut sharply against the moonlit sky. She had not long to wait. Out from the edge of the woods burst a black figure, silhouetted sharply against the pale void; but what took the last flicker of strength from Virginia's utterly exhausted muscles and seemed to freeze the very marrow of her bones was that, even at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards and in the vague, uncertain light, she could see that the pursuing figure was bounding over the rough ground like some evil, night-running bogy, while through the still air there came to her ears such strangling, choking sounds as might come from the gullet of a vampire or a hellhound.

A cold rime of perspiration broke out on her forehead. Her breath came feebly. She sank to the ground. Only in nightmares had she ever felt anything approaching the soul-consuming, devitalizing terror that overpowered her.

"It's no use!" she half sobbed. "He looked like the devil and he is the devil too. It's all up with me!"

The sinister figure disappeared, coming straight down the slope toward her, to judge from the snapping underbrush; but at the knowledge that she was hunted to earth a sudden flame rose in Virginia. The girl came of a fighting race, which could die bravely when it had to, but not without a final struggle.

"He shan't have the Sultana anyway!" said she half aloud, and flung the casket into the underbrush behind her. Then scrambling to her feet she placed her back against a tree and waited.

The heavy footfalls rapidly approached. Then through the murk there came a stifled yelp, choked and strangled, yet carrying a strange note of familiarity. A squeal followed; a sharp, impatient yelp that carried in its shrill note both joy and recognition. Virginia's heart seemed to stop beating. Out of the gloom burst a square black figure, but in front of it was a long, wriggling object that emitted frantic sounds. Virginia reached behind her with one hand to grasp at the supporting treetrunk. Her knees were bending under her and the night was growing suddenly dark.

Then a small, squirming creature leaped against her, clamoring with delight. She felt her hand seized gently in a warm little mouth. Her eyes closed and she sank lower.

"Pelleas! Pelleas! You darling!" she murmured gently, and drifted off into oblivion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How He Had Changed

IN ONE of the Southern states the election device of the Democratic party is a crowing rooster, while the device of the Prohibitionist party is a phœnix, depicted in the phœnix's well-known specialty of rising with outstretched wings from a bed of flaming coals.

On the last election day, in a small city of this state, a town character who had not been entirely sober for twenty years came into the polling place to cast his vote. Through the canvas walls of the booth those in the polls heard him talking to himself as he spread out his ballot. Evidently his left hand had fallen on the first column, covering the device of the rooster.

"No! No!" they heard him mutter thickly, as his eye fell on the Republican device of a log cabin. "Not for me!"

They knew by his remarks that he had passed over the devices of the Socialist party and of the Labor-Socialist party, and that finally he had come to the last device of all, which was that of the phœnix.

"Aha, here you are at last, old bird," he said; "you're what I'm a-lookin' fur. But I will say this—you're the derndest-lookin' rooster ever I seen!"

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R. A. CROTHERS, editor and owner of the San Francisco Bulletin, was in his pressroom one day watching the big presses chew up paper for a big edition. He noticed a young man who was apparently much interested in the work of the presses.

They came out together. As they reached the street Mr. Crothers said: "I saw you watching the presses downstairs. Are you interested in presses?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you a newspaperman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you are thinking of buying a press?"

"Well, no; not at the present time."

"May I ask with what newspaper you are connected?" inquired Crothers.

"I am city editor of the San Francisco Bulletin at present," said the young man.

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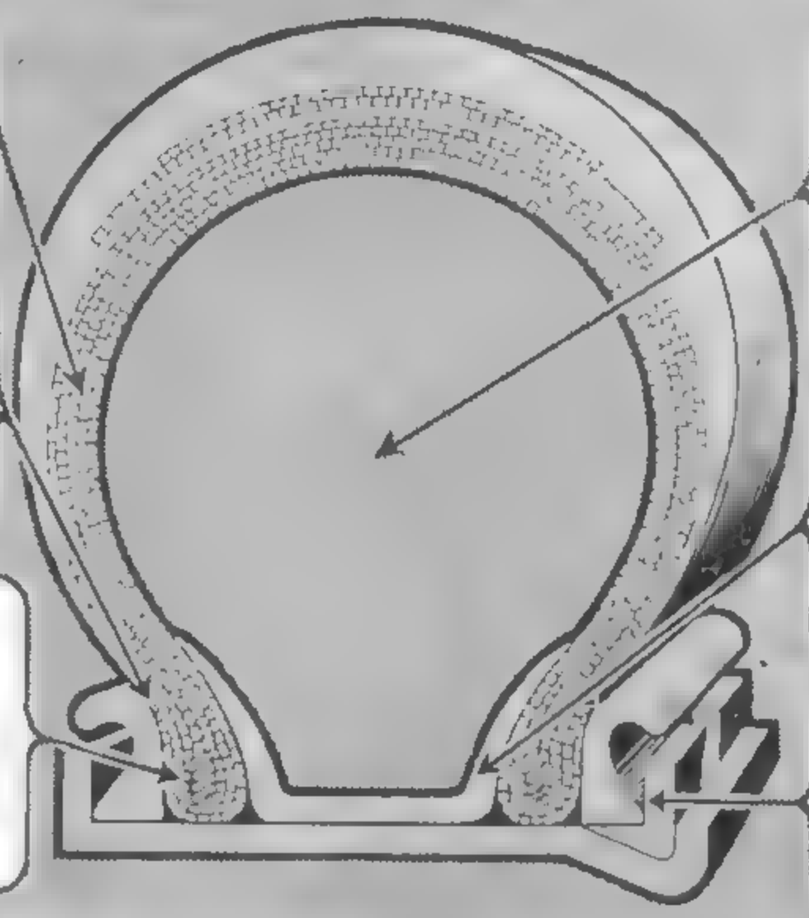

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BROILERS

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While the laying bird is forced to take good exercise, the fattening bird is kept in idleness to lay on juicy flesh quickly and cheaply. The food for the broiler and the roaster must be flesh forming and egg making. The experienced poultryman and the scientist have discovered what these are, and the best combinations to use, and how to keep the birds to make cheap, rapid growth. Fattening poultry is now almost an exact science, but must be regulated by the skill of the feeder.

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Cover all phases of the business of producing eggs or broilers. Every detail is comprised in the following titles:

The Breed to Choose for Eggs or Meat	Regulating Incubators	How to Get the High-Priced Egg	How to Begin a Poultry Business
A House for 500 Hens	Green Feed in Winter	The 5-Cent Egg	The Selling End of the Poultry Plant
Homemade Disinfectants	Breeding the Young Chicks	Wet and Dry Mashes	The Two-Hundred-Egg Hen
Hunting the Best Hen	The Guinea as Game	Storing the Winter Egg Supply	Common Diseases and Remedies
	The Baby Chick Plant	Crate Fattening of Young Fowl	

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Buy a copy of your newsdealer or of any *Saturday Evening Post* boy

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

(Continued from Page 7)

the lead maintained from the very beginning of the season. Twice they had slipped back to second place, only to come back with a spurt before the week was out. Keegan, the new southpaw twirler, drafted from a bush league out in Iowa, was pitching airtight ball for the Cubs, and Chance reported that the youngster's arm was in perfect shape for the World's Series. He was saving the boy as much as possible, only putting him in the box at critical periods in close games, or when his gallant veteran, Danny Hanlon, showed signs of tiring. The home teams were doing nicely.

All this time the fame of Big Bill Cosgrove grew daily. His phenomenal batting was slowly forcing the Athletics to the front, and Old Man Cosgrove was not in the least surprised to wake one bright morning and discover that the Athletics had crept up to second place.

"The White Sox are doomed," mourned E. P. Cosgrove. "I feel it in my bones."

He was right. Fearing the worst, he managed to survive the awful struggle until that last delirious day when a three-bagger and the larceny of two cushions by Big Bill Cosgrove at the turning point of the game cinched first place for the Athletics; and the word went abroad throughout the land that the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics would battle for the championship of the world. On that dreadful day three doctors worked over E. P. Cosgrove for hours, literally dragging him back from the brink of the grave. A clerk, who had been sent out for a baseball extra, reported finding Old Man Cosgrove stretched on the carpet senseless, within one minute after receiving the paper.

The day for the first game of the World's Series arrived. Old Man Cosgrove did not go out to the National League grounds to see the game. He could not make that concession to his pride. It seemed to him that he must haul down his colors should his son, as he went to bat, glance up into the first row of boxes and see his father—seeming by his very presence to encourage the unnatural son in his infamy. Mrs. Cosgrove and E. P. talked it all over at breakfast that first day. William's mother thought she detected a gleam of entreaty in her husband's eyes, and realizing that he was a baseball nut she feared that at the finish he might weaken. She recalled the breed he sprang from—the long years she had spent training him to think with his head and not with his heart; and she was firm in laying down the law to E. P. Cosgrove that day. He realized that she was right. She was always right! It was his boast that he and his wife had never exchanged a cross word. Yet, as E. P. Cosgrove motored down to his office, he had a great yearning for battle with somebody. He wished he had cultivated the habit of maintaining an office cat, in order that he might kick it every time Big Bill went to bat.

It was a long, terrible day; but eventually it ended. Early in the afternoon Old Man Cosgrove had locked himself in his private office, denying himself to all but his private secretary, for today he sat with a telephone receiver clamped to his hoary old head, visualizing the game as it came to him in the quick, queer language of the diamond from a reporter subsidized especially for the occasion.

At the beginning of the ninth inning Old Man Cosgrove got out his hypodermic syringe and made ready for the worst; this in defiance of the fact that he was not ready to say which would be the worst—to have the home team defeated, or have them hoisted to fame and glory through the weak batting or an asinine error on the part of his son Bill. The private secretary came in, and under pretense of looking for something he watched the old man closely, while, unknown to E. P. Cosgrove, Chicago's most eminent heart specialist waited in another room, cursing the unrepentant rich for holding him in reserve on this day of days.

Suddenly Old Man Cosgrove gave a wild scream and threw up both arms. The secretary bent over him.

"The Cubs win!" whispered the quivering nut. "Three to two!"

"Thank God!" murmured the private secretary softly, and pussy-footed back to the outer office. He was a happy man. Old Man Cosgrove put on his hat and dashed downstairs to buy an extra, while his secretary broke the news to the heart specialist.

"How he must hate that son of his!" remarked the medico. "He wants the Cubs to win just to spite his offspring!"

"Well, you wouldn't expect him to root against the home team, would you?"

"Sure! Man, if I had a son that could clout a ball as far and as often as Bill Cosgrove, I'd—well, I'd be a happy father." He put on his hat, for in the street below a newsie was bawling an offering of the boxscore. "You get somebody else tomorrow," he announced. "There's some things that a rich man's money can't buy and tomorrow afternoon is one of them. I'm going to the game in Philadelphia."

The Athletics won the second game, two to one. Keegan's airtight ball had the Quakers all at sea during the first six innings. They could not solve his delivery. In the second half of the seventh Condon, the Philadelphia centerfielder, was hit by the pitcher and went to first, and Connie Mack smiled for the first time that day. A mighty roar went up from the great crowd as Condon went to second on a single by Cosgrove. Hintz, the next batter up, was known to be dangerous. Invariably he made his hits into left field, and Chance felt that the situation was a critical one. The pace was evidently telling on Keegan and his control of the ball was not so certain as it had been.

As Hintz stepped to the plate the third baseman dropped back, playing deep according to signals, while the second baseman drew in closer. Condon and Cosgrove, edging as far from their bases as they dared, were off the moment the ball left Keegan's hands. Hintz bunted and sacrificed. The Cubs' pitcher retrieved the ball and made a wild throw to second. Cosgrove was safe; but Condon, rounding third, took a desperate chance in the momentary excitement caused by that wild throw and flew for home. The Cubs' centerfielder, backing up the play, swept the ball on the rebound and made an accurate throw to home. Condon was put out at the plate and Big Bill Cosgrove slid into third base on the play.

The next man up for the Athletics walked. Keegan was getting rattled and rapidly going to pieces. The substitution of a veteran pitcher at that point in the game might have saved the day, but Chance had faith in his prodigy—a faith that was irrevocably shattered a moment later.

Keegan wound up to pitch another ball, keeping an eye on Cosgrove, who was taking a desperately long lead toward home. The pitcher knew Big Bill was straining every nerve to slip into home when the opportunity should offer, and his very anxiety to prevent the theft of the plate proved his undoing. With his attention divided between Cosgrove and the plate, Keegan momentarily failed to concentrate on either as he threw the ball, which was the signal for Big Bill Cosgrove to make his dash. It was a slow ball, low—very low; and Big Bill, starting prior to the forward movement of the pitcher's arm, met it at the plate. The catcher took a step forward to meet the runner; there was a sudden shower of dust as Big Bill threw himself feet first in a wild slide—a thud, a cry of pain as the ball struck the runner's ankle as it crossed the rubber and bounded past the catcher—and Big Bill Cosgrove had stolen home!

A ball team is not unlike an army, once it has made a fatal break. Nothing spreads so fast as demoralization. The tumult and the shouting died eventually. Big Bill Cosgrove went limping to the bench and would run no more that day; but he had tied the score and the mischief was done. The breaking-up process had started with the Cubs and continued until the Athletics had scored another hard-earned run.

Down in his office E. P. Cosgrove hugged his secretary, repeating over and over: "He stole home! He stole home!" Later he went out and bought an extra. He felt a little queer when his son's face loomed out of the page at him.

The Athletics took the third game of the series, but the Cubs came back with a vengeance and won the fourth. Connie Mack exhorted his huskies before the fifth game was called. How well he exhorted them is now a matter of baseball history.

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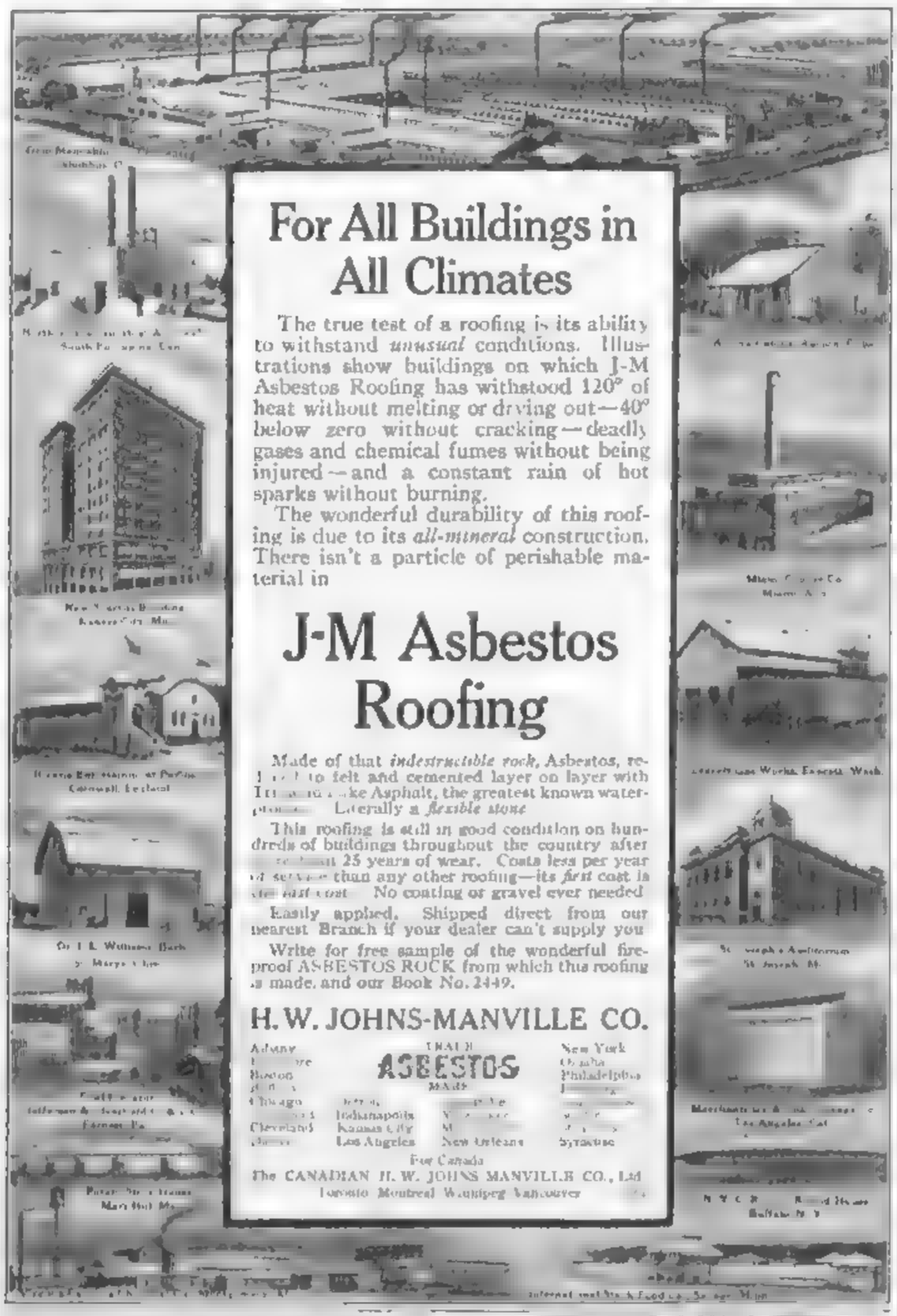

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Sales Division The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Big Bill Cosgrove slammed over a hit every time he went to bat, and it was his two-bagger in the eighth that sent the Chicago fans home sobbing that afternoon. Old Man Cosgrove was hysterical.

Five games played, with two more to play—the team that won four games out of the seven was to be the honored of mankind throughout the United States of America! Already the Athletics had taken three games. Would they take the fourth? E. P. Cosgrove said they would not—and he was right. That day the Cubs put over a shutout on the Quakers.

The next game would end the awful suspense. It was to be played on the home grounds, and early that day even a novice would have predicted the largest crowd of ball fans in the history of the great game. Old Man Cosgrove staggered downtown, weak and white. He was struggling between a desire to go to the game and an impulse to blow out his brains. He had about decided upon the latter course when he recollected that in all probability he would die of heart disease anyhow before the day should be over. "If I must die," he soliloquized, "why not die happy?"

Why not, indeed? He ruminated on this philosophy until his representative at the National League grounds called him to the phone and announced the batteries for that day—and then it was too late to change his mind. Yes, it was too late! He would not go to that game. . . . Well, there might be one seat left—a bleacher. . . . Well, there was a bare possibility —— Come, come, Cosgrove, my boy, this will never do! . . . No; I'll not go!

The Cubs were just going to bat in the second inning of that never-to-be-forgotten game when E. P. Cosgrove, in his French car, dashed up to the main entrance of the National League grounds. A captain of police, who recognized him, came over and opened the door of the tonneau for the father of the greatest second baseman on earth.

"How's chances, captain?" inquired E. P. Cosgrove huskily. "Anything left?"

"Absolutely nothing, Mr. Cosgrove," replied the officer, unable to conceal his surprise at learning that E. P. Cosgrove, of all men, was without a seat on this most important day in the history of the American people! "The crowd's overflowing on the field and they've had to make ground rules."

E. P. Cosgrove closed his eyes and quivered.

"Oh! Oh!" he groaned. "This is terrible! I've been out of town and those fatheads of mine at the office forgot to procure me a box." He lied miserably, fearful that this acute captain of police might suspect the real reason.

"By George, Mr. Cosgrove, that's tough! But wait here a minute. I have an idea—and perhaps I can fix you up."

The captain disappeared through the gates, walked round the edge of the grandstand and beckoned to Connie Mack, who sat on the bench watching the play. There were no Cubs on bases, so Connie Mack felt it safe to go to the netting to see what was wanted.

"Big Bill's old man's outside without a seat," whispered the officer. "He can't get in. Everything's sold out. Can't you fix it for him?"

Mr. McGillicuddy's eyes puckered a trifle more than ordinarily.

"I'll see," he said, and sought Captain Chance, to whom he explained the sad predicament of Old Man Cosgrove. The noble old Roman at once pulled out a card, wrote a pass and handed it to Connie Mack, who, in turn, shoved it through the netting to the captain of police—who, in turn, went out and saved the life of E. P. Cosgrove. He escorted the honored parent into the grandstand, where E. P. sat down in a center aisle and considered himself fortunate.

"Notice that French car I came out in?" queried E. P. Cosgrove of his savior.

"Yes, sir."

"Take it away with you, cap. It's yours! A little token of my appreciation —— Oh, you petty larceny thief! You big stiff! Who ever told you you could umpire a ball game? Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h! Rotten! Back to the bushes, you burglar! Who's that paralytic in the box? Keegan? Fanned, by Jupiter!"

The months of repression were over and Old Man Cosgrove was off at last! He was back in his very best form.

"Where's Big Bill Cosgrove?" he soon demanded of the man next him. The Athletics were at bat and two men had just struck out. "Is Connie Mack going crazy? What does he mean by sending such a delegation of cripples to bat?"

"Looks like his judgment isn't what it used to be," the stranger replied. "The Cubs'll win the championship."

"Betcher ten thousand they don't!" yelped E. P. Cosgrove.

"Shame! Shame!" said a sweet voice just back of Old Man Cosgrove. "This is baseball—the cleanest sport on earth; and the best team will win. This isn't a horserace!"

"Guilty as charged!" said the old man sheepishly. He turned to admire this advocate of a sport into which bets did not enter, and looked right into the eyes of—Leonora of the jumping greyhounds! The recognition was mutual. Leonora nodded brightly to him and made a slight movement of her right hand. E. P. started unconsciously to advance his right hand, but thought better of it and faced round coldly. Leonora laughed—a mellow little chuckle that annoyed her father-in-law exceedingly.

"There's Cosgrove now—just going to bat," said a voice. At sound of the name E. P. Cosgrove craned his withered neck eagerly and again he heard Leonora's mellow little chuckle.

"Look at him—the big grandstander!" said the fan who thought the Cubs would win. "The big, stuck-up zob! Look at him rubberin' up here! He always wants to make certain that the crowd has its eye on him. Bet a peck of peanuts he strikes out!"

Old Man Cosgrove made no reply to this insult. He and William were staring at each other. For a moment they stared; then William grinned and waved his hand.

"Waving at his wife," thought Old Man Cosgrove, though he knew better. He did not wave back. William turned quickly and took his place at the plate. The exchange of glances with his father, the old man's refusal to recognize him—even after the lapse of more than a year—rattled William terribly, and amid the jeers of the Cub rooters he struck out.

"Aw, go 'way an' die!" yelled a red-headed man two rows down as Big Bill walked to second base and the Cubs came running in for their turn at bat. E. P. Cosgrove got out his handkerchief and blew his nose prodigiously. He knew why Big Bill had struck out! His father's refusal to answer his friendly salute had rattled him! E. P. was certain of that. Moreover, if he had had any doubts on the subject Leonora would have dissipated them. She leaned toward her father-in-law and whispered:

"Now aren't you proud of your work?"

"A-a-a-h-h-h!" snarled E. P. Cosgrove. He half raised his cane to hurl it at the red-headed man who had told Big Bill to go away and die; but, remembering that Leonora was looking at him, he changed his mind.

The Cubs struck out—one—two—three—and took their places in the field. Big Bill returned to the bench and sat there, biting his thumb and looking moodily at the ground. There was a sag to the big fellow—an air of sadness that was not lost on his father. Neither was it lost on Connie Mack, for he came over and patted Big Bill on the shoulder and spoke to him kindly. The wily old fox knew that something had jolted his star player and taken his mind off the game.

In the seventh inning, with the score tied, Big Bill Cosgrove got a feeble pop to center and was put out at first. Connie Mack, who was watching him closely, drew him aside as he returned to the bench.

"Bill," he said, "what is the matter with you! For the love of Mike, what's run up your back?" The good old harp was angry clear through. "Can't you see the ball? That last should have been peaches and cream for you; and the way you started for first base I thought you'd lost a leg! Wake up, you big ——"

He paused. There were tears—real tears—in Big Bill's eyes.

"It's the old man, Connie," he said. "You know he objects to me in professional company; and then you know I didn't consult the old folks when I married. That's my father, sitting over there in the aisle. I waved to him once and he wouldn't wave back; and it hurt like everything. I—I couldn't see the ball! Then I thought perhaps he hadn't recognized me, and I waved again ——"

"Oh, the heart of stone!" raved the manager. "And to think I had that murderer shilled through just to put the jinx on the best batsman on earth and pilfer the championship when it's as good as in my pocket!"

He glared up at E. P. Cosgrove, wishing that he might have the aged kill-joy alone on a boundless prairie with none hard by to hear his mournful screams. Old Man Cosgrove interpreted that look of Connie Mack's without any trouble, and wished that he had never been born. Leonora was crying, to make matters worse.

In the eighth the Cubs put over a run, making the score two to one in their favor; and when the Athletics went to bat in the first half of the ninth the score was still unchanged! It was a dreadful moment. The first two men up struck out and Connie Mack turned green back of his ears. The third man up singled. Then a peculiar thing happened.

Big Bill Cosgrove got up from the bench and started for the plate. Forty thousand maddened fans saw him start forward and then retire to the bench at a signal from Connie Mack. Silence settled over the vast assemblage instantly. Big Bill Cosgrove had gone to pieces and Mack would not trust him in this awful pinch, for he was waving Hintz to the bat!

Old Man Cosgrove saw that move—saw his only son humiliated in the sight of forty thousand fans, and the tears sprang to his eyes. He stood erect and waved a deprecating hand at Connie Mack. Instantly the wily chief recalled Hintz, now halfway to the plate, and Big Bill went to the bat in his original order. The crowd howled its approval and wondered if Mack wasn't getting too old.

Evidently he was far from being sure of himself any more!

At the beginning of the sixth inning Chance had sent the matchless Keegan in to pitch, and from the moment the peerless youngster had taken his place on the mound the Athletics had failed to score a single hit! Keegan was pitching as nearly perfect ball as it is possible to pitch, and the crowd almost feared to breathe as Big Bill walked to the plate, hesitated a moment in his choice of a bat, scuffed a little hole for his right foot, rubbed his hands in the dust, spat on them, and gently massaged the handle of the bat.

Keegan wound up his arm and a fair ball whizzed across the plate.

"Str-r-rike one!" the umpire called, and a sigh went up from the forty thousand. Keegan grinned at Big Bill as the catcher returned the ball.

"I'm going to send in an easy one now, Cosgrove," he taunted; and the miracle of it was he did! It was a slow ball that seemed destined to pass the batsman at about the height of his elbow, and the big fellow swung at it for all that was in him. The crowd roared once as the ball slipped into the catcher's mutt, and the umpire's voice was unchanging as he called:

"Str-r-rike two!"

Again the awful silence.

Once more Keegan's arm whipped out; Big Bill swung at the ball and clouted a foul off third base.

As the third baseman recovered the ball and threw it to the pitcher Old Man Cosgrove, unable to bear the terrible slaughter a moment longer, sprang to his feet and half ran, half stumbled down the aisle to the wire netting, where he clung with both hands outstretched.

"Bill," he shrieked, "you're not going to strike out, are you?"

Keegan delayed his windup to glance over at the crazy man in the grandstand. Forty thousand voices united in one roar:

"Down in front!"

"I won't!" the offending one screamed back. "He's my son, and I won't have him strike out!"

Forty thousand fans laughed and bade E. P. Cosgrove go to it, which he forthwith did:

"Bill," he pleaded, "this is your old man talking. Don't strike out, sonny! Why, that pitcher couldn't get a place on a basket ball team in an old ladies' home! Take your time, Bill, and line 'em out. Clout a home run, Bill, for the honor of the family ——"

"Ba-a-all one!" the umpire said.

"O-h-oh! O-o-o-oh! O-o-o-oh! That's the good old scout, Bill. Don't let him pick your pocket! A home run, Bill, and it squares everything. Remember, you've got one man on first. One little old home run and we'll all go home to dinner, Bill. I'm pullin' for you, son. We need you—need you—need you! Now! Now! He's rattled, Bill. You've got the sucker rattled! And when you hit the ball, Bill, *lean against it!* O-o-oh! L-e-o-n-o-r-a, look at that!"

Big Bill had leaned against that ball as per instructions from his father. It sailed far, far away into right field and over the heads of the outfielders, while a great white streak that men knew for Big Bill Cosgrove was flashing round the bases like a scared jackrabbit. So fast did he go that, rounding third base and starting for home, he caught up with the runner who had started from first base.

"Get out of my way," said Big Bill, "and let somebody run that knows how!" And the two of them flashed over the home plate a foot apart.

Forty thousand maniacs stood erect and watched that ball disappear over the right-field fence—forty thousand voices, mostly Chicago voices that had howled for a different issue to this combat, realizing in that moment that their idols were fallen, hailed the new gods in the temple, and shrieked and howled and laughed and cried, and pounded each other on the back in magnificent appreciation of that mighty wallop.

Chicago was blanked in its half, and while Connie Mack climbed up the wire netting to Old Man Cosgrove the crowd streamed out on the field and enveloped Big Bill. They raised him to their shoulders and started toward the grandstand. Somebody cut a hole in the wire netting and they shoved Big Bill through, into the arms of his wife and Old Man Cosgrove.

An hour later Big Bill, Leonora and Old Man Cosgrove entered the reception hall of the Cosgrove home. Leonora paused in front of an oil painting.

"Which one of your ancestors was that, Bill?" she asked her husband. "You resemble him greatly."

"That, my dear daughter-in-law," said E. P. Cosgrove, "is my father. He was some bear-cat—believe me! Bill, take Leonora into the drawing room while I go hunt up your mother." Which E. P. Cosgrove proceeded to do. He entered his wife's boudoir with a baseball bat in his skinny old hands.

"See that bat, m'dear?" he gibbered. "See that bat? That's the little piece o' kindling your son Willie won the world's championship with! Connie Mack gave it to me with his own hands. Wouldn't take a million for it right now! Wouldn't take two million! I told Willie if he'd line out a home run we'd all come home to dinner; and, by gad, m'love, he did—and I've kept my word! William and Leonora are waiting for you downstairs. Finest son and finest daughter on God's green footstool! And if I hadn't been a fool and a snob and a brute I'd have known it long ago. Goin' to go downstairs and kiss those children like you meant it? Eh? . . . Well—you'd—better! I've been in Dutch all my life; but tonight I'm Irish! I'm a Mick from Micksville! I'm the head of the family—and don't you ever forget it! Say," he added softly, while a beatific smile crept over his old face, "look what Willie did when he hit the ball! He busted the bat!"

Matter Enough

A YOUNG Canadian came into a pot of money and made his first visit to England. He had been given many excellent letters of introduction.

One of his letters was to a very noble duke who invited him to his country place for a week-end. The newly rich Canadian boy packed his bag and went down.

When he arrived the butler at the door took his bag and passed it back to another man in livery, and the young man stopped in the great hall for a few moments' chat with the duke.

Presently the duke suggested that the visitor might like to go to his room. The visitor was shown upstairs.

Five minutes later he came tearing downstairs yelling:

"Duke! I say, duke! Oh, duke!" at the top of his voice.

"What's the trouble?" asked the disturbed duke. "My word! What is it? What has happened? Is anything the matter?"

"Matter!" snorted the visitor. "I should say something is the matter! That damned man of yours has had the impertinence to open my bag!"

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—how live coals are continually kept in close contact with the heating surface of the Underfeed instead of being blanketed with fresh coal; and how this heating surface represents the greater part of the Underfeed's fire pot and dome, whereas in top feeds live coals are in direct contact with but a narrow belt around the heater's fire pot

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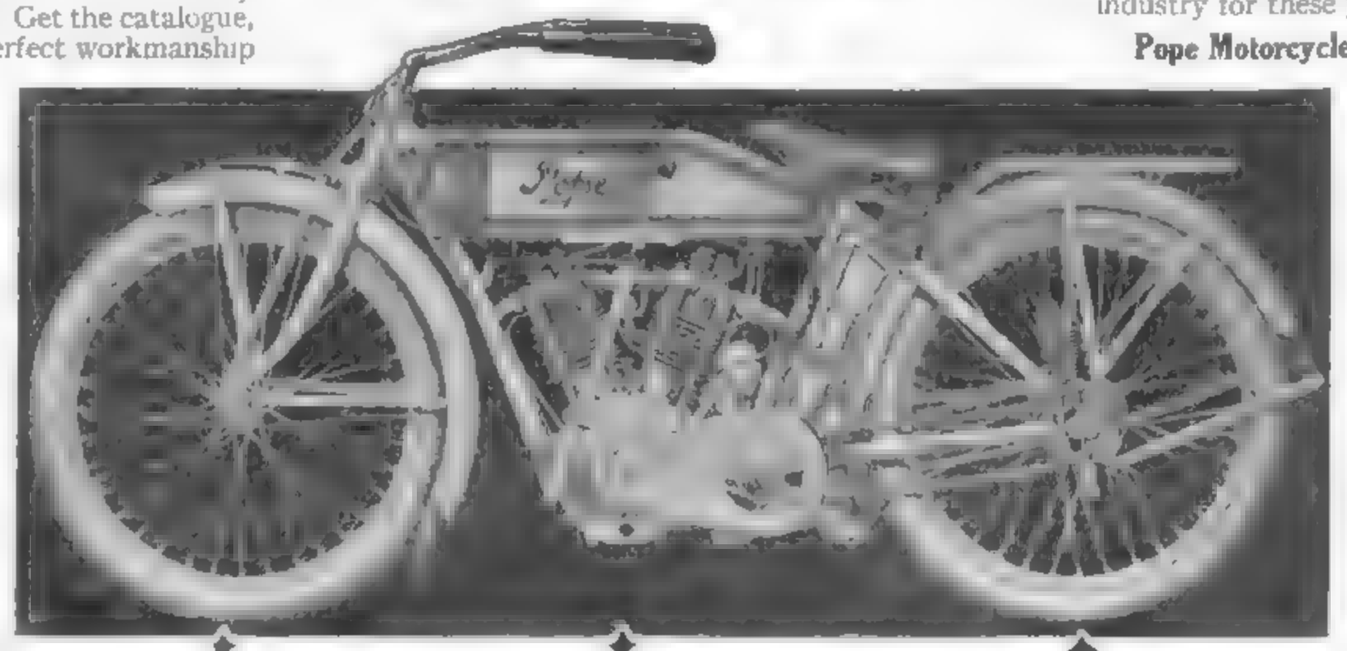

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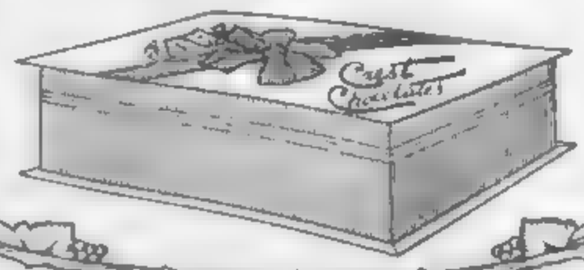

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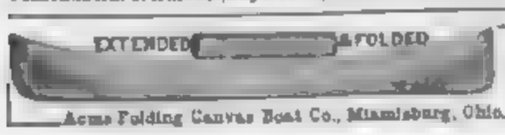

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UNCLE SAM'S WOODLOT

(Continued from Page 9)

How could large quantities of inaccessible public stumpage be sold in a market already fully stocked—if not overstocked—from private lands? Only by substantially giving it away! Apart from the inevitable graft that would follow there would be two results:

First, the owners of existing mills would stop cutting their own timber in order to cut cheap public timber. The consumer would be no better off, for but little more lumber would be produced and prices would not be affected. Under present competitive conditions in the manufacture of lumber and the constant tendency to overproduction, no conceivable quantity of public stumpage that could be sold would affect general lumber prices. On the other hand, the sale of cheap Government stumpage would greatly increase the lumberman's profit, and the difference would be taken from the pockets of the people.

The second result would be to throw away what public provision we have against the coming scarcity. No folly could be greater. To commit it would leave the consumer powerless to help himself in the future, and that without any useful present result. It would benefit the large timber-owner by enhancing the value of his stumpage when the public stumpage is exhausted, but it would not help the man who needs a little lumber to get it cheaper than now.

This course would play directly into the hands of the timber-holding corporations that are quietly acquiring the remaining timber in private ownership. Not only could they operate their mills on public timber at enormous profits—giving away the public supply would strengthen immeasurably their present monopoly of standing timber; and it is as certain as the law of gravity that the monopoly of standing timber, which is now being consolidated, will soon be followed by monopoly of lumber production. Forced sales of public stumpage now would mean that a few years hence, when the concentration in timber has ripened into extortion, the people would turn in vain to their own timber to protect them—for their own timber would be gone.

The Hard Way the Right Way

When the Forest Service took charge of the national forests one of its greatest problems was how to handle their timber resources for the permanent benefit of the whole people. It would have been quite easy to sell the timber for less than its value in enormous quantities and without proper safeguards against forest destruction. Such a policy, following the line of least resistance, would have pleased many lumbermen and politicians, and would have shown from the start a comfortable balance of revenue over expenditure. But the Service knew that its first care must be clean administration and the perpetuation of the forests. Every timber sale for which it was responsible must be followed by the reproduction of the trees, and the Service must make certain that young forests in the place of old should insure for the future some public supply of timber. No other policy could be adopted with fairness to the American people, and the Forest Service took the hard but the right way.

It is this attitude of the Forest Service, not alone toward the question of lumber but toward all other resources as well, which has made it by far the best-hated bureau in Washington—best hated by the men whose hatred is the best indorsement. Its refusal to yield to the grabbers of timber, lands, water-power, and the rest, has driven the men who live on the plunder of natural resources to advocate turning the national forests over to the Western states. To these men any change must be a change for the better, for they are facing lean years. The reason their effort to open the natural resources to private plunder has a chance to succeed is because some honest men, for honest but mistaken reasons, are fighting on the wrong side.

Under the wise policy of selling all the timber that could be sold for what it was worth, the total timber sales each year by the Forest Service have grown steadily and rapidly from a very small beginning. During the fiscal year 1912 they reached about eight hundred million feet, while the sales

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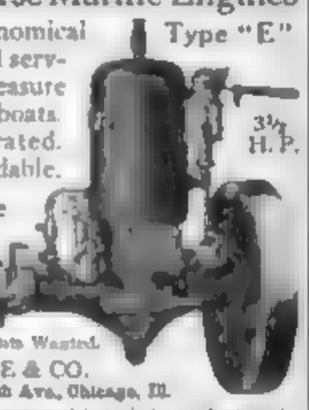

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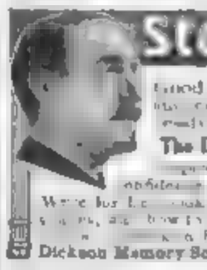

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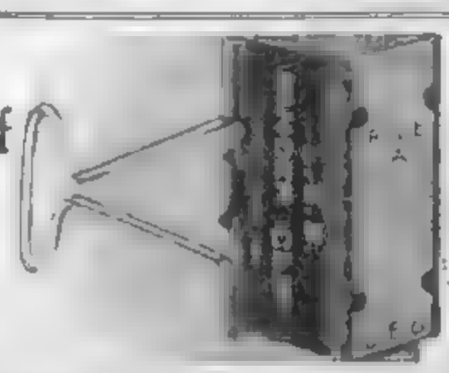

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Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

since the first of last July already amount to one billion six hundred million feet. In time the average annual cut will equal the yearly increase on all the national forests; but not until the vast bodies of privately owned timberland, which lie between some of the Government timber and the markets, is either put under forest management or is substantially exhausted.

There is yet no timber famine in America, but the years are coming when the national forests alone will stand between the American people and great timber monopolies. Meantime the value of stumpage will continue to rise until the price of a grown tree is equal to the cost of growing it. We have wasted our timber by reckless overproduction and, as a nation, we shall have to pay for it.

Suppose, gentle reader, that you are a settler, just located with your wife and children on a homestead claim near a national forest. Your land is untimbered, the winter is coming and your family must have shelter. So must your team of horses and the cow. Also, you cannot afford to buy lumber. What are you going to do?

If you are wise you will go to the nearest telephone, call up the Government forest ranger and tell him how you are fixed—the Forest Service has built more than eleven thousand miles of telephone lines for just such purposes. The ranger will tell you that provision has been made in advance to meet cases like yours, and that you can have the timber you need free.

Suppose you are a miner—there are forty-five thousand other miners operating on the national forests. Suppose you are a lumberman—there are three thousand others who buy and cut national forest timber on terms profitable to them and safe for the future of the forest; and not only are the great majority of these lumbermen small dealers, but the great majority of the timber sold is sold to small dealers. Suppose you want to build a sawmill or a store or a fishpond, or set up a bee ranch, or build a reservoir—you will receive one of the eighty thousand permits issued yearly for using the national forests for these and more than a hundred other different purposes.

Settlers Assisted by the Service

It may be that you can find no claim to settle on outside the national forest, though you do know some good agricultural land in the bottom of a narrow valley within the boundaries. Very well; see the ranger again and tell him about it. The land will be examined; being agricultural land it will be opened to entry for you and you will get a chance to make a home. Last year more than two hundred thousand acres were opened to entry in this way. But if action on your claim is slow do not be too sure the Forest Service is at fault. I know of some recent cases in which there were two whole years of delay in Washington after the Forest Service had entirely completed its part of the work!

Suppose again—if you are not tired of supposing—that you are interested in irrigation—all the water on the national forests not already appropriated is open to private use, while the forests themselves protect the waterflow for nearly thirteen hundred irrigation projects.

Finally, suppose you are just a citizen—of whom nearly a quarter of a million live within national forest boundaries and are the best friends of the Forest Service—it may interest you to know that the national forests conserve the water supply of eleven hundred and seventy-five towns and cities, and of three hundred and twenty-four water-power projects that furnish light and power for industries of every kind. Years before any other Government organization had even begun to act, the Forest Service put into successful practice on the national forests the policy of Government control of water-power corporations, which is just now being extended to navigable streams and the public domain. And every year the men of the Forest Service fight and put out from three to four thousand forest fires, by far the most of which are controlled before they have done any serious harm.

So you may find that the national forests have been helping you, even though you may never have set foot on a single one of them! Does it not seem to you that, with all the wise provision it is making for the future, the National Forest Service is supplying a doughnut of reasonable size and excellent flavor for the consumption of our people right now?

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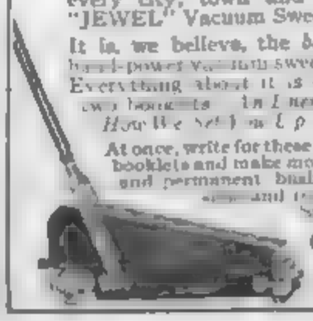
Make Money As a Merchant!

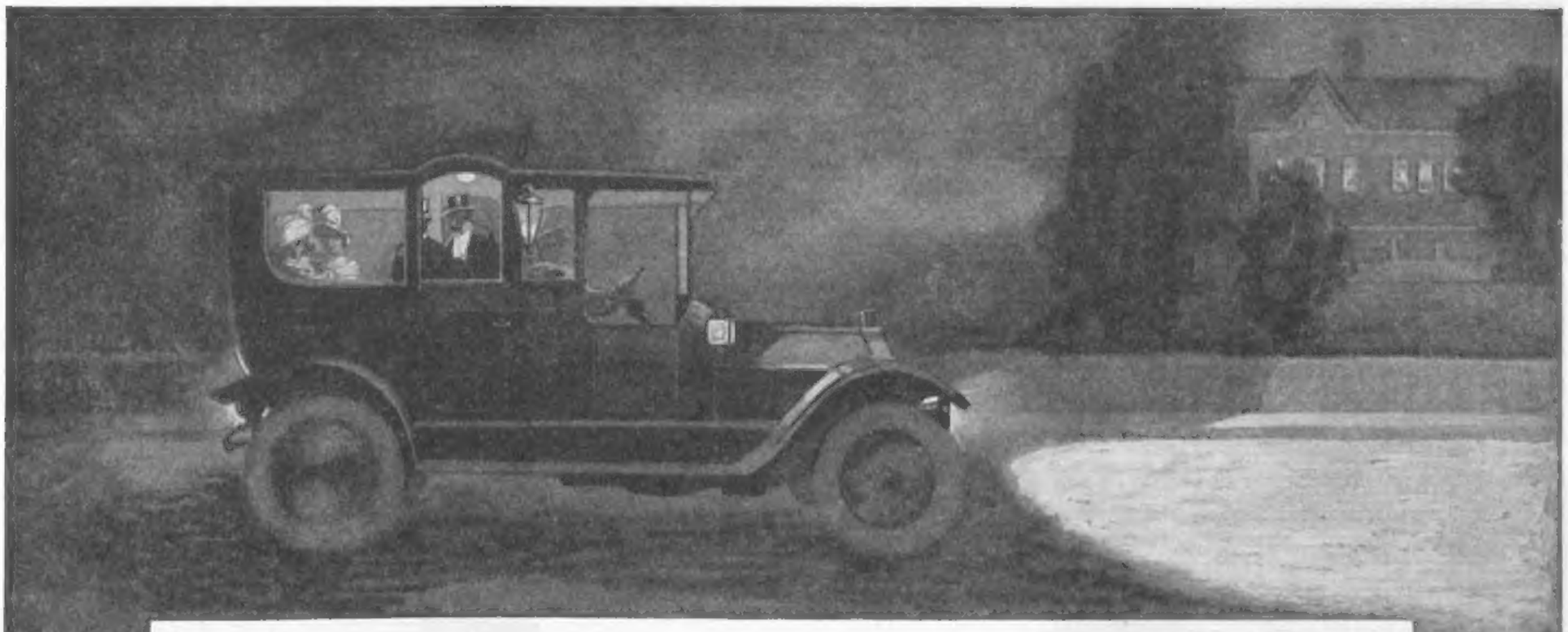
WITHOUT capital and through *salesmanship*, not peddling or canvassing, you can *set up in business* for yourself. We are establishing Representatives in every city, town and village for the "JEWEL" Vacuum Sweeper.

It is, we believe, the *best and cheapest* hand-power vacuum sweeper in the world. Everything about it is explained in our own booklets—"In Linen, In Dust" and "How We Set You Up In Business."

At once, write for these income-producing booklets and make money in a profitable and permanent business as a responsible and reputed merchant. Simply address



General Appliance Factory, Inc.
1310 Main Street
Marinette, Wis., U. S. A.



Ignition, Lighting, Starting for the 1914 Car

The Westinghouse System

You can have it now with any first class car if you ask for it

AFTER five years of experiment and testing the Westinghouse Company offers the present system and backs it with all the resources of its immense organization:

This system consists of a combination ignition and lighting generator, and a motor for starting.

Its great advantage is that the starter is designed for the type and size of engine it is intended to start—making it actually and efficiently a part of the engine itself. The ignition and lighting combination is standard.

There are no complications to the Westinghouse System. A surprisingly simple wiring scheme using but one wire, the return circuit through the chassis. No delicate adjustments. Ruggedly built throughout.

You start the motor or light the lights singly or in combination by the pressure of a button.

The system is not affected by even the worst of weather or road conditions. It will last as long and operate as perfectly as any other part of the engine of the finest motor car built.

See that your car for the coming season is equipped with Westinghouse starting, lighting and ignition.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

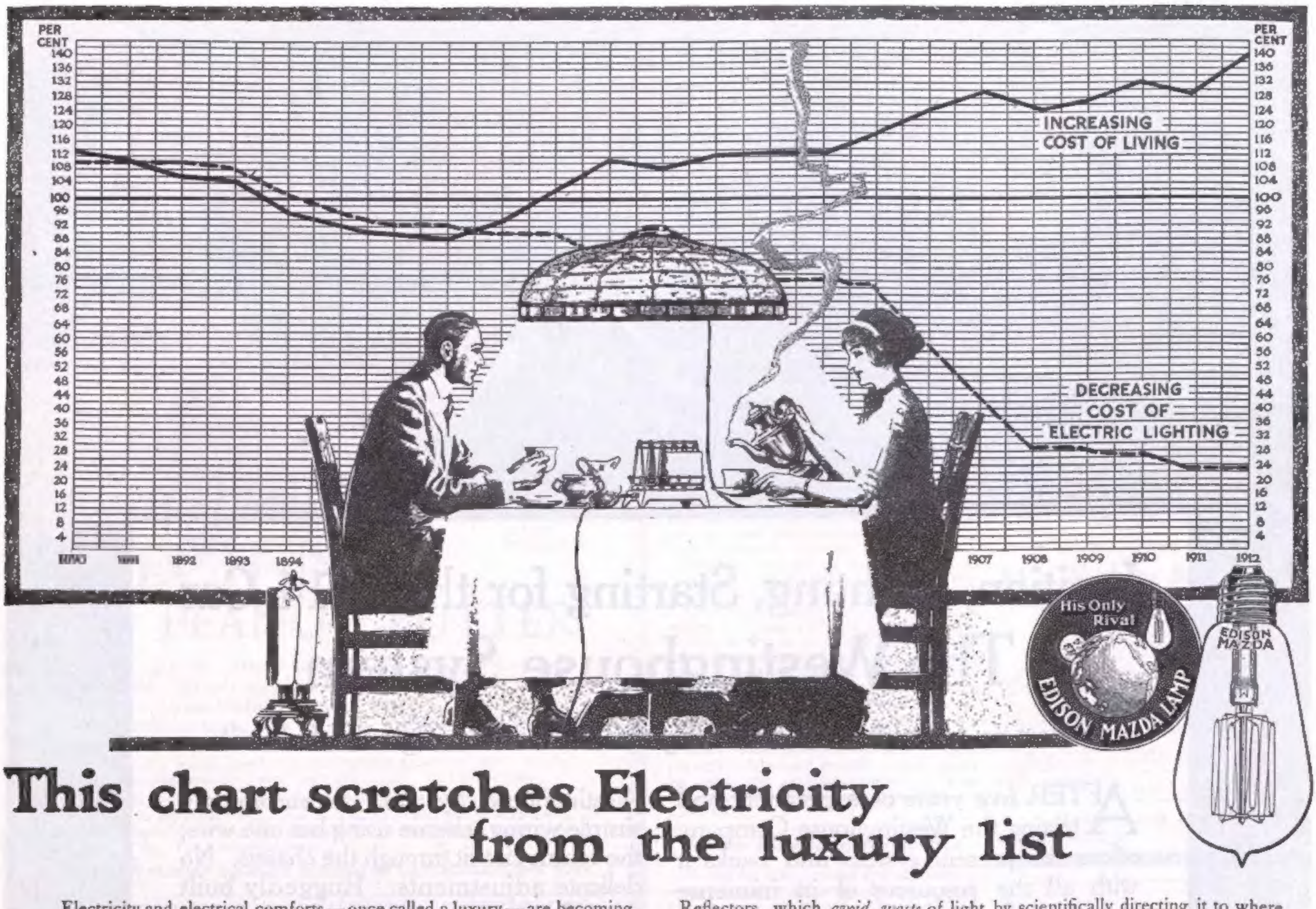
Ignition and Lighting Generator

Sales Offices in Forty-five American cities

Lighting Generator

Representatives all over the world

Starting Motor



This chart scratches Electricity from the luxury list

Electricity and electrical comforts—once called a luxury—are becoming a necessity in the average home.

And while the climbing cost of other necessities is putting them in the luxury class, the falling cost of electric lighting is making it easier and easier for us all to afford it.

Look at the Chart—it is based on Government figures.

Twenty-five years ago, electric light cost ten times as much as it does today. Seven years ago it cost three times as much as it does today.

All this has been effected by the progress and inventiveness of electrical manufacturers and by the enterprise and improved service of electric lighting companies.

One thing alone—the development of the tungsten filament as used in EDISON MAZDA LAMPS—has subtracted *two-thirds* from the former cost of electric lighting. Still another economy is effected by Holophane Reflectors, which *avoid waste* of light by scientifically directing it to where it will be most *useful.*

Edison Mazda Lamps give you *three times* as much light as old-style carbon lamps from the same amount of current. Put them in your home and you can have as much light—and even *more*—than old-style carbon lamps give you and *still* save enough current to operate some of the delightfully convenient electric devices shown below.

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical

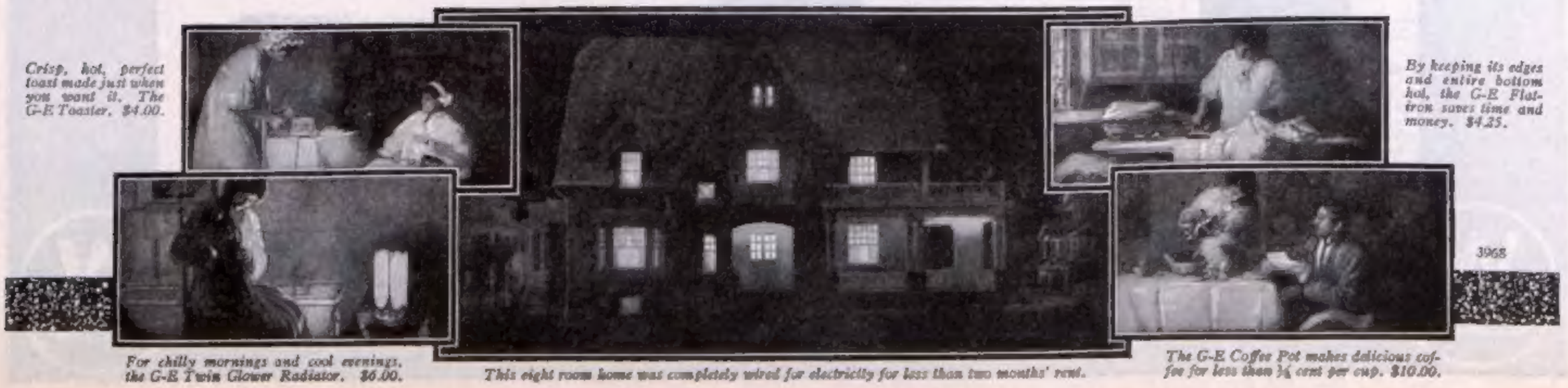
Trade Mark

Electric Wiring Costs Less, Too

You will be surprised to find how little it now costs to equip your home for all these electrical comforts. The walls will not be marred. Your nearest electrical dealer or your lighting company will direct you to a good electrical contractor. Ask them also to show you the various sizes of Edison Mazda Lamps and the many electrical conveniences for the home, bearing the G-E trade mark.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales Offices in all Large Cities **The largest Electrical Manufacturer in the world** Agencies Everywhere



Crisp, hot, perfect toast made just when you want it. The G-E Toaster, $4.00.

By keeping its edges and entire bottom hot, the G-E Flatiron saves time and money. $4.25.

For chilly mornings and cool evenings, the G-E Twin Glower Radiator. $6.00.

This eight room home was completely wired for electricity for less than two months' rent.

The G-E Coffee Pot makes delicious coffee for less than ¼ cent per cup. $10.00.

3968

Raises No Dust

DUSTING, cleaning and polishing all at the same time is easy with the O-Cedar Polish Mop. It gathers and holds all the dust from everywhere and not an atom can escape to mix with the air.

O-Cedar Polish Mop

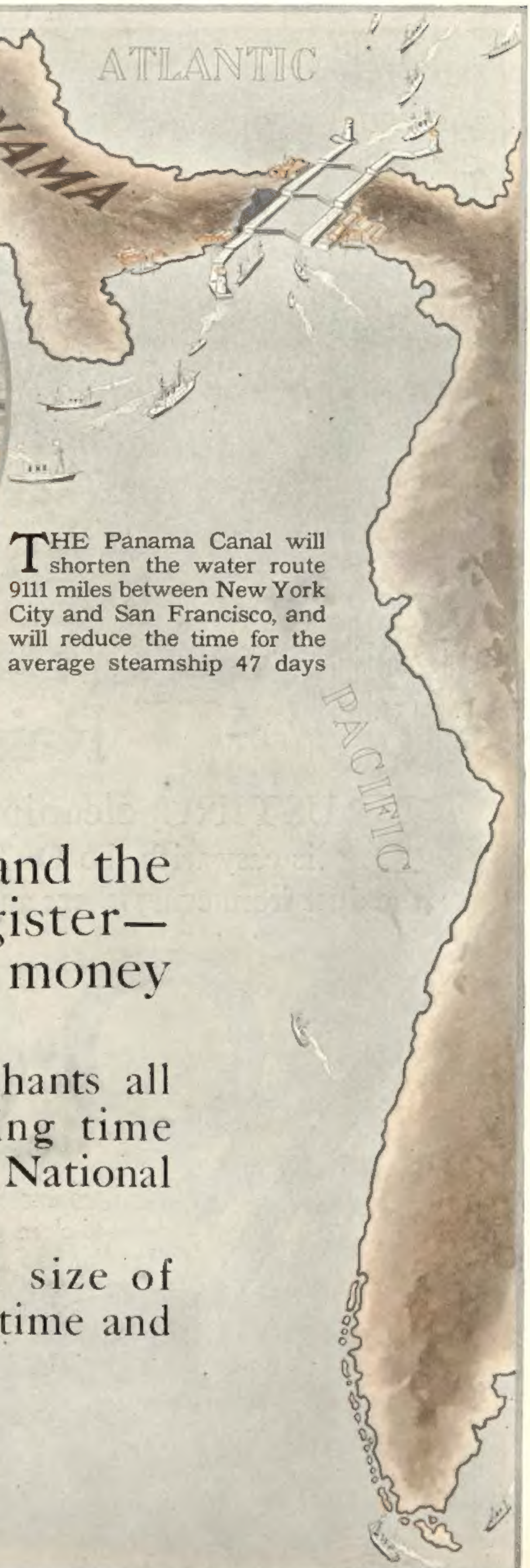
Handle 54 inches long

makes easier, better and quicker housecleaning. It makes it easy-to-clean those hard-to-get-at places. It puts an end to stooping and bending and getting down on your hands and knees. The mop is padded to protect the furniture, and when soiled is cleaned by washing, then renewed with a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

Your Dealer's Guarantee

Deposit $1.50 with your dealer for an O-Cedar Polish Mop. Use it for two days. Put it through every dusting, cleaning and polishing trial, and if it is not satisfactory in every respect your money will be refunded without a question. Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price, if not at your dealer's.

Channell Chemical Company 1432 Carroll Ave. CHICAGO



THE Panama Canal will shorten the water route 9111 miles between New York City and San Francisco, and will reduce the time for the average steamship 47 days

The Panama Canal and the National Cash Register—two great time and money savers.

Over one million merchants all over the world are saving time and money by the use of National Cash Registers.

There is a kind and size of National which will save time and money for you.